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THOMAS MOORE

After the Portrait by SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

The Cabinet of Irish Literature

Selections from the Works of
The Chief Poets, Orators, and Prose Writers
of Ireland

With Biographical Sketches and Literary Notices by

CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.

Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life" "Stories from the Ancient Classics" &c.

NEW EDITION

Revised and greatly Extended by

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Author of "Poems" "The Dear Irish Girl" "She Walks in Beauty" "A Girl of Galway" &c.

Volume II

LONDON
THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
34 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND

11
8833

P.4

1903

1.2

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THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

BORN 1760 — DIED 1834.

[Sir Jonah Barrington was the fourth child of John Barrington of Knapton, near Abbey-leix, Queen's County. He was born in 1760, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1788 he was called to the bar, and two years later was returned as member for Tuam. He opposed Grattan and Curran, and was rewarded by the Government in 1793 by a sinecure office in the Custom House, worth £1000 a year. At the same time he was made a King's Counsel. In 1798 he lost his seat, but next year was returned for Banagher. He voted against the Union, and thereby lost his sinecure and any immediate hopes of advancement. Yet with strange inconsistency he acted as Government procurer for bribing at least one member to vote in favour of the Union. In 1803 he stood for the city of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, but was defeated, although he had the support of Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, and Plunket. His services apparently were regarded as of some value to the Government, for he was made judge in the Admiralty Court, and knighted. In 1809 he published, in five parts, the first volume of the *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*. It is supposed that he was induced to delay the second volume, the Government shrinking from the exposure of their conduct in carrying the Union, and that to purchase his silence he was allowed to reside in France from about 1815, and act as judge by deputy. This foreign residence had been rendered necessary by his extravagant manner of living at home, and he had often to resort to dishonourable expedients

in his business dealings. In 1827 he published two volumes of *Personal Sketches of his Own Times*. In 1830, by an address from both Houses of Parliament, he was removed from the Bench, in consequence of misappropriation of public money. In 1833 appeared the third volume of *Personal Sketches*, and in the same year the delayed volume of his *Historic Memoirs*. This book was subsequently reproduced in a cheaper form as *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*. Although his statements of fact cannot be relied upon, his works are valuable for the light which they throw upon the social and political life of the time.]

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

(FROM "PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES").

I will now proceed to lay before the reader a brief but more general sketch of the state of Irish society at the period of my youth, reminding him of the principle which I have before assumed; namely, that of considering anecdotes, bon-mots, and such like, valuable only as they tend to exemplify interesting facts, relative to history or manners; many such I have inserted in these fragments, and as I have been careful throughout to avoid mere inventions, my reader need not, by any means, reserve their perusal for the study of his travelling carriage.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable sketch

of *Castle Rackrent*, gives a faithful picture of the Irish character under the circumstances which she has selected; and the account that I am about to give may serve as a kind of supplement to that little work, as well as an elucidation of the habits and manners of Irish country society about the period Miss Edgeworth alludes to, and somewhat later. In those days, then, the common people ideally separated the gentry of the country into three classes, and treated each class according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered it was entitled.

They generally divided them thus:—

1. *Half-mounted* gentlemen.
2. Gentlemen every *inch* of them.
3. Gentlemen to the *back bone*.

The first-named class formed the only species of independent yeomanry then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William; possessed about 200 acres of land each, in fee farm, from the crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen—particularly hunters—living at other times amongst each other, with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over anything, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or currycomb. The riders commonly wore buck-skin breeches, and boots well greased (blacking was never used in the country), and carried large thong whips heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end, so that they were always prepared either to horsewhip a man or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings (as the soldiers keep the line at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing everybody who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, everybody approved of their exertions, because all the by-standers gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merri-ment was always set up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper; and some of the *poets* present, if they had an op-

portunity, roared out their verses¹ by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen.

The second class, or gentlemen every *inch* of them, were of excellent old families, whose finances were not in so good order as they might have been, but who were popular amongst all ranks. They were far above the first degree, somewhat inferior to the third, but had great influence, were much beloved, and carried more sway at popular elections and general county meetings than the other two classes put together.

The third class, or gentlemen to the *back bone*, were of the oldest families and settlers, universally respected, and idolized by the peasantry, although they were generally a little out at elbows. Their word was law, their nod would have immediately collected an army of cottagers, or colliers, or whatever the population was composed of. Men, women, and children were always ready and willing to execute anything “the squire” required, without the slightest consideration as to either its danger or propriety.

A curious circumstance perhaps rendered my family peculiarly popular. The common people had conceived the notion that the Lord of Cullenaghmore had a right to save a man's life every summer assizes at Maryborough; and it did frequently so happen, within my recollection, that my father's intercession in favour of some poor deluded creatures (when the White Boys system was in activity) was kindly attended to by the Government; and, certainly, besides this number, many others of his tenants owed their lives to similar interference. But it was wise in the Government to accede to such representations, since their concession never failed to create such an influence in my father's person over the tenantry, that he was enabled to preserve them in perfect tranquillity, whilst those surrounding were in a constant state of insubordination to all law whatever.

I recollect a Mr. Tom Flintor, of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen, who had speculated in cows and sheep, and every

¹ I recollect an example of those good-humoured madrigals. A poet, called Daniel Bran, sang it aloud as he himself lay sprawling on the grass, after having been knocked down and ridden over by old Squire Flood, who showed no mercy in the “execution of his duty”.

“There was Despard so brave,
The son of the wave,
And Tom Conway, the pride of the bower;
But noble Squire Flood
Swore, G—d d—n his blood!
But he'd drown them all in the Delower.”

thing he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair, where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told in a few verses,¹ by a fellow called Ned the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great poet*, and resided in the neighbourhood.

In travelling through Ireland, a stranger is very frequently puzzled by the singular ways, and especially by the idiomatic equivocation, characteristic of every Irish peasant. Some years back, more particularly, these men were certainly originals—quite unlike any other people whatever. Many an hour of curious entertainment has been afforded me by their eccentricities; yet, though always fond of prying into the remote sources of these national peculiarities, I must frankly confess that, with all my pains, I never was able to develop half of them, except by one sweeping observation, namely, that the brains and tongues of the Irish are somehow differently formed or furnished from those of other people.

One general hint which I beg to impress upon all travellers in Hibernia, is the following: that if they show a disposition towards kindness, together with a moderate familiarity, and *affect* to be *inquisitive*, whether so or not, the Irish peasant will outdo them ten-fold in every one of these dispositions. But if a man is haughty and overbearing, he had better take care of himself.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of, by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances*, when on a jour-

ney. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is "*three short miles*". You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, "*that it is five long miles*". On you go, and the next will tell, "*your honour, it is four miles or about that same*". The fourth will swear, "*if your honour stops at three miles, you'll never get there!*" But, on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies:

"Oh! plaze your honour, that's Ballinrobe sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh, yes! to be sure and sartin, that's from my *own cabin*, plaze your honour. We're no scholards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own *little cabins*. Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honour."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then are*, but from his *own* cabin, so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed, that frequently you get no reply at all, unless you understand *Irish*.

In parts of Kerry and Mayo, however, I have met with peasants who speak Latin not badly. On the election of Sir John Brown for the County of Mayo, Counsellor Thomas Moore and I went down as his counsel. The weather was desperately severe. At a solitary inn, where we were obliged to stop for horses, we requested dinner, upon which the waiter laid a cloth that certainly exhibited every species of dirt ever invented. We called, and, remonstrating with him, ordered a clean cloth. He was a low fat fellow, with a countenance perfectly immovable, and seeming to have scarcely a single muscle in it. He nodded, and on our return to the room (which we quitted during the interval), we found, instead of a clean cloth, that he had only folded up the filthy one into the thickness of a cushion. We now scolded away in good earnest. He looked at us with the greatest sang-froid, and said sententially: "*Nemo me impune lacessit*".

He kept his word; when we had proceeded about four miles in deep snow, and through

¹ They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM FLINTER AND HIS MAN.

Tom Flinter. Dick! said he.

Dick Henesey. What? said he.

Tom Flinter. Fetch me my hat, says he;

For I will go, says he;

To Timahoe, says he;

To buy the Fair, says he;

And all that's there, says he.

Dick Henesey. Arrah! *pay what you owe*, says he;

And then you may go, says he;

To Timahoe, says he;

To buy the Fair, says he;

And all that's there, says he;

Tom Flinter. Well! by this and by that! said he;

Dick! *hang up my hat!* says he.

a desperate night, on a bleak road, one of the wheels came off the carriage, and down we went! We were at least two miles from *any* house. The driver cursed, in Irish, Michael the waiter, who, he said, had put a *new* wheel upon the carriage, which had turned out to be an *old* one, and had broken to pieces.

We had to march through the snow to a wretched cottage, and sit up all night to get a genuine *new wheel* ready for the morning.

The Irish peasant, also, never answers any questions directly; in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply: "Does your honour see that large house there, all amongst the trees, with a green field before it?" You answer "Yes". "Well," says he, "plaze your honour that's *not it*. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes!"

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it*. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it betune the bushes."

"Yes!"

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it* neither—but if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honour's in a hurry, I can run on hot foot¹ and tell the squire your honour's *galloping after me*. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord. God save his honour day and night!"

¹ A figurative expression for "with all possible speed"—used by the Irish peasants; by taking short cuts, and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

BORN 1750 — DIED 1817.

[This celebrated advocate and parliamentary orator was born at Newmarket near Cork, July 24th, 1750. His father was seneschal of the manor court of the town, and his mother (whose maiden name was Philpot) is said to have been a woman of remarkable wit and eloquence. While yet a mere child, Mr. Boyse the rector of the parish took a fancy to John, taught him some grammar, and then sent him to Mr. Carey's school in Middleton, where he received a good classical education. He was intended for the church, and in 1769 entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. Here he was ever ready to join in any youthful freak, but nevertheless he stuck to his work, and soon gained a scholarship, and began to read for a fellowship. In his second year he abandoned the idea of entering the church, preferring the study of the law, and in 1773 he went to London and entered at the Middle Temple. He became a member of a debating society called "The Devils of Temple Bar," but his first attempt at speaking was a complete failure, in consequence of a defect or hesitancy in speech which had made him known at school as "Stuttering Jack Curran." Some time after, however, he paid a post-prandial visit to "The Devils" in company with two

friends, and being attacked by one of the speakers as "Orator Mum," he retorted upon his antagonist with such force as completely astonished himself and those who heard him. This simple incident was the turning-point in his career, and at no time afterwards, except once when making his *début* at the bar, was he ever at a loss for speech.

During this period Curran was obliged to live frugally, and continued to give diligent attention to his legal studies, in which he made rapid progress. In 1775 he was called to the bar, and for a time attended the sessions at Cork, but his talents met with a poor recompense, and he removed with his family to Dublin. Here, however, his professional success was also slow, and the first fee of consequence that he received was through the recommendation of Mr. Arthur Wolfe (afterwards Lord Kilwarden). From this period he grew steadily in favour with the public, till he became the most popular advocate of his time. But not only was he popular and successful in his profession, in private life he was the soul of good fellowship; and when his friend Lord Avonmore (Barry Yelverton) founded the club named the "Order of St. Patrick," he became one of its principal mem-



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

After the Portrait by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

bers, and wrote the charter song of the order, under the title of "The Monks of the Screw."¹

In 1783, when he had been eight years at the bar, he was returned to the Irish House of Commons as member for the borough of Kilbeggan in Westmeath, having for his colleague Henry Flood, with whom he joined the opposition. In 1787 he paid a visit to France, which he enjoyed greatly. In 1788 he visited Holland, of which he has left graphic sketches in some letters afterwards published. Next year the regency question came to the front, and he was offered to be raised to the bench and ultimately to a peerage if he would take the side of government. But he resolutely refused the offers, and his opposition became if anything more determined than before. In 1794 he began to take a still more active part in the many important questions brought forward in parliament, and boldly espousing the popular side, acted and spoke with the fearless honesty of his character. In May, 1797, he concluded his career in the Irish parliament with a speech on parliamentary reform, and retired hopeless of being able to stem the tide of corruption and ministerial intrigue.

After the rebellion of 1798 Curran conducted the defence of the persons implicated and brought to trial. In this work he displayed the full force of his eloquence and genius, drawing tears from judges by his speeches, covering the informers with infamy, and moving the hearts of all to declare with him that "the evidence was so base that no man's life should be taken upon it." His defence of Hamilton Rowan has been declared by Lord Brougham to be "the greatest speech of an advocate in ancient and modern times." The next political trial in which Curran was engaged was that of the Rev. William Jackson. Though he used all his eloquence and skill the accused was convicted, and before being removed from the dock sank down and died from the effects of poison. In the trial of the brothers John and Henry Sheares he again wound up with a most pathetic and passionate speech, but his clients were convicted and condemned. Shortly afterwards Curran, who had defended almost all the political prisoners of

the day, was threatened with the loss of his silk gown by Lord Carleton; but his fearlessness did not abate a whit, and he continued his labours to the end.

In 1802 Curran visited Paris, and after the abortive rebellion of 1803 he defended Owen Kirwan in a speech of much philosophic power. On the death of Pitt in 1806 the party to whom he belonged came into power, and he was made master of the rolls and a member of the privy-council. This preferment, instead of being a pleasure to Curran, seemed rather the reverse. It changed the habits and current of his being and labours, and his spirits seemed to lose much of their vigour from the hour he entered upon his new duties. His health also began to show symptoms of decline: the dry business of equity law was distasteful to him; it afforded no opportunity of showing his peculiar powers, and he soon became like one whose public life was ended. During his vacations he travelled for his health, and was well received on his visits to England. In the autumn of 1810 he visited Scotland, and after praising highly the independence, knowledge, and hospitality of the people, he goes on to describe a visit he paid to the birthplace of Robert Burns. At that time it was an ale-house, and the tipsy landlord pointed out the very spot, as he said, where the poet first saw the light. "The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart," writes Curran, "but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he foundered, I could not stand it, but burst into tears." Anxious to aid the efforts of his countrymen in the imperial parliament, he contested the borough of Newry against General Needham in 1812, but was defeated by a majority of two, and never after sought to enter parliament. In 1813, owing to increasing infirmity, he resigned his judicial post, receiving a pension of £3000 a year. At this time his mind was in a very depressed state, and in a retrospect of the past he writes, "I look back at the streaming of blood for so many years, and everything everywhere relapsed into its former degradation. France reAINED, Spain again saddled

¹ The "Order of St. Patrick," or "Monks of the Screw," was a society partly convivial, but intended also to discover and encourage the wit, humour, and intellectual power of its members. The Convent, as it was called, or place of meeting, was in Saint Kevin Street, Dublin, and it was the custom for the members to assemble every Saturday evening during the law term. They had also another meeting-place near Rathfarnham, Curran's country-seat, which he appropriately called The Priory, he being elected prior. The furniture of the festive apartment in

Dublin was completely monkish, and at the meetings all the members appeared in the habit of the order, a black tabinet domino. The members of the club were nearly all distinguished men, including among their number Lord Mornington (composer of the celebrated glee "Here in Cool Grot"), the Marquis of Townshend (when viceroy), Yelverton (afterwards Lord Avonmore), Dr. O'Leary, Grattan, Flood, George Ogle, Judge Johnson, Hussey Burgh, Lord Kilwarden, and the Earl of Arran. The society lasted till 1795.

for the priests, and Ireland like a bastinadoed elephant kneeling to receive the paltry rider." After a time of melancholy wandering in the vain search for health he was seized with slight attacks of paralysis, which, however, passed away. In October, 1817, a swelling, thought to be the result of a cold, appeared above one of his eyes; this was followed by an attack of apoplexy, in which he lay in an almost insensible state until the 14th of that month, when he died. On the 4th of November he was buried in a vault of Paddington Church, Tom Moore being one of the mourners at the funeral. In 1843 his remains were brought to Ireland and reinterred at Glasnevin, Dublin. A beautiful monument with a medallion likeness in relief, by the sculptor Moore, was erected to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Curran appears never to have committed anything to the press, although he wrote some poetical pieces, specimens of which we append. Whilst master of the rolls he designed some literary works in the leisure of his vacations; none of these seem to have reached completion, however; indeed some never got beyond the stage of inception. He possessed talents of the highest order: his wit, drollery, eloquence, and pathos were irresistible, while the splendid and daring style of his oratory formed a striking contrast with his personal appearance, which was mean and diminutive. As a companion he could be extremely agreeable, and his conversation fascinated by its vigour, variety, and richness. He might also have attained a high place as a poet, had he devoted to the Muses more of the time that he gave to law and politics. "The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless," wrote Lord Byron. "I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him seldom and but occasionally." "Give him a subject and he ornamented it in the best and brightest manner," writes the son of Henry Grattan; "he illumined it in the most brilliant and dazzling style. His mind was a perfect prism, and cast the colours of the rainbow upon whatever passed through it. . . . His faults stand redeemed by the splendour of his talents, and fade away before the virtuous affection he bore his native country." A life by his son was published in 1819; *Memoirs of Curran*, by William O'Regan, in 1817; and *Recollections of Curran*, by Charles Phillips, in 1818, which Lord Brougham calls "one of the most extraordinary pieces of biography ever written. Nothing can be more

lively and picturesque than its representation of the famous original." Curran's *Speeches with Memoirs*, edited by Thomas Davis, were published in Dublin in 1845.]

ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

(A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY, 1792.)

I would have yielded to the lateness of the hour, my own indisposition, and the fatigue of the house, and have let the motion pass without a word from me on the subject, if I had not heard some principles advanced which could not pass without animadversion. I know that a trivial subject of the day would naturally engage you more deeply than any more distant object of however greater importance; but I beg you will recollect that the petty interest of party must expire with yourselves, and that your heirs must be, not statesmen, nor placemen, nor pensioners, but the future people of the country at large. I know of no so awful call upon the justice and wisdom of an assembly as the reflection that they are deliberating on the interests of posterity. On this subject I cannot but lament that the conduct of the administration is so unhappily calculated to disturb and divide the public mind, to prevent the nation from receiving so great a question with the coolness it requires.

At Cork the present viceroy was pleased to reject a most moderate and modest petition from the Catholics of that city. The next step was to create a division among the Catholics themselves; the next was to hold them up as a body formidable to the English government and to their Protestant fellow-subjects; for how else could any man account for the scandalous publication which was hawked about this city, in which his majesty was made to give his royal thanks to an individual of this kingdom, for his protection of the state. But I conjure the house to be upon their guard against those despicable attempts to traduce the people, to alarm their fears, or to inflame their resentment. Gentlemen have talked as if the question was, whether we may with safety to ourselves relax or repeal the laws which have so long coerced our Catholic fellow-subjects? The real question is whether you can with safety to the Irish constitution refuse such a measure? It is not a question merely of their sufferings or their relief—it is a question of your own preservation. There are

some maxims which an honest Irishman will never abandon, and by which every public measure may be fairly tried. These are, the preservation of the constitution upon the principles established at the Revolution, in church and state; and next the independency of Ireland, connected with Britain as a confederated people, and united indissolubly under a common and inseparable crown. If you wish to know how these great objects may be affected by a repeal of those laws, see how they were affected by their enactment. Here you have the infallible test of fact and experience; and wretched indeed must you be if false shame, false pride, false fear, or false spirit can prevent you from reading that lesson of wisdom which is written in the blood and the calamities of your country. [Here Mr. Curran went into a detail of the Popery laws, as they affected the Catholics of Ireland.] These laws were destructive of arts, of industry, of private morals and public order. They were fitted to extirpate even the Christian religion from amongst the people, and reduce them to the condition of savages and rebels, disgraceful to humanity and formidable to the state.

[He then traced the progress and effects of those laws from the revolution in 1779.] Let me now ask you, How have those laws affected the Protestant subject and the Protestant constitution? In that interval were they free? Did they possess that liberty which they denied to their brethren? No, sir; where there are inhabitants, but no people, there can be no freedom; unless there be a spirit, and what may be called a pull, in the people, a free government cannot be kept steady or fixed in its seat. You had indeed a government, but it was planted in civil dissension and watered in civil blood, and whilst the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downward to their congenial regions, and were intertwined in hell. Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and their folly. But are these facts for which we must appeal to history? You all remember the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. What were you then? Your constitution, without resistance, in the hands of the British parliament; your trade in many parts extinguished, in every part coerced. So low were you reduced to beggary and servitude as to declare, that unless the mercy of England

was extended to your trade you could not subsist. Here you have an infallible test of the ruinous influence of those laws in the experience of a century: of a constitution surrendered, and commerce utterly extinct. But can you learn nothing on this subject from the events that followed? In 1778 you somewhat relaxed the severity of those laws, and improved, in some degree, the condition of the Catholics. What was the consequence even of a partial union with your countrymen? The united efforts of the two bodies restored that constitution which had been lost by their separation. In 1782 you became free. Your Catholic brethren shared the danger of the conflict, but you had not justice or gratitude to let them share the fruits of the victory. You suffered them to relapse into their former insignificance and depression. And, let me ask you, has it not fared with you according to your deserts? Let me ask you if the parliament of Ireland can boast of being now less at the feet of the British minister, than at that period it was of the British parliament? [Here he observed on the conduct of the administration for some years past, in the accumulation of public burdens and parliamentary influence.] But it is not the mere increase of debt; it is not the creation of one hundred and ten placemen and pensioners that forms the real cause of the public malady. The real cause is the exclusion of your people from all influence upon the representative. The question, therefore, is whether you will seek your own safety in the restoration of your fellow-subjects, or whether you will choose rather to perish than to be just?

I now proceed to examine the objections to a general incorporation of the Catholics. On general principles no man can justify the deprivation of civil rights on any ground but that of forfeiture for some offence. The Papist of the last century might forfeit his property for ever, for that was his own, but he could not forfeit the rights and capacities of his unborn posterity. And let me observe that even those laws against the offender himself were enacted while injuries were recent, and while men were, not unnaturally, alarmed by the consideration of a French monarchy, a pretender, and a pope; things that we now read of but can see no more. But are they disaffected to liberty? On what ground can such an imputation be supported? Do you see any instance of any man's religious theory governing his civil or political conduct? Is Popery an enemy to freedom? Look to France, and be answered. Is Protestantism necessarily its

friend? You are Protestants; look to yourselves, and be refuted. But look further; do you find even the religious sentiments of sectaries marked by the supposed characteristics of their sects? Do you not find that a Protestant Briton can be a bigot, with only two sacraments, and a Catholic Frenchman a Deist, admitting seven. But you affect to think your property in danger by admitting them into the state. That has been already refuted; but you have yourselves refuted your own objection. Thirteen years ago you expressed the same fear, yet you made the experiment; you opened the door to landed property, and the fact has shown the fear to be without foundation.

But another curious topic has been stated again: the Protestant ascendancy is in danger. What do you mean by that word? Do you mean the rights, and property, and dignities of the Church? If you do, you must feel they are safe. They are secured by the law, by the coronation oath, by a Protestant parliament, a Protestant king, a Protestant confederated nation. Do you mean the free and protected exercise of the Protestant religion? You know it has the same security to support it. Or do you mean the just and honourable support of the numerous and meritorious clergy of your own country, who really discharge the labours and duties of the ministry? As to that, let me say that if we felt on that subject as we ought we should not have so many men of talent and virtue struggling under the difficulties of their scanty pittance, and feeling the melancholy conviction that no virtues or talents can give them any hope of advancement. If you really mean the preservation of every right and every honour that can dignify a Christian priest, and give authority to his function, I will protect them as zealously as you. I will ever respect and revere the man who employs himself in diffusing light, hope, and consolation. But if you mean by ascendancy the power of persecution, I detest and abhor it. If you mean the ascendancy of an English school over an Irish university, I cannot look upon it without aversion. An ascendancy of that form raises to my mind a little greasy emblem of stall-fed theology imported from some foreign land, with the graces of a lady's-maid, the dignity of a side-table, the temperance of a larder, its sobriety the dregs of a patron's bottle, and its wisdom the dregs of a patron's understanding, brought hither to devour, to degrade, and to defame. Is it to such a thing you would have it thought

that you affixed the idea of the Protestant ascendancy? But it is said, Admit them by degrees, and do not run the risk of too precipitate an incorporation. I conceive both the argument and the fact unfounded. In a mixed government like ours an increase of the democratic power can scarcely ever be dangerous. None of the three powers of our constitution act singly in the line of its natural direction; each is necessarily tempered and diverted by the action of the other two; and hence it is, that though the power of the crown has, perhaps, far transcended the degree to which theory might confine it, the liberty of the British constitution may not be in much danger. An increase of power to any of the three acts finally upon the state with a very diminished influence, and therefore great indeed must be that increase in any one of them which can endanger the practical balance of the constitution. Still, however, I contend not against the caution of a general admission. Let me ask you, Can you admit them any otherwise than gradually? The striking and melancholy symptom of the public disease is, that if it recovers at all it can be only through a feeble and lingering convalescence. Yet even this gradual admission your Catholic brethren do not ask, save under every pledge and every restriction which your justice and wisdom can recommend to your adoption.

I call on the house to consider the necessity of acting with a social and conciliatory mind. Contrary conduct may perhaps protract the unhappy depression of our country, but a partial liberty cannot long subsist. A disinherited people cannot long subsist. With infinite regret must any man look forward to the alienation of three millions of our people, and to a degree of subservency and corruption in a fourth. I am sorry to think it is so very easy to conceive, that in case of such an event the inevitable consequence would be an union with Great Britain. And if any one desires to know what that would be, I will tell him. It would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excisemen, unless possibly you may add fifteen or twenty couple of Irish members, who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister.

DEFENCE OF A. H. ROWAN.¹

(DELIVERED IN COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JAN. 1794.)

Gentlemen, — Mr. Attorney-general has thought proper to direct your attention to the state and circumstances of public affairs at the time of this transaction. Let me also make a few retrospective observations on a period at which he has but slightly glanced. I speak of the events which took place before the close of the American war. You know, gentlemen, that France had espoused the cause of America, and we became thereby engaged in a war with that nation.

“Heu, nescia mens hominum futuri!”

Little did that ill-fated monarch know that he was forming the first causes of those disastrous events that were to end in the subversion of his throne, in the slaughter of his family, and the deluging of his country with the blood of his people. You cannot but remember that at a time when we had scarcely a regular soldier for our defence, when the old and young were alarmed and terrified with apprehensions of descent upon our coasts, that Providence seemed to have worked a sort of miracle in our favour. You saw a band of armed men come forth at the great call of nature, of honour, and their country. You saw men of the greatest wealth and rank; you saw every class of the community give up its members, and send them armed into the field to protect the public and private tranquillity of Ireland. It is impossible for any man to turn back to that period without reviving those sentiments of tenderness and gratitude which then beat in the public bosom; to recollect amidst what applause, what tears, what prayers, what benedictions they walked forth amongst spectators, agitated by the mingled sensations of terror and of reliance, of danger and of protection, imploring the blessings of heaven upon their heads and its conquest upon their swords. That illustrious, and adored, and *abused* body of men stood forward and assumed the title, which I trust the ingratitude of their country will never blot from its history—“THE VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND.”

Give me leave now, with great respect, to

put this question to you:—Do you think the assembling of that glorious band of patriots was an insurrection? Do you think the invitation to that assembling would have been sedition? They came under no commission but the call of their country; unauthorized and unsanctioned, except by public emergency and public danger. I ask, Was that meeting insurrection or not? I put another question:—If any man then had published a call on that body, and stated that war was declared against the state; that the regular troops were withdrawn; that our coasts were hovered round by the ships of the enemy; that the moment was approaching when the unprotected feebleness of age and sex, when the sanctity of habitation would be disregarded and profaned by the brutal ferocity of a rude invader; if any man had then said to them, “Leave your industry for a while, that you may return to it again, and come forth in arms for the public defence?” I put the question boldly to you (it is not the case of the volunteers of that day; it is the case of my client at this hour which I put to you), Would that call have been then pronounced in a court of justice, or by a jury on their oaths, a criminal and seditious invitation to insurrection? If it would not have been so then, upon what principle can it be so now? What is the force and perfection of the law? It is the permanency of the law; it is, that whenever the fact is the same, the law is also the same; it is, that the law remains a written, monumented, and recorded letter, to pronounce the same decision upon the same facts, whenever they shall arise. I will not affect to conceal it: you know there has been artful, ungrateful, and blasphemous clamour raised against these illustrious characters, the saviours of the kingdom of Ireland. Having mentioned this, let me read a few words of the paper alleged to be criminal: “You first took up arms to protect your country from foreign enemies and from domestic disturbance. For the same purposes it now becomes necessary that you should resume them.”

I should be the last man in the world to impute any want of candour to the right honourable gentleman who has stated the case on behalf of the prosecution; but he has certainly fallen into a mistake, which, if not explained, might be highly injurious to my client. He supposed that this publication was not addressed to those ancient volunteers, but to new combinations of them, formed upon new principles, and actuated by different motives.

¹ In 1792 the government issued a proclamation against the volunteers who had assumed French forms, which was answered by the United Irishmen in an address written by Dr. Drennan and signed by Rowan as secretary. For this offence Rowan and Drennan were prosecuted. Curran took up the case for Mr. Rowan, and we quote the principal portions of his celebrated defence.

You have the words to which this construction is imputed upon the record; the meaning of his mind can be collected only from those words which he has made use of to convey it. The guilt imputable to him can only be inferred from the meaning ascribable to those words. Let his meaning then be fairly collected by resorting to them. Is there a foundation to suppose that this address was directed to any such body of men as has been called a banditti (with what justice it is unnecessary to inquire), and not to the old volunteers?

As to the sneer at the words *citizen soldiers*, I should feel that I was treating a very respected friend with an insidious and unmerited unkindness if I affected to expose it by any gravity of refutation. I may, however, be permitted to observe that those who are supposed to have disgraced this expression by adopting it have taken it from the idea of the British constitution, "that no man in becoming a soldier ceases to be a citizen." Would to God, all enemies as they are, that that unfortunate people had borrowed more from that sacred source of liberty and virtue; and would to God, for the sake of humanity, that they had preserved even the little they did borrow! If ever there could be an objection to that appellation it must have been strongest when it was first assumed.¹ To that period the writer manifestly alludes; he addresses "those who first took up arms." "You first took up arms to protect your country from foreign enemies and from domestic disturbance. For the same purposes it now becomes necessary that you should resume them." Is this applicable to those who had never taken up arms before? "A proclamation," says this paper, "has been issued in England for embodying the militia, and a proclamation has been issued by the lord-lieutenant and council in Ireland for repressing all seditious associations. In consequence of both these proclamations it is reasonable to apprehend danger from abroad and danger at home." God help us from the situation of Europe at that time; we were threatened with too probable danger from abroad, and I am afraid it was not without foundation we were told of our having something to dread at home.

I find much abuse has been lavished on the disrespect with which the proclamation is

treated in that part of the paper alleged to be a libel. To that my answer for my client is short: I do conceive it competent to a British subject if he thinks that a proclamation has issued for the purpose of raising false terrors; I hold it to be not only the privilege, but the duty of a citizen, to set his countrymen right with respect to such misrepresented danger; and until a proclamation in this country shall have the force of law, the reason and grounds of it are surely at least questionable by the people. Nay, I will go farther; if an actual law had passed, receiving the sanction of the three estates, if it be exceptional in any matter, it is warrantable to any man in the community to state, in a becoming manner, his ideas upon it. And I should be at a loss to know, if the positive laws of Great Britain are thus questionable, upon what grounds the proclamation of an Irish government should not be open to the animadversion of Irish subjects.

"Whatever be the motive, or from whatever quarter it arises," says this paper, "alarm has arisen." Gentlemen, do you not know that to be fact? It has been stated by the attorney-general, and most truly, that the most gloomy apprehensions were entertained by the whole country. "You, volunteers of Ireland, are therefore summoned to arms at the instance of government as well as by the responsibility attached to your character and the permanent obligations of your institution." I am free to confess, if any man, assuming the liberties of a British subject to question public topics, should, under the mask of that privilege, publish a proclamation inviting the profligate and seditious, those in want and those in despair, to rise up in arms to overawe the legislature—to rob us of whatever portion of the blessing of a free government we possess; I know of no offence involving greater enormity. But that, gentlemen, is the question you are to try. If my client acted with an honest mind and fair intention, and, having as he believed the authority of government to support him in the idea that danger was to be apprehended, did apply to that body of so known and so revered a character, calling upon them by their former honour, the principles of their glorious institution, and the great stake they possessed in their country: if he interposed, not upon a fictitious pretext, but a real belief of actual and imminent danger, and that their arming at that critical moment was necessary to the safety of their country, his intention was not only innocent, but highly meritorious. It is

¹ In the resolutions and addresses of the old volunteers at and prior to 1783 the terms *citizen soldiers* and *citizen soldiery* were no uncommon appellations.

a question, gentlemen, upon which you only can decide; it is for you to say whether it was criminal in the defendant to be so misled, and whether he is to fall a sacrifice to the prosecution of that government by which he was so deceived. I say again, gentlemen, you can look only to his words as the interpreters of his meaning; and to the state and circumstances of his country as he was made to believe them as the clue to his intention. The case, then, gentlemen, is shortly and simply this: a man of the first family, and fortune, and character, and property among you reads a proclamation, stating the country to be in danger from abroad and at home; and, thus alarmed, thus, upon the authority of the prosecutor, alarmed, applies to that august body before whose awful presence sedition must vanish and insurrection disappear. You must surrender, I hesitate not to say, your oaths to unfounded assertion, if you can submit to say that such an act of such a man, so warranted, is a wicked and seditious libel. If he was a dupe, let me ask you, Who was the impostor? I blush and shrink with shame and detestation from that meanness of dupery and servile complaisance which could make that dupe a victim to the accusation of that impostor.

You perceive, gentlemen, that I am going into the merits of this publication before I apply myself to the question which is first in order of time, namely, whether the publication, in point of fact, is to be ascribed to Mr. Rowan or not. I have been unintentionally led into this violation of order. I should effect no purpose of either brevity or clearness by returning to the more methodical course of observation. I have been naturally drawn from it by the superior importance of the topic I am upon, namely, the merit of the publication in question.

This publication, if ascribed at all to Mr. Rowan, contains four distinct subjects: the first, the invitation to the volunteers to arm: upon that I have already observed; but those that remain are surely of much importance, and, no doubt, are prosecuted as equally criminal. The paper next states the necessity of a reform in parliament; it states, thirdly, the necessity of an emancipation of the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland; and, as necessary to the achievement of all these objects, docs, fourthly, state the necessity of a general delegated convention of the people. . . .

It is impossible not to revert to the situation of the times; and let me remind you, that whatever observations of this kind I am

compelled thus to make in a court of justice, the uttering of them in this place is not imputable to my client, but to the necessity of defence imposed upon him by this extraordinary prosecution.

Gentlemen, the representation of our people is the vital principle of their political existence; without it they are dead, or they live only to servitude; without it there are two estates acting upon and against the third, instead of acting in co-operation with it; without it, if the people are oppressed by their judges, where is the tribunal to which their judges can be amenable? without it, if they are trampled upon and plundered by a minister, where is the tribunal to which the offender shall be amenable? without it, where is the ear to hear, or the heart to feel, or the hand to redress their sufferings? Shall they be found, let me ask you, in the accursed bands of imps and minions that bask in their disgrace, and fatten upon their spoils, and flourish upon their ruin? But let me not put this to you as a merely speculative question. It is a plain question of fact: rely upon it, physical man is everywhere the same; it is only the various operation of moral causes that gives variety to the social or individual character or condition. How otherwise happens it that modern slavery looks quietly at the despot on the very spot where Leonidas expired? The answer is, Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government which her liberty could not survive.

I call you, therefore, to the plain question of fact. This paper recommends a reform in parliament; I put that question to your consciences: Do you think it needs that reform? I put it boldly and fairly to you, Do you think the people of Ireland are represented as they ought to be? Do you hesitate for an answer? If you do, let me remind you that until the last year three millions of your countrymen have, by the express letter of the law, been excluded from the reality of actual, and even from the phantom of virtual representation. Shall we then be told that this is only the affirmation of a wicked and seditious incendiary? If you do not feel the mockery of such a charge, look at your country; in what state do you find it? Is it in a state of tranquillity and general satisfaction? These are traces by which good are ever to be distinguished from bad governments, without any very minute inquiry or speculative refinement. Do you feel that a veneration for the law, a pious and humble attachment to the constitution, form

the political morality of your people? Do you find that comfort and competency among your people which are always to be found where a government is mild and moderate, where taxes are imposed by a body who have an interest in treating the poorer orders with compassion, and preventing the weight of taxation from pressing sore upon them?

Gentlemen, I mean not to impeach the state of your representation; I am not saying that it is defective, or that it ought to be altered or amended; nor is this a place for me to say whether I think that three millions of the inhabitants of a country whose whole number is but four ought to be admitted to any efficient situation in the state. It may be said, and truly, that these are not questions for either of us directly to decide, but you cannot refuse them some passing consideration at least, when you remember that on this subject the real question for your decision is, whether the allegation of a defect in your constitution is so utterly unfounded and false that you can ascribe it only to the malice and perverseness of a wicked mind, and not to the innocent mistake of an ordinary understanding; whether it may not be mistake; whether it can be only sedition.

And here, gentlemen, I own I cannot but regret that one of our countrymen should be criminally pursued for asserting the necessity of a reform, at the very moment when that necessity seems admitted by the parliament itself; that this unhappy reform shall, at the same moment, be a subject of legislative discussion and criminal prosecution. Far am I from imputing any sinister design to the virtue or wisdom of our government; but who can avoid feeling the deplorable impression that must be made on the public mind when the demand for that reform is answered by a criminal information?

I am the more forcibly impressed by this consideration when I consider that when this information was first put on the file the subject was transiently mentioned in the House of Commons. Some circumstances retarded the progress of the inquiry there, and the progress of the information was equally retarded here. On the first day of this session you all know that subject was again brought forward in the House of Commons, and, as if they had slept together, this prosecution was also revived in the Court of King's Bench, and that before a jury taken from a panel partly composed of those very members of parliament who, in the House of Commons, must

debate upon this subject as a measure of public advantage which they are here called upon to consider as a public crime.¹ . . .

Gentlemen, you are sitting in a country which has a right to the British constitution, and which is bound by an indissoluble union with the British nation. If you were now even at liberty to debate upon that subject; if you even were not, by the most solemn compacts, founded upon the authority of your ancestors and of yourselves, bound to that alliance, and had an election now to make; in the present unhappy state of Europe, if you had been heretofore a stranger to Great Britain, you would now say—We will enter into society and union with you:—

“*Una salus ambobus erit, commune periculum.*”

But to accomplish that union, let me tell you you must learn to become like the English people. It is vain to say you will protect their freedom if you abandon your own. The pillar whose base has no foundation can give no support to the dome under which its head is placed; and if you profess to give England that assistance which you refuse to yourselves, she will laugh at your folly and despise your meanness and insincerity. Let us follow this a little further—I know you will interpret what I say with the candour in which it is spoken. England is marked by a natural avarice of freedom, which she is studious to engross and accumulate, but most unwilling to impart; whether from any necessity of her policy, or from her weakness, or from her pride, I will not presume to say, but so is the fact; you need not look to the east nor to the west; you need only look to yourselves.

In order to confirm this observation I would appeal to what fell from the learned counsel for the crown,—“that notwithstanding the alliance subsisting for two centuries past between the two countries, the date of liberty in one goes no further back than the year 1782.”

If it required additional confirmation I should state the case of the invaded American and the subjugated Indian to prove that the policy of England has ever been to govern her connections more as colonies than as allies, and it must be owing to the great spirit indeed of Ireland if she shall continue free. Rely upon it, she shall ever have to hold her course against an adverse current; rely upon it, if the popular spring does not continue strong

¹ The names of several members of parliament were included in the panel.

and elastic, a short interval of debilitated nerve and broken force will send you down the stream again, and recommit you to the condition of a province.

If such should become the fate of your constitution, ask yourselves what must be the motive of your government? It is easier to govern a province by a faction than to govern a co-ordinate country by co-ordinate means. I do not say it is now, but it will always be thought easiest by the managers of the day to govern the Irish nation by the agency of such a faction as long as this country shall be found willing to let her connection with Great Britain be preserved only by her own degradation. In such a precarious and wretched state of things, if it shall ever be found to exist, the true friend of Irish liberty and British connection will see that the only means of saving both must be, as Lord Chatham expressed it, "the infusion of new health and blood into the constitution." He will see how deep a stake each country has in the liberty of the other; he will see what a bulwark he adds to the common cause by giving England a co-ordinate and co-interested ally, instead of an oppressed, enfeebled, and suspected dependant; he will see how grossly the credulity of Britain is abused by those who make her believe that her interest is promoted by our depression; he will see the desperate precipice to which she approaches by such conduct; and with an animated and generous piety he will labour to avert her danger.

But, gentlemen of the jury, what is likely to be his fate? The interest of the sovereign must be for ever the interest of his people, because his interest lives beyond his life: it must live in his fame; it must live in the tenderness of his solicitude for an unborn posterity; it must live in that heart-attaching bond by which millions of men have united the destinies of themselves and their children with his, and call him by the endearing appellation of king and father of his people.

But what can be the interest of such a government as I have described? Not the interest of the king—not the interest of the people; but the sordid interest of the hour; the interest in deceiving the one, and in oppressing and defaming the other; the interest of unpunished rapine and unmerited favour: that odious and abject interest that prompts them to extinguish public spirit in punishment or in bribe, and to pursue every man, even to death, who has sense to see, and integrity and firmness enough to abhor and to

oppose them. What, therefore, I say, will be the fate of the man who embarks in an enterprise of so much difficulty and danger? I will not answer it. Upon that hazard has my client put everything that can be dear to man, his fame, his fortune, his person, his liberty, and his children; but with what event your verdict only can answer, and to that I refer your country.

There is a fourth point remaining. Says this paper:—"For both these purposes it appears necessary that provincial conventions should assemble preparatory to the convention of the Protestant people. The delegates of the Catholic body are not justified in communicating with individuals, or even bodies, of inferior authority; and therefore an assembly of a similar nature and organization is necessary to establish an intercourse of sentiment, an uniformity of conduct, an united cause, and an united nation. If a convention on the one part does not soon follow, and is not soon connected with that on the other, the common cause will split into the partial interests; the people will relax into inattention and inertness; the union of affection and exertion will dissolve; and too probably some local insurrection, instigated by the malignity of our common enemy, may commit the character and risk the tranquillity of the island, which can be obviated only by the influence of an assembly arising from and assimilated with the people, and whose spirit may be, as it were, knit with the soul of the nation. Unless the sense of the Protestant people be on their part as fairly collected and as judiciously directed; unless individual exertion consolidates into collective strength; unless the particles unite into one mass, we may perhaps serve some person or some party for a little, but the public not at all. The nation is neither insolent, nor rebellious, nor seditious: while it knows its rights, it is unwilling to manifest its powers; it would rather supplicate administration to anticipate revolution by well-timed reform, and to save their country in mercy to themselves."

Gentlemen, it is with something more than common reverence, it is with a species of terror that I am obliged to tread this ground. But what is the idea, put in the strongest point of view? We are willing not to manifest our powers, but to supplicate administration to anticipate revolution, that the legislature may save the country, in mercy to itself.

Let me suggest to you, gentlemen, that there are some circumstances which have hap-

pened in the history of this country that may better serve as a comment upon this part of the case than any I can make. I am not bound to defend Mr. Rowan as to the truth or wisdom of the opinions he may have formed. But if he did really conceive the situation of the country, such as that the not redressing her grievances might lead to a convulsion; and of such an opinion not even Mr. Rowan is answerable here for the wisdom, much less shall I insinuate any idea of my own upon so awful a subject; but if he did so conceive the fact to be, and acted from the fair and honest suggestion of a mind anxious for the public good, I must confess, gentlemen, I do not know in what part of the British constitution to find the principle of his criminality.

But, be pleased further to consider, that he cannot be understood to put the fact on which he argues on the authority of his assertion. The condition of Ireland was as open to the observation of every other man as to that of Mr. Rowan. What, then, does this part of the publication amount to? In my mind simply to this:—

“The nature of oppression in all countries is such, that, although it may be borne to a certain degree, it cannot be borne beyond that degree. You find that exemplified in Great Britain; you find the people of England patient to a certain point, but patient no longer. That infatuated monarch James II. experienced this. The time did come when the measure of popular sufferings and popular patience was full—when a single drop was sufficient to make the waters of bitterness to overflow. I think this measure in Ireland is brimful at present; I think the state of the representation of the people in parliament is a grievance; I think the utter exclusion of three millions of people is a grievance of that kind that the people are not likely long to endure, and the continuation of which may plunge the country into that state of despair which wrongs, exasperated by perseverance, never fail to produce.” But to whom is even this language addressed? Not to the body of the people, on whose temper and moderation, if once excited, perhaps not much confidence could be placed; but to that authoritative body whose influence and power would have restrained the excesses of the irritable and tumultuous, and for that purpose expressly does this publication address the volunteers.

“We are told that we are in danger. I call upon you, the great constitutional saviours of Ireland to defend the country to which you

have given political existence, and to use whatever sanction your great name, your sacred character, and the weight you have in the community, must give you, to repress wicked designs, if any there are. We feel ourselves strong—the people are always strong; the public chains can only be rivetted by the public hands. Look to those devoted regions of southern despotism: behold the expiring victim on his knees, presenting the javelin, reeking with his blood, to the ferocious monster who returns it into his heart. Call not that monster the tyrant; he is no more than the executioner of that inhuman tyranny which the people practise upon themselves, and of which he is only reserved to be a later victim than the wretch he has sent before. Look to a nearer country, where the sanguinary characters are more legible—whence you almost hear the groans of death and torture. Do you ascribe the rapine and murder in France to the few names that we are execrating here? or do you not see that it is the frenzy of an infuriated multitude abusing its own strength and practising those hideous abominations upon itself? Against the violence of this strength let your virtue and influence be your safeguard.”

What criminality, gentlemen of the jury, can you find in this? What, at any time; but I ask you peculiarly at this momentous period, what guilt can you find in it? My client saw the scene of horror and blood which covers almost the face of Europe; he feared that causes which he thought similar, might produce similar effects; and he seeks to avert those dangers by calling the united virtue and tried moderation of the country into a state of strength and vigilance. Yet this is the conduct which the prosecution of this day seeks to punish and stigmatize; and this is the language for which this paper is reprobated to-day as tending to turn the hearts of the people against their sovereign, and inviting them to overturn the constitution.

Let us now, gentlemen, consider the concluding part of this publication. It recommends a meeting of the people to deliberate on constitutional methods of redressing grievances. Upon this subject I am inclined to suspect that I have in my youth taken up crude ideas, not founded perhaps in law; but I did imagine that, when the bill of rights restored the right of petitioning for the redress of grievances, it was understood that the people might boldly state among themselves that grievances did exist; I did imagine it was

understood that people might lawfully assemble themselves in such manner as they might deem most orderly and decorous. I thought I had collected it from the greatest luminaries of the law. The power of petitioning seemed to me to imply the right of assembling for the purpose of deliberation. The law requiring a petition to be presented by a limited number seemed to me to admit that the petition might be prepared by any number whatever, provided, in doing so, they did not commit any breach or violation of the public peace. I know that there has been a law passed in the Irish parliament of last year, which may bring my former opinion into a merited want of authority. The law declares that no body of men may delegate a power to any smaller number to act, think, or petition for them. If that law had not passed I should have thought that the assembling by a delegate convention was recommended, in order to avoid the tumult and disorder of a promiscuous assembly of the whole mass of the people. I should have conceived before that act, that any law to abridge the orderly appointment of the few, to consult for the interest of the many, and thus force the many to consult by themselves or not at all, would, in fact, be a law not to restrain but to promote insurrection. But that law has spoken, and my error must stand corrected.

Of this, however, let me remind you: you are to try this part of the publication by what the law was then, not by what it is now. How was it understood until last session of parliament. You had, both in England and Ireland, for the last ten years these delegated meetings. The volunteers of Ireland in 1783 met by delegation; they framed a plan of parliamentary reform; they presented it to the representative wisdom of the nation. It was not received; but no man ever dreamed that it was not the undoubted right of the subject to assemble in that manner. They assembled by delegation at Dungannon; and to show the idea then entertained of the legality of their public conduct, that same body of volunteers was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and their delegates most graciously received at the throne. The other day you had delegated representatives of the Catholics of Ireland, publicly elected by the members of that persuasion, and sitting in convention in the heart of your capital, carrying on an actual treaty with the existing government, and under the eye of your own parliament, which was then assembled; you have seen the dele-

gates from that convention carry the complaints of their grievances to the foot of the throne, from whence they brought back to that convention the auspicious tidings of that redress which they had been refused at home.

Such, gentlemen, have been the means of popular communication and discussion, which, until the last session, have been deemed legal in this country, as, happily for the sister kingdom, they are yet considered there.

I do not complain of this act as any infringement of popular liberty; I should not think it becoming in me to express any complaint against a law when once become such. I observe only that one mode of popular deliberation is thereby taken utterly away, and you are reduced to a situation in which you never stood before. You are living in a country where the constitution is rightly stated to be only ten years old—where the people have not the ordinary rudiments of education. It is a melancholy story that the lower orders of the people here have less means of being enlightened than the same class of people in any other country. If there be no means left by which public measures can be canvassed, what will be the consequence? Where the press is free, and discussion unrestrained, the mind, by the collision of intercourse, gets rid of its own asperities; a sort of insensible perspiration takes place in the body politic, by which those acrimonies, which would otherwise fester and inflame, are quietly dissolved and dissipated. But now, if any aggregate assembly shall meet, they are censured; if a printer publishes their resolutions he is punished: rightly, to be sure, in both cases, for it has been lately done. If the people say, Let us not create tumult, but meet in delegation, they cannot do it; if they are anxious to promote parliamentary reform in that way they cannot do it; the law of the last session has for the first time declared such meetings to be a crime.

What then remains? The liberty of the press *only*—that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing, but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad: the demagogue goes

forth—the public eye is upon him—he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch. If you doubt of the horrid consequence of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave have any slumber—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning—by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries—one cannot read it without horror—there are officers whose province it is to have the water which is to be drunk by their rulers sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution. You have it at that memorable period when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore—of peace—of domestic liberty—and the lasting union of the two

countries—I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown.

Gentlemen, I am glad that this question has not been brought forward earlier; I rejoice, for the sake of the court, of the jury, and of the public repose, that this question has not been brought forward till now. In Great Britain analogous circumstances have taken place. At the commencement of that unfortunate war which has deluged Europe with blood the spirit of the English people was tremblingly alive to the terror of French principles; at that moment of general paroxysm, to accuse was to convict. The danger looked larger to the public eye from the misty region through which it was surveyed. We measure inaccessible heights by the shadows which they project, where the lowness and the distance of the light form the length of the shade.

There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe, that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name?—To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth—cool and ardent—adventurous and persevering—winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires—crowned, as she is, with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns—how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?¹

¹ Alluding to Scotland, where sentence of transportation

But I will not further press an idea that is so painful to me, and I am sure must be painful to you. I will only say, you have now an example of which neither England nor Scotland had the advantage; you have the example of the panic, the infatuation, and the contrition of both. It is now for you to decide whether you will profit by their experience of idle panic and idle regret; or whether you meanly prefer to palliate a servile imitation of their frailty by a paltry affectation of their repentance. It is now for you to show that you are not carried away by the same hectic delusions, to acts of which no tears can wash away the fatal consequences or the indelible reproach.

Gentlemen, I have been warning you by instances of public intellect suspended or obscured; let me rather excite you by the example of that intellect recovered and restored. In that case which Mr. Attorney-general has cited himself—I mean that of the trial of Lambert in England—is there a topic of invective against constituted authorities, is there a topic of abuse against every department of British government, that you do not find in the most glowing and unqualified terms in that publication, for which the printer of it was prosecuted and acquitted by an English jury? See, too, what a difference there is between the case of a man publishing his own opinion of facts, thinking that he is bound by duty to hazard the promulgation of them, and without the remotest hope of any personal advantage, and that of a man who makes publication his trade. And saying this, let me not be misunderstood. It is not my province to enter into any abstract defence of the opinions of any man upon public subjects. I do not affirmatively state to you that these grievances, which this paper supposes, do, in fact, exist; yet I cannot but say that the movers of this prosecution have forced this question upon you. Their motives and their merits, like those of all accusers, are put in issue before you; and I need not tell you how strongly the motive and merits of any informer ought to influence the fate of his accusation. . . .

Upon this subject, therefore, credit me when I say that I am still more anxious for you than I can possibly be for him. I cannot but feel the peculiarity of your situation. Not the jury of his own choice which the law of

England allows, but which ours refuses; collected in that box by a person certainly no friend to Mr. Rowan—certainly not very deeply interested in giving him a very impartial jury. Feeling this, as I am persuaded you do, you cannot be surprised, however you may be distressed, at the mournful presage with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination. But I will not, for the justice and honour of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipation. I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family, and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid! it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

THE DISARMING OF ULSTER.¹

(SPEECH DELIVERED IN IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS,
MARCH, 1797.)

The weakness of my health has kept me silent in the early stage of the debate. As it advanced I felt less inclination to rise, because I saw clearly, whatever a majority might think, how it was resolved to vote. The speech, however, of the last speaker made it impossible for me to sit silent, or to withhold my reprobation of the doctrines which the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pelham) has advanced. That gentleman has stated that the prerogative was wisely left undefined and unlimited, and warranted the disarming the north, if such an act was expedient. Before the honourable member becomes a teacher in constitution he would do well to begin by becoming a learner, and he will easily learn that his idea is an utter mistake. A prerogative without limit is a dispensing power; he will learn that for having assumed such a power James II. lost

tion for fourteen years had been passed upon Mr. Muir, Mr. Palmer, and others. Recently public monuments have been erected to these patriots in Edinburgh and London.—*Davis.*

¹ The lord-lieutenant desired parliament to assent to his order for the attainder of Ulster, and to put the province under military execution forthwith. Mr. Grattan moved an amendment, which Mr. Curran supported.

his crown. It is the great merit of the British constitution that no such power exists. It is, on the contrary, the limitation of the prerogative by law that distinguishes a lawful magistrate from a tyrant, and a subject from a slave. Every prerogative is defined in its nature and extent, though the exercise of it, so defined and limited, is very properly left to the discretion of the crown. The king, for example, has the prerogative of making peace or war—or calling or dissolving a parliament. This prerogative rests merely on the authority of law, but the time or manner of doing any of these things is wisely left to the discretion of the crown; nor is that discretion wild and arbitrary, for the minister is responsible with his head. The honourable gentleman has made two assertions: first, that the crown has the power of disarming the people by its prerogative; and, next, that in the present instance the act was just and necessary. In fact, the second position of the honourable member is a complete abandonment of his first; for if the people are disarmed by virtue of the prerogative, why come to this house? The truth is, the gentleman's conduct shows he does not know the constitution on this subject. The right honourable attorney-general has done right in declaring that the viceroy has broken the law in the order to disarm the people. The order, as to any man acting under it, was a perfect nullity, and any man was answerable for what he might commit under such an order, as a mere common offender. But examine the second position itself, that at this time it is just and necessary. Why? Because the north is in a state of rebellion, and rebellion may be resisted by an armed force. Are they in open arrayed rebellion? Not so; but they are in secret and organized rebellion, and the prevention is necessary. See the horrors that result when government are suffered to desert the known laws, and to wander into their own stupid and fantastic analogies. We find the same exactness of knowledge which the minister has shown in the doctrine of prerogative displayed in his curious distinction in the law of treason; he thinks a secret system of treason, unattended by any act, the same with treason arrayed in arms. Having assumed so monstrous a position in defiance of the known law, that calls nothing treason that is not provable by overt act, see whither his own reasoning must lead him. If open rebellion and this mere treason in intention be the same, then the same remedies must be lawful in both cases. You may assist and resist open rebellion

by armed force; you may mow it down in the field—you may burn it in its camp. By the gentleman's own doctrine—having first assumed this intentional treason—he would be justified in covering the north with massacre and conflagration. [On this part of the subject Mr. Curran went into a variety of observations. He next examined the evidence on which we were to publish to the world, to the enemy, that the most valuable and enlightened part of the nation was in rebellion, without inquiry, without even the assertion of any specific fact.] How can we look the public in the face if we surrender ourselves so meanly to a British agent, or surrender our country to military law, without evidence or inquiry? I will put a serious question:—If the government think fit to supersede all law, and to substitute the bayonet, what must be the consequence? It freezes my blood to think of it; I cannot bring myself to state it in a public assembly. But the government are loud in their invectives on the north. Is it possible that the detection of their folly can drive ministers, not into self-conviction or amendment, but into fury? The north, I am sure, is deeply discontented; but owing to what cause? To your own laws; to your convention act, to your gunpowder act, to your insurrection act. The first denies the natural right of sufferers—the right of petition or complaint; the second, the power of self-defence by arms against brutal force; and the third, the defence of a jury against the attempts of power. What else could you expect? You were in vain warned that you would at last bring the nation to the state in which it is said to be. Such laws can only deprave and infect the people. Put a spaniel in the chain and you corrupt the gentleness of his nature, and make him fierce and ferocious; put a people in the chain and you do the same. And what is the remedy? Only one. Set them both at large, and liberty will infallibly effect a cure. Repeal your cruel and foolish laws, restore the constitution to its natural mildness, and you will soon find the natural effects. Gentlemen have condemned the idea of an appeal to the sister nation for assistance, and condemned the interference of Lord Moira and Mr. Fox, as trenching on our independence. I commend their conduct as that of the most generous sympathy to our sinking situation, and the most patriotic to their own country. It was not an interference with the freedom of our legislation, but with the ruinous corruption of our own government, in which, as subjects of

the empire, they have an interest, and therefore a right of saying to their sovereign—
 “Sir, your ministers are degrading the common constitution of Ireland—they are enslaving the people, debauching its parliament, and driving the country to madness.” To censure such a conduct strikes my mind as the last and lowest extreme of degeneracy and shame. To bark at those who had virtue to make a struggle for our safety, which we had not virtue to make for ourselves.—Rare pride! Oh, rare and proud spirit of independence! Oh, pure and jealous representatives of your country! Oh, dignified assertion of a right of suicide! Oh, glorious assertion of your sacred right of abandoning your country, and selling its representation! Oh, high-souled declaration, worthy to be recorded, and worthy of those that make it! We *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save us.

CUSHLA MA CHREE.¹

Dear Eire, how sweetly thy green bosom rises!
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea!
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou queen of the west! the world's cushla ma chree!

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—
 There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wand'rer is welcomed with cushla ma chree.

Thy sons they are brave; but, the battle once over,
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush that says cushla ma chree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Eire!
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee,
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May heaven defend its own cushla ma chree.

THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
 Could more than drinking my cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
 But as in wailing there's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow,

¹ Anglice, “Darling of my heart.”

Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
 In ev'ry danger my course I've run;
 Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
 His last aid lending, my cares are done;
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over—my glass runs low;
 Then for that reason, and for a season,
 Let us be merry before we go!

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When St. Patrick this order established,
 He called us the “Monks of the Screw;”
 Good rules he revealed to our Abbot
 To guide us in what we should do;
 But first he replenished our fountain
 With liquor the best in the sky;
 And he said, on the word of a saint,
 That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
 In full chapter convened let me find you;
 And when to the Convent you come,
 Leave your favourite temptation behind you.
 And be not a glass in your Convent,
 Unless on a festival found;
 And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
 One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted;
 While sober, be grave and discreet;
 And humble your bodies with fasting,
 As oft as you've nothing to eat.
 Yet, in honour of fasting, one lean face
 Among you I'd always require;
 If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
 If not, let it come to the Prior.

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
 And with due devotion prepare,
 With hands and with voices uplifted,
 Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
 May this chapter oft joyously meet,
 And this gladsome libation renew,
 To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
 And Prior, and Monks of the Screw!

ON RETURNING A RING TO A LADY.

Thou emblem of faith—thou sweet pledge of a
 passion
 By heaven reserved for a happier than me,—
 On the hand of my fair go resume thy lov'd station,
 Go bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee!

And if, some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
Be *hers* all the bliss, and the suffering all *mine*!

Yet say (to thy mistress ere yet I restore thee),
Oh, say why thy charm so indifferent to me?
To her thou art dear,—then should I not adore thee?

Can the heart that is hers be regardless of thee?
But the eyes of a lover, a friend, or a brother,
Can see naught in thee but the flame of another;
On me then thou'rt lost; as thou never couldst prove
The emblem of faith, or the token of love.

But, ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround—
Had it e'er kissed the rose on the cheek of my dear.

What ransom to buy thee could ever be found,
Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear?

A mourner, a sufferer, a wanderer, a stranger—
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, and in danger,
Next my heart thou shouldst dwell till its last gasp were o'er,
Then *together* we'd sink—and I'd part thee no more.

THE GREEN SPOT THAT BLOOMS.

On the desert of life, where you vainly pursued
Those phantoms of hope, which their promise disown,
Have you e'er met some spirit, divinely endued,
That so kindly could say, you don't suffer alone?
And, however your fate may have smiled, or have frowned,

Will she deign still to share as the friend and the wife?

Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found

The green spot that blooms on the desert of life.

Does she love to recall the past moments, so dear,
When the sweet pledge of faith was confidently given,

When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
And the vow was exchanged, and recorded in heaven?

Does she wish to rebind what already was bound,
And draw closer the claims of the friend and the wife?

Then make her the pulse of your heart; for you've found

The green spot that blooms on the desert of life.

TO SLEEP.

O Sleep, awhile thy power suspending,
Weigh not my eyelids down;
For Mem'ry, see! with eve attending,
Claims a moment for her own.
I know her by her robe of mourning,
I know her by her faded light,
When faithful, with the gloom returning,
She comes to bid a sad good-night.

Oh! let me here, with bosom swelling,
While she sighs o'er time that's past;
Oh! let me weep, while she is telling
Of joys that pine, and pangs that last.
And now, O Sleep, while grief is streaming,
Let thy balm sweet peace restore,
While fearful hope through tears is beaming,
Soothe to rest, that wakes no more.

J A M E S O R R .

BORN 1770 — DIED 1816.

[James Orr was born in 1770 at the little village of Ballycarry, between Larne and Carrickfergus, and in early life followed the trade of a journeyman weaver. When the *North-ern Star*, the organ of the United Irishmen, was established in Belfast he became one of its poetical contributors, being already well known in his own neighbourhood as "the Poet of Ballycarry." Orr believed in the cause which he advocated; his poetry was not mere verse-making, but the genuine outburst

of his heart; and he soon became an affiliated member of the political union. In 1798 he took an active part in the battle of Antrim, and as a consequence was obliged to go into hiding. For a time he skulked about from place to place, but at last, being conscious that he was not guilty of any really criminal action, he appeared before the authorities and surrendered himself. He was sent to prison, where he lay for a long time; but as nothing like an overt act of treason could be proved

against him, except by his own confession, he was in the end set free on condition of transporting himself to America. He fulfilled this condition, and on the outward passage wrote his pathetic "Song of an Exile." In America he did not remain many years; matters had rapidly improved at home, and he returned to his native village and his original loom. But his misfortunes seem to have had a depressing influence on his spirit, for after his return his poetic efforts were much inferior to those of earlier times, and soon ceased altogether.

Orr died on the 24th of April, 1816, on the spot where he was born, leaving behind him at least one song, "The Irishman," which will live so long as there are men to deserve its name.]

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide:
None more repents a deed of harm.
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practise than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;

May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman!

EXTRACT FROM "ODE TO DANGER."

Truth's firm friend you cannot awe
From his heart's belief to turn;
Though the rack should harshly draw
Joint from joint, or faggots burn;
Sure of bliss in full fruition,
He defies the Inquisition.

Though the dying round him mourn,
Though the dead the shore bestrew,
Smoke, fire, fury, cannot turn
From your path the patriot true;
Following close his faithful leader,
Low he lays the proud invader.

Ever honour'd be their graves,
Mighty men of valour tried,
Who, unwav'd in fields and waves,
You in every form defied;
Who, like Wolfe, led on their legion,
Or, like Cook, explor'd each region.

Frown, terrific tyrant, frown!
Barb thy dart, and whet thy lance;
Danger! they who seek renown,
To thy front, unwav'd, advance:
All thy terrors, were they double,
But inflame the mind that's noble.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

In Ireland 'tis evening—from toil my friends hie
all,

And weary walk home o'er the dew-spangled lea;
The shepherd in love tunes his grief-soothing viol,
Or visits the maid that his partner will be;
The blithe milk-maid trips to the herd that stands

lowing;
The west richly smiles, and the landscape is
glowing;
The sad-sounding curfew, and torrent fast-flowing,
Are heard by my fancy, though far, far at sea!

What has my eye seen since I left the green valleys,
But ships as remote as the prospect could be?
Unwieldy, huge monsters, as ugly as malice,
And floats of some wreck, which with sorrow I
see?

What's seen but the fowl, that its lonely flight
urges,
The lightning, that darts through the sky-meeting
surges,
And the sad-scowling sky, that with bitter rain
scourges
This cheek ere sits drooping on, far, far at sea?

How hideous the hold is!—Here, children are
screaming—
There, dames faint through thirst, with their
babes on their knee!
Here, down every hatch the big breakers are
streaming,
And there, with a crash, half the fixtures break
free!
Some court, some contend, some sit dull stories
telling;
The mate's mad and drunk, and the tars tasked
and yelling;
What sickness and sorrow pervade my rude dwell-
ing!—
A huge floating lazaret-house, far, far at sea!

How changed all may be when I seek the sweet
village:
A hedge-row may bloom where its street used
to be;
The floors of my friends may be tortured by tillage,
And the upstart be served by the fallen grandee;
The axe may have humbled the grove that I
haunted,
And shades be my shield that as yet are unplanted,
Nor one comrade live who repined when he wanted
The sociable sufferer that's far, far at sea!

In Ireland 'tis night—on the flowers of my setting
A parent may kneel, fondly praying for me;—
The village is smokeless—the red moon is getting
That hill for a throne which I hope yet to see.
If innocence thrive, many more have to grieve for;
Success, slow but sure, I'll contentedly live for:
Yes, Sylvia, we'll meet, and your sigh cease to
heave for
The swain your fine image haunts. ' far at
sea!

DEATH AND BURIAL OF AN IRISH COTTIER.¹

Erin! my country! precious! adorn'd
With every beauty, and with every worth,
Thy grievances through time shall not be scorn'd,

¹ This poem is written in the Scotch dialect, precisely as the peasantry and small farmers in the north of Ireland spoke when Orr lived among them. They were with few exceptions of Scotch descent, and were considered by the native Irish of the other provinces an alien race. To the present day the Scotch accent prevails in the north of Ireland.

For powerful friends to plead thy cause step
forth:
But more unblest, oppression, want, and dearth,
Did during life distressfully attend
The poor neglected native of thy north,
Whose fall I sing. He found no powerful friend,
Till death was sent by Heaven to bid his soul
ascend.

The blameless Cottier, wha his youth had pass'd
In temperance, and felt few pains when auld,
The prey o' pleurisy, lies low at last,
And aft his thoughts are by delirium thrall'd:
Yet while he raves he prays in words weel wal'd,
An' mutters through his sleep o' truth an' right;
An' after pöndering deep, the weans are tald
The readiest way he thinks they justly might
Support themselves thro' life when he shall sink
in night.

Wi' patient watchfu'ness, lassies an' lads,
Carefu' an' kin', surroun' his clean caff bed,
Ane to his lips the coolin' cordial ha'ds,
An' ane behin' supports his achin' head;
Some bin' the arm that lately has been bled,
An' some burn bricks his feet mair warm to mak;
If e'er he dose, how noiselessly they tread!
An' stap the lights to mak the bield be black,
An' aft the bedside lea, an' aft slip saftly back.

Rang'd roun' the hearth, where he presides nae
mair,
Th' inquirin' nybers mourn their sufferin' frien';
An' now an' then divert awa their care
By tellin' tales to please some glaiкет wean,
Wha's e'e soon fills whan told about the pain
Its sire endures, an' what his loss wad be;
An' much they say, but a', alas! in vain,
To soothe the mither, wha ha'f pleas'd could see
Her partner eas'd by death, though for his life
she'd die.

And while they're provin' that his end is sure
By strange ill omens—to assuage his smart
The minister comes in, wha' to the poor
Without a fee performs the doctor's part:
An' while wi' hope he soothes the sufferer's heart,
An' gies a cheap, safe recipe, they try
To quat braid Scotch, a task that foils their art;
For while they join his converse, vain though shy,
They monie a lang learn'd word misca' an' mis-
apply.

An' lo! the sick man's dyin' words to 'tend,
Th' alarm'd auld circle gather roun', an' weep;
Deceiv'd by hope, they thought till now he'd
mend,
But he thought lang in death's embrace to sleep.
“Let ithers will,” he says, “a golden heap,
I can but lea my blessin' an' advice—
Shield your poor mither, an' her counsel keep;

An' you, my senior sons, that ay were wise,
Do for my late-born babes, an' train them for the
skies.

"Be honest an' obligin'; if ye thrive,
Be meek; an' firm whan crosses come your road;
Should rude men wrang ye, to forgie them strive;
An' gratefu' be for benefits bestow'd:
Scorn nae poor man wha bears oppression's load,
Nor meanly cringe for favours frae the proud;
In ae short sentence—Serve baith man an' God.
Sae, whan your clay lies mould'rin' in a shroud,
Your saul shall soar to heaven, and care nae mair
becloud."

His strength here fail'd, but still affection's e'e
Spak on; a moment motionless he lay;
Bade "Peace be wi' them!" turn'd his head awae,
And pass'd through death's dark vale without
dismay.

The speechless widow watch'd the stiff'ning clay,
And shed some "nat'ral tears"—rack'd yet re-
sign'd;

To loud laments the orphan group gied way,
An' mourn'd, unfelt, the wants and wrangs they'd
find,
Flung friendless on the warl, that's seldom unco
kind.

Come hither, sons of plenty! an' relieve
The bonny bairns, for labour yet owre wee,
An' that mild matron, left in life's late eve,
Without a stay the ills o' age to dree:
Had I your walth, I hame wad tak wi' me
The lamb that's lookin' in my tear-wat face;
An' that dejected dame should sit rent free
In some snug cot, that I wad hae the grace
To visit frequently, and bid her hardships cease.

Cou'd he whose limbs they decently hae stretch'd,
The followers o' freets awake an' mark,
What wad he think o' them, he oft beseeched
To be mair wise than mind sic notions dark?
To bare the shelves o' plates they fa' to wark;
Before the looking-glass a claith they cast;
An' if a clock were here, nae ear might hark
Her still'd han's tell how hours an' moments
pass'd;
Ignorance bred such pranks, an' custom gars them
last.

Belye an old man lifts the Word o' God,
Gies out a line, an' sings o' grief an' pain;
Reads o'er a chapter, chosen as it should,
That maks them sure the dead shall rise again;
And prays, that He, wha's hand has gien and
ta'en,
May be the orphan's guide, the widow's stay;
An' that, rememb'rin' death ere health be gane,

They a' may walk in wisdom's heavenward way,
Like him, the man o' worth, that's now a clod o'
clay.

An' now a striplin', wi' becomin grace,
Han's the wauk-supper, in a riddle, roun ;
Hard bread, an' cheese, might nicest palates please,
Bought frae a luxter in the nyb'rin' town;
An' gies them gills a piece o' rum sae brown,
By polished sots wi' feign'd reluctance pried;
Though here an' there may sit a menseless loun,
The thoughtfu' class consider poor folks' need,
An' only "kiss the cup," an' hardly ance break
bread.

While thus they sit, the widow lifts the sheet,
To kiss the corps that worms will shortly gnaw;
Some argue Scripture—some play tricks—some
greet;

Here they're asleep—an' there they slip awa'.
Folk wha lay list'nin' till the cock wad crow,
Now rise frae rest, an' come to sit a while;
Salute their frien's, and speer for their folk a',
An' to the fire step ben, frae which a file
O' warmer rustics rise, polite in simplest style.

Syne wi' anither glass they hail day-light,
An' crack mair cruse o' bargains, farms, an'
beasts;

Or han' tradition down, an' ither fright,
Wi' dreadful tales o' witches, elves, an' ghaists.
The soger lad, wha on his pension rests,
Tells how he fought, an' proudly bears his scour;
While unfledg'd gulls, just looking owre their
nests,
Brag how they lately did their rivals daur,
Before their first sweethearts, an' dashed them i'
the glaur.

An' while some lass, though on their cracks intent,
Turns to the light and sleely seems to read;
The village sires, wha kent him lang, lament
The dear deceas'd, an' praise his life an' creed;
For if they crav'd his help in time o' need,
Or gied him trust, they prov'd him true an' kin';
"But he," they cry, "wha blames his word or
deed,
Might say the sun, that now begins to shine,
Is rising i' the wast, whare he'll at e'en decline."

Warn'd to the Cottier's burial, rich an' poor
Cam' at the hour, tho' win' an' rain beat sair;
An' monie met it at the distant moor,
An' duly, time-about, bore up the bier,
That four men shouther'd through the church-
yard rear.
Twa youths knelt down, and humbly in the grave
Laid their blest father. Numbers shed a tear,
Hop'd for an end like his, and saftly strave
To calm his female frien's, wha dolefully did rave.

An' while the sexton earth'd his poor remains,
 The circling crowd contemplatively stood,
 An' mark'd the empty skulls, an' jointless banes,
 That, cast at random, lay like cloven wood:
 Some slept outbye, an' read the gravestanes
 rude,
 That only told the inmates' years an' names;
 An' ithers, kneeling, stream'd a saut, saut flood,
 On the dear dust that held their kinsfolks' frames—
 Then, through the gate they a' pass'd to their
 diff'rent hames.

Erin! my country! while thy green sward gilds
 The good man's grave, whose fall I strove to sing,
 Ten thousand Cottiers, toiling on thy wilds,
 Prize truth and right 'bove ev'ry earthly thing:
 Full many a just man makes thy workshops
 ring;
 Full many a bright man strips thy meads to mow;
 Closer in thy distress to thee they cling;
 And though their fields scarce daily bread bestow,
 Feel thrice more peace of mind, than those who
 crush them low.

EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1820.

[Eaton Stannard Barrett, an author of considerable ability and pungent wit, was born in Cork in 1785. Nothing is known of his early life up to the time of his entering Trinity College, Dublin. Here his attractive manners and genial disposition won him the friendship and esteem of his fellow-students. Having graduated A.B. in his university he proceeded to London, where in 1805 he entered as a law student in the Middle Temple. He does not appear to have made any particular progress in this study, and ultimately forsook law for the more congenial profession of literature. He first attracted notice by the publication in 1807 of a satirical poem named "All the Talents," which ridiculed the ministry known by that name, and caught the popular taste of the period. Its success encouraged him to persevere in the same line, and under his supervision a satirical newspaper, entitled the *Comet*, appeared in 1808. His poem "Woman" with other poems and humorous effusions followed, all attracting considerable attention, and proving the talent and culture of the author. The satire of "All the Talents," which no doubt delighted the town in its day, misses fire with us, for whom the allusions are lost, and the very names often forgotten. It seems to contain some very fine fustian. The serious verse is less happy. How, for example, does this strike the simpler taste of to-day?

"I wish I were beside my faithful love,
 And heard the billows humming high above;
 And I would chase the monsters from his form,
 And clasp his chilly heart while mine was warm.
 And when our bones were scattered far away,
 Our floating hearts would still together stay;

For round about them pearly shells would cling,
 And coral knot them with a pious string.
 And then our spirits, where true lovers go,
 Would gaze together on our hearts below.
 I sicken when the rising sun I see,
 I hate kind faces, though they pity me;
 I loathe the valleys and the skies above,
 I wish I were beside my faithful love!"

A book written with the object of exposing the evils likely to ensue from a course of indiscriminate novel reading still lives and can be read with pleasure and advantage. It appeared in 1815 under the title of *The Heroine, or Adventures of Cherubina*, and is a kind of mock romance.

Barrett has been blamed for turning portions of the best novels into burlesque, and sometimes ridiculing the clergy; at the same time the *London Review* admits that Cherubina's "adventures are written with great spirit and humour, and they afford many scenes at which to be grave exceeds all power of face." He was highly valued as a versatile political writer, and one who presented the driest details in a pleasant and agreeable manner. His last work was a comedy entitled *My Wife! What Wife?* which appeared in 1815. His health now began to decline, and he died of consumption on the 20th of March, 1820.]

ROMANCE RUN MAD.

(FROM "THE HEROINE.")

[The mischievous governess has been dismissed for filling Cherubina's head with nonsense and encouraging her to read all sorts of novels. Knowing the vanity of her pupil she

takes her revenge by suggesting that her father, Farmer Wilkinson, is not her real father. How the plot succeeds, Cherubina relates as follows in a letter to her dear adviser:—]

A thousand thanks, my dear governess, for your inestimable letter; and though I must ever regret our separation as the greatest misfortune of my life, yet I cannot but consider it auspicious in this respect, that it has irritated you to inform me of your suspicions respecting my birth.

And so you really think I am not the daughter of my reputed father, but a child of mystery? Enchanting! And so the hypocrite calls me Cherry Bounce, and all sorts of nicknames behind my back, and often wishes me out of his house? The traitor! Yes, I will comply with his desire, and with your excellent advice, by quitting the iniquitous mansion for ever.

Your letter on the subject reached me just before breakfast. Heavens! how my noble blood throbbed in my veins! What a new prospect of things opened on my soul! I might be an heiress. I might be a title. I might be——. I would not wait to think; I would not wait to bind my hair. I flew down stairs, rushed into the parlour, and in a moment was at the feet of my persecutor. My hands folded on my bosom, and my agitated eyes raised to his face.

"Heyday, Cherry," said he, laughing, "this is a new flourish. There, child, now fancy yourself stabbed, and come to breakfast."

"Hear me," cried I.

"Why," said he, "you keep your countenance as stiff and steady as the face on your wrapper."

"A countenance," cried I, "is worth keeping, when the features are a proof of the descent, and vindicate the noble birth from the baseness of the adoption."

"Come, come," said he, "your cup is full all this time."

"And so is my heart," cried I, pressing it expressively.

"What the mischief can be the meaning of this mummerly?" said he.

"Hear me, Wilkinson," I cried, rising with dignified tranquillity. "Candour is at once the most amiable and the most difficult of virtues; and there is more magnanimity in confessing an error than in never committing one."

"Confound your written sentences," cried he, "can't you come to the point?"

"Then, sir," said I, "to be plain and explicit, learn that I have discovered a mystery in my birth, and that you—you, Wilkinson, are not my real father!"

I pronounced these words with a measured emphasis, and one of my ineffable looks. Wilkinson coloured like scarlet, and stared steadily in my face.

"Would you scandalize the mother that bore you?" cried he fiercely.

"No, Wilkinson," answered I, "but you would by calling yourself the father of her daughter."

"And if I am not," said he, "what must you be?"

"An illustrious heiress," cried I, "snatched from her parents in her infancy; snatched by thee, vile agent of the diabolical conspiracy!"

He looked aghast.

"Tell me then," continued I, "miserable man, tell me where my dear, my distracted father lingers out the remnant of his wretched days? My mother too—or say, am I indeed an orphan?"

Still he remained mute, and gazed on me with a searching intensity. I raised my voice.

"Expiate thine offences, restore an outcast to her birthright, make atonement, or tremble at retribution, or *tremble at retribution!*"

I thought the farmer would sink into the ground.

"Nay," continued I, lowering my voice, "think not I thirst for vengeance. I myself will intercede to stay the sword of justice. Poor wretch, I want not thy blood."

The culprit was now at the climax of his agony; he writhed through every limb and feature, and by this time had torn the newspaper to tatters.

"What!" cried I, "can nothing move thee to confess thy crimes? Then listen. Ere Aurora with rosy fingers shall unbar the eastern gate—"

"My child, my child, my dear darling daughter!" exclaimed this accomplished crocodile, bursting into tears, and snatching me to his bosom, "what have they done to you? What phantom, what horrid disorder is distracting my treasure?"

"Unhand me, guileful adulator," cried I, "and try thy powers of tragedy elsewhere, for—I know thee!" I spoke, and extricated myself from his embrace.

"Dreadful, dreadful!" muttered he. "Her sweet senses are lost. My love, my life, do not speak thus to your poor old father."

"Father!" exclaimed I, accomplishing with much accuracy that hysterical laugh which (gratefully let me own) I owe to your instruction. "Father! Oh, no, sir, no, thank you. 'Tis true you have blue eyes like myself, but have you my pouting lip and dimples? You have the flaxen hair, but can you execute the rosy smile? Besides, is it possible that I, who was born a heroine, and who must, therefore, have sprung from an idle and illustrious family, should be the daughter of a fat funny farmer? Oh, no, sir, no, thank you."

The fat funny farmer covered his face with his hands, and rushed out of the room, nor left a doubt of his guilt behind.

You see I relate the several conversations in a dramatic manner, and word for word as well as I can recollect them, since heroines do the same. Indeed, I cannot too much admire the fortitude of these charming creatures, who, even while they are in momentary expectation of losing their honours, sit down with the utmost unconcern and indite the sprightliest letters in the world. They have even presence of mind enough to copy the vulgar dialect, uncouth phraseology, and bad grammar of villains, who, perhaps, are in the next room to them, and who would not matter annihilating them with a poignard while they are mending a pen. Adieu!

HENRY GRATTAN.

BORN 1746 — DIED 1820.

[Henry Grattan, the patriotic statesman and eloquent member of the Irish parliament, was born in Dublin on the 3d of July, 1746. The family of which he came was a highly influential one, his father being recorder and one of the members for the city of Dublin. The boy received the first elements of his education at a school in Great Ship Street kept by a Mr. Ball, and he was afterwards removed to another in Abbey Street kept by a Mr. Young. When about seventeen he was attacked by a severe illness, on recovering from which he entered Dublin University. His career here as a student was a brilliant one, and he formed friendships with several fellow-students who afterwards became eminent in their different careers. About this time the young man's leaning towards the popular side in politics began to show itself, and his father, who was a man of irritable temperament and narrow in his political views, became estranged from his son. A little later, and before any reconciliation could be effected, the recorder unexpectedly died, and when his will was read Grattan found that his liberal opinions had cost him dearly. The family place was taken from him, and everything was devised to others, except a small patrimony which was beyond his father's power to divert. Being only about twenty, and of a highly susceptible mind, he fell into a gloomy state for a time; but he soon roused himself and went to London, where he entered the Middle Temple.

In the intervals of study his chief enjoyment was to gain admission to the gallery of the House of Commons and listen to the orations of Burke and others, or to stand at the bar of the Lords' and drink in the eloquence of Chatham. During this period Grattan was deeply moved by the death of a favourite sister, and scarcely had time begun to heal this wound when he received news of his mother's death. This occurred so suddenly that she had not time to dispose of her property, which went in consequence to a distant branch of the family,—thus, one may almost say, robbing her son a second time of his just rights.

In 1771 Grattan completed his term at the Middle Temple, paid a visit to Paris, and wrote his celebrated character of Chatham, which may be seen in *Baratariana*.¹ Next year he was called to the Irish bar, and began to practise; but the bar was not the proper field for the exercise of his great powers. He felt this, and an unsettled dissatisfied state of mind was the result. While in this mood the borough of Charlemont luckily became vacant, and he was returned for it in 1775. On the 15th December of that year he made his first speech, in which he seemed to show his full strength and genius all at once. When the new parliament met under the lord-

¹ A remarkable book made up of political pasquinades contributed by the celebrities of the day. The second edition of the work, published in 1773, contains a key to the various contributors.

lieutenancy of Buckinghamshire, Grattan at once began to make the power of his genius felt, though several motions of his, even with the support of Bushe, Burgh, and Yelverton, were defeated by large majorities. The celebrated Volunteer movement had now gathered strength in the country, and enabled the patriotic party in parliament to carry measures before impossible. In Nov. 1779, Grattan proposed a resolution "that at this time it would be inexpedient to grant new taxes," which was carried by 170 to 47. This was a heavy blow to government, causing them to receive six months' supply only, instead of two years as desired. Grattan followed up his blow by a notice of motion for a declaration of Irish rights. His friends, believing him rash in this attempt, tried to dissuade him; but firm in his belief that the time was ripe for it, he determined to bring forward the declaration on the reassembling of parliament. To avoid the worry of importunities he retired to the residence of his uncle, Marlay Abbey near Celbridge, where the associations of the place encouraged him still more in his decision. He afterwards declared, that while wandering amid the groves and bowers of Swift and Vanessa arguments unanswerable came to his mind, and he resolved never to yield.

On the 19th of April, 1780, Grattan brought forward his three celebrated resolutions,¹ in support of which he delivered the most eloquent of all his speeches. "He seemed like one inspired, and for rapidity, fire, and elevation of thought nothing had ever been heard like it." The debate that followed ended in a drawn battle, for at Flood's advice the resolutions were withdrawn. In July Grattan accompanied Lord Charlemont to the north, and was present at the general reviews of the volunteers. In 1781 he supported Mr. Luke's (Lord Mountjoy) Roman Catholic relief bill; but his friends, less liberal than himself, opposed it, and it was thrown out. In Feb. 1782, he again brought forward his motion declaratory of Irish rights, but it was defeated by a large majority. The end of defeats, however, had been reached, for the ministry that had

kept power chiefly by corruption fell, and the Duke of Portland became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. "On the 16th of April, 1782, amid an outburst of almost unparalleled enthusiasm the declaration of independence was brought forward. On that day a large body of the volunteers were drawn up in front of the old Parliament House of Ireland. Far as the eye could stretch the morning sun glanced upon their weapons and upon their flags; and it was through their parted ranks that Grattan passed to move the emancipation of his country." Knowing well that the government could no longer oppose him, and that his motion would be carried unanimously, he made only a short though glowing speech. With beaming face he uttered the following impassioned words:—"I am now to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and, bowing in her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*." The repeal of Poyning's law in the Irish parliament followed almost immediately, and in the English parliament the Act 6 Geo. I. Grattan also carried a mutiny bill which repealed the obnoxious perpetual mutiny act, and in another bill he provided for the independence of the judicature, thus actually accomplishing the independence of Ireland as a nation. It being well known that Grattan had sacrificed his professional practice to devote himself to his country, a sum of £50,000 was voted him by the Irish parliament, double the amount having been offered and declined.

Scarcely had the voice of triumph ceased when Flood, who had been an office-holder for years while Grattan had borne the burden and heat of the day, appeared on the scene. Grattan, like a wise man, would now have paused for a while; but Flood, seeing a chance of passing his leader in the race, insisted that the repeal of the Act 6 Geo. I. was not enough, but that the English parliament must pass an express act of renunciation of binding powers

¹ The three resolutions were as follows:—

I. Resolved that his most excellent Majesty, by and with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only powers competent to enact laws to bind Ireland.

II. That the crown of Ireland is and ought to be inseparably united to the crown of Great Britain.

III. That Great Britain and Ireland are inseparably united under one sovereign, under the common and indissoluble ties of interest, loyalty, and freedom.

over the Irish parliament. Grattan and all the moderate men of the country opposed this; but Flood was determined, and finding himself backed by the rabble and volunteers, he moved for leave to bring in his Bill of Rights, and was refused. After this for some time the rivalry between the two leaders continued, until, in a few months, Grattan, lately the idol and deliverer of his country, became the most unpopular statesman in it. His great mental exertions, and the excitement of public life, now began to tell on his health, and he was advised to try the waters of Spa for a time. On his return home he married Miss Fitzgerald, a lady of ancient family and great beauty, and for a short while they lived a life of quiet and repose at Tinnehinch. The marriage proved a happy one, Mrs. Grattan, in spite of intirm health, worthily sustaining her husband in all the difficulties of his career.

At the general election of 1783 Grattan was again returned for Charlemont, and his feud with Flood continued. In this year he delivered his celebrated philippic against that statesman in a debate on retrenchment. In the debate on Mr. Orde's commercial propositions he made a speech which to a great extent restored his popularity. His speech on the title question had also much the same effect. In the regency question Grattan took the side of the Whigs; and the lord-lieutenant refusing to forward the address he had carried, it was placed in the hands of a committee of both houses as a deputation to carry it to the prince, and a motion of censure on the lord-lieutenant passed by a large majority. In 1790 Grattan became a member for the city of Dublin, and once more for a time assumed his position as leader of his party. In 1794 he went over to London, where he had several interviews with Pitt, who made believe he was friendly to reform, and who, if pressed on the Catholic question, promised to yield to the pressure, but not to introduce a bill. Pitt, however, deceived Grattan grossly, the idea of the union having already taken hold of his mind, and his promises were of course never fulfilled. Indeed, instead of any sign of relief to the Catholics, repression became the order of the day, and "vigour beyond the law," when exercised against them, was approved instead of punished. In 1796 "The Bloody Code," as Curran called it, was passed, and soon Grattan began to feel himself alone, a single man between extremes. He could not become a United Irishman; he would never soil his hands by joining with those

who were driving the country he had liberated into rebellion. Avoiding both sides, he soon came to be suspected and shunned by both, and his life was actually in danger. At this juncture he was fortunately called to England to give evidence in the trial of Arthur O'Connor. In his absence Tinnehinch House was attacked, and Mrs. Grattan was at last obliged to leave it. Anxiety began to prey on his health, and to make matters worse he now plainly saw the government determination to bring about the union at all costs. This conviction induced him to return to Ireland in the latter part of 1799, despite the personal risk he ran. He was put in nomination for Wicklow, and though unable to attend personally, and the government had delayed the election to the last moment in hope of defeating him, he was returned in time to take part in the union debate. At five in the morning he was roused from his bed, informed of his election, and though almost in a dying state he proceeded in a sedan-chair to the house. As the first ray of daylight entered the building the doors were opened and Grattan entered, supported by two friends, and looking like a spectre. His speech, which was spoken sitting, was marked by all his old fire and vehemence.

We need not detail here the measures which resulted in the union. So soon as it became an accomplished fact, Grattan retired to Tinnehinch, and, though frequently pressed, it was not till 1805 that he consented to enter the British parliament as member for Malton. Unlike Flood his first speech in the new house was a great success, and his reputation continued high during all the time he remained a member. In 1806 he again refused office, and on the election of a new parliament he stood for Dublin, and was elected one of its members. In 1812 he presented the Roman Catholic petition for emancipation, and moved for a committee. In the same year he and his friends met at Tinnehinch to prepare a bill for emancipation, and after the meeting of parliament he moved that the Catholic claims should be taken into consideration. The motion was carried by a majority of forty; but on the second reading of the resulting bill, through certain intrigues, there was a majority of four against him on some clauses to which it was said the Roman Catholics objected. Chagrined and weary Grattan withdrew his bill. For some time longer, however, he continued to advocate the Catholic cause and to work for it. In 1818, on refusing to support

the unqualified repeal of the window-tax, he was assaulted on Carlisle Bridge and narrowly escaped being thrown into the Liffey. In 1819 his health became seriously impaired, but in the following spring he revived somewhat, and determined to visit parliament to make one more motion on the Catholic question, in which he had fought bravely for twenty years. His physicians tried to dissuade him from going, but he had taken his determination, and left the quay at Dublin amidst the cheers of the people. Mortification set in on the journey, and after reaching London he was told it would cost him his life to visit the house. "It is a good death," he answered twice. He was unable to go, however; but had drawn up a paper on the question so near his heart—that of Catholic emancipation, which he desired his friend Plunket to read in the house. On June 4, 1820, he passed away almost with these words on his lips, "I die with the love of liberty in my heart, and this declaration in favour of my country in my hand." He had himself desired to be buried in the churchyard of Moyanna, in Queen's County, where he had bought an estate, but this was overruled, and his remains rest in Westminster Abbey.

"The eloquence of Grattan in his best days," says Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, who has studied him carefully, "was in some respects perhaps the finest that has been heard in either country since the time of Chatham. Considered simply as a debater he was certainly inferior to Fox and Pitt, and perhaps to Sheridan; but he combined two of the very highest qualities of a great orator to a degree that was almost unexampled. No British orator except Chatham had an equal power of firing an educated audience with an intense enthusiasm, or of animating and inspiring a nation. No British orator except Burke had an equal power of sowing his speeches with profound aphorisms, and associating transient questions with eternal truths. His thoughts naturally crystallized into epigrams; his arguments were condensed with such admirable force and clearness that they assumed almost the appearance of axioms; and they were often interspersed with sentences of concentrated poetic beauty, which flashed upon the audience with all the force of sudden inspiration, and which were long remembered and repeated."

Grattan's *Speeches in the Irish and in the Imperial Parliament*, edited by his son, were published in 1822; and *Memoirs of his Life and Times*, also by his son, appeared in five vols. in 1839-46.]

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

(SPEECH IN IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL, 1780.)

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might in the most public manner deny the claim of the British parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woollen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring since my time in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people under pretence of affectionate advice,—is an attempt weak, suspicious, and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are intrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "we have gotten commerce, but not freedom:" the same power which took away the export of woollens and the export of glass may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American stamp-act. England

thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind, if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the woollen act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty: present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject for illumination to a populace, or a pretence for apostasy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a free-born, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is therefore they consider the free-trade as a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the parliament of England, not a free-trade under the charters of Ireland as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every quarter of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation after the death-wound given to her freedom had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, nor God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty than this in which I have the honour to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrine of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection; you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does of late a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigour which has lately inspirited yours;—for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the

world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it; where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardour, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. “Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man.” Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty. It begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free: it was the delicacy of former parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation; you have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not

a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favour, and your exultation has brought your charters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty: thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woollen, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a parliament.

I read Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper, I will not call it a law; it is the sixth of George the First. [The paper was read.] I will ask the gentlemen of the long robe, Is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice? I appeal to the judges of the land whether they are not in a course of declaring that the parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her? I appeal to the magistrates of justice whether they do not from time to time execute certain acts of the British parliament? I appeal to the officers of the army whether they do not fine, confine, and execute their fellow-subjects by virtue of the Mutiny Act, an act of the British parliament; and I appeal to this house whether a country so circumstanced is free. Where is the freedom of trade? where is the security of property? where is the liberty of the people? I here, in this Declamatory Act, see my country proclaimed a slave! I see every man in this house enrolled a slave! I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British parliament against the law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see parliament witness of these infringements, and silent (silent or employed to preach moderation to the people whose liber-

ties it will not restore)! I therefore say, with the voice of 3,000,000 of people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woollens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honourable, nothing except a declaration of right. What! are you, with 3,000,000 of men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right, are you afraid to tell that British parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honour to old Rome when Rome did honour to mankind, are they to be free by connivance! Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended, equalled at least, anything in modern or ancient story—is the vast line of northern army, are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government for a kingdom controlled by the parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the constitution by trampling on the government, by anarchy and confusion!

But I shall be told that these are groundless jealousies, and that the principal cities, and more than one half of the counties of the kingdom, are misguided men, raising those groundless jealousies. Sir, let me become on this occasion the people's advocate and your historian; the people of this country were possessed of a code of liberty similar to that of Great Britain, but lost it through the weakness of the kingdom and the pusillanimity of its leaders. Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies for a series of years in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain, and bribing our leaders with

the rapine of Ireland. The kingdom became a plantation, her parliament, deprived of its privileges, fell into contempt; and with the legislature the law, the spirit of liberty, with her forms, vanished. If a war broke out as in 1778, and an occasion occurred to restore liberty and restrain rapine, parliament declined the opportunity; but, with an active servility and trembling loyalty, gave and granted without regard to the treasure we had left or the rights we had lost. If a partial reparation was made upon a principle of expediency, parliament did not receive it with the tranquil dignity of an august assembly, but with the alacrity of slaves.

The principal individuals, possessed of great property but no independency, corrupted by their extravagance, or enslaved by their following a species of English factor against an Irish people, more afraid of the people of Ireland than the tyranny of England, proceeded to that excess that they opposed every proposition to lessen profusion, extend trade, or promote liberty; they did more, they supported a measure which, at one blow, put an end to all trade; they did more, they brought you to a condition which they themselves did unanimously acknowledge a state of impending ruin; they did this, talking as they are now talking, arguing against trade as they now argue against liberty, threatening the people of Ireland with the power of the British nation, and imploring them to rest satisfied with the ruins of their trade, as they now implore them to remain satisfied with the wreck of their constitution.

The people thus admonished, starving in a land of plenty, the victim of two parliaments, of one that stopped their trade, the other that fed on their constitution, inhabiting a country where industry was forbid, or towns swarming with begging manufacturers, and being obliged to take into their own hands that part of government which consists in protecting the subject, had recourse to two measures, which, in their origin, progress, and consequence, are the most extraordinary to be found in any age or in any country, viz. a commercial and a military association. The consequence of these measures was instant; the enemy that hung on your shores departed, the parliament asked for a free trade, and the British nation granted the trade, but withheld the freedom. The people of Ireland are therefore not satisfied; they ask for a constitution; they have the authority of the wisest men in this house for what they now demand. What

have these walls, for this last century, resounded? The usurpation of the British parliament and the interference of the privy-council. Have we taught the people to complain, and do we now condemn their insatiability, because they desire us to remove such grievances at a time in which nothing can oppose them except the very men by whom these grievances were acknowledged?

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free-trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character: had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character—that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I shall hear of ingratitude: I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it: I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument: I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's

liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude: no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honour, nor nation of her liberty: there are certain unimpartible, inherent, invaluable properties not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poynings and the Judges' Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but I ask, have you been for years begging for these little things, and have not you yet been able to obtain them? and have you been contending against a little body of eighty men in privy-council assembled, convoking themselves into the image of a parliament, and ministering your high office? and have you been contending against one man, an humble individual, to you a leviathan—the English attorney-general—who advises in the case of Irish bills, and exercises legislation in his own person, and makes your parliamentary deliberations a blank by altering your bills or suppressing them? and have you not yet been able to conquer this little monster! Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you: because you have not been a parliament nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy?—be a parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence. I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English acts; but in answer to that, I observe, time may be a title, acquiescence a title, forfeiture a title, but an English act of parliament certainly cannot: it is an authority, which, if a judge would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors in Ireland have already disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally. Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a declaration of right. My friend, who sits above me (Mr. Yelverton), has a bill of confirmation; we do not come unprepared to parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm pro-

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perty and restore freedom. The nation begins to form; we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army (a mercenary band) likely to be restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity. In what situation would those men who call themselves friends of constitution and of government have left you? They would have left you without a title, as they state it, to your estates, without an assertion of your constitution or a law for your army; and this state of unexampled private and public insecurity, this anarchy raging in the kingdom for eighteen months, these mock moderators would have had the presumption to call peace.

I shall be told that the judges will not be swayed by the resolution of this house. Sir, that the judges will not be borne down by the resolutions of parliament, not founded in law, I am willing to believe; but the resolutions of this house, founded in law, they will respect most exceedingly. I shall always rejoice at the independent spirit of the distributors of the law, but must lament that hitherto they have given no such symptom. The judges of the British nation, when they adjudicated against the laws of that country, pleaded precedent and the prostration and profligacy of a long tribe of subservient predecessors, and were punished. The judges of Ireland, if they should be called upon, and should plead sad necessity, the thralldom of the times, and above all, the silent fears of parliament, they no doubt will be excused: but when your declarations shall have protected them from their fears; when you shall have emboldened the judges to declare the law according to the charter, I make no doubt they will do their duty; and your resolution, not making a new law, but giving new life to the old ones, will be secretly felt and inwardly acknowledged, and there will not be a judge who will not perceive, to the innermost recess of his tribunal, the truth of your charters and the vigour of your justice.

The same laws, the same charters, communicate to both kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, the same rights and privileges; and one privilege above them all is that communicated by Magna Charta, by the 25th of Edward the Third, and by a multitude of other statutes, "not to be bound by any act except made with the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and freemen of the commonalty," viz. of the parliament of the realm. On this

right of exclusive legislation are founded the Petition of Right, Bill of Right, Revolution, and Act of Settlement. The king has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty; both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws, whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British parliament!

Every argument for the House of Hanover is equally an argument for the liberties of Ireland: the Act of Settlement is an act of rebellion, or the declaratory statute of the 6th of George the First an act of usurpation; for both cannot be law.

I do not refer to doubtful history, but to living record; to common charters; to the interpretation England has put upon these charters; an interpretation not made by words only, but crowned by arms; to the revolution she had frowned upon them, to the king she has deposed, and to the king she has established; and above all, to the oath of allegiance solemnly plighted to the House of Stuart, and afterwards set aside in the instance of a grave and moral people absolved by virtue of these very charters.

And as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example to be anything less than her equal; anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies—an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded: to be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown, threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

There is no policy left for Great Britain but to cherish the remains of her empire, and do justice to a country who is determined to do justice to herself, certain that she gives nothing equal to what she received from us when we gave her Ireland.

With regard to this country England must resort to the free principles of government, and must forego that legislative power which she has exercised to do mischief to herself; she must go back to freedom, which, as it is the

foundation of her constitution, so is it the main pillar of her empire. It is not merely the connection of the crown; it is a constitutional annexation, an alliance of liberty, which is the true meaning and mystery of the sisterhood, and will make both countries one arm and one soul, replenishing from time to time, in their immortal connection, the vital spirit of law and liberty from the lamp of each other's light. Thus combined by the ties of common interest, equal trade and equal liberty, the constitution of both countries may become immortal, a new and milder empire may arise from the errors of the old, and the British nation assume once more her natural station—the head of mankind.

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power I would call them, not precedent; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England:—Such things are the weakness of the times; the tyranny of one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the declaration of right, “no doing judgment, proceeding, or otherwise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example.”

Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God,—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your loom, banished your manufactures, dishonoured your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury—and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ireland,—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked; he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

I shall move you, "That the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland."

PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD.¹

(DELIVERED IN IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, OCT. 1783.)

It was said "that the pen would fall from the hand, and the fœtus of the mind would die unborn," if men had not a privilege to

maintain a right in the parliament of England to make law for Ireland. The affectation of zeal, and a burst of forced and metaphorical conceits, aided by the acts of the press, gave an alarm which, I hope, was momentary, and which only exposed the artifice of those who were wicked, and the haste of those who were deceived.

But it is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence; I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious: that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroy, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example; when your money bills were altered without reserve by the council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America. At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose that he was suspected by the government that had bought him, and in consequence thereof, that he thought proper to resort to the arts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the mutiny bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of her parliament; when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded. But a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward and to say that your constitu-

¹ The reader will find Mr. Flood's reply to this attack on his political character at p. 3 of this volume.

tion had been destroyed by the perpetual bill. With regard to that part of the constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long, disquisition before he took office, but after he had received office to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been loquacious. That, when money bills, under colour of that law, were altered year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George the First, when the adequacy of the repeal was debating in the house, I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named at that time the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but when the office he had lost was given to another man, that then he came forward, and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition, that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavoured to excite a mutiny in the volunteers against an adjustment between Great Britain and Ireland of liberty and repose which he had not the virtue to make, and against an administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years and almost destroyed it, and when an address in 1778 to open her trade was propounded, to remain silent and inactive; and with respect to that other part of her trade, which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778 on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted, on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond; but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth and to tell his country that her

trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her constitution had been ruined by a perpetual mutiny bill. With relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own county to prevent their establishment; that he himself kept out of their associations; that he was almost the only man in this house that was not in uniform; and that he never was a volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty; and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honour on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him and say, Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent*; you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the house; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you

might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this house like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honour—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before parliament; the embargo of 1776 for instance. “O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!” You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt’s scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend;—you, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778 on account of their hostility to America;—you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles;—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America;—and you, sir, voted 4000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty*; but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning) that the king had only dishonoured you; the court had bought but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for

seven years the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign by betraying the government as you had sold the people; until at last, by this hollow conduct and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

JOHN LANIGAN, D.D.

BORN 1758 — DIED 1828.

[This eminent ecclesiastical historian was born at Cashel in the year 1758. He was the eldest of a family of sixteen, and his parents were both persons of education, his mother especially displaying marked natural abilities. The chief part of his early education he received at the school in Cashel kept by the Rev. Patrick Hare, where he had for companion “pleasant Ned Lysaght,” with whom he had many a wit encounter.

While only sixteen years of age he went to Rome, where he entered the Irish college,

and in a short time was appointed Professor of Hebrew, divinity, &c., in the university of that city. In this new career he continued to add to his fame, Joseph II, Emperor of Germany, and other princes, attending his lectures. In 1793 he gave to the world his *Prolegomena to the Holy Scriptures*. It is in one volume, but, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, it “seems to have formed only a portion of his plan; for it is evident he desired to prepare another volume, if not more, to complete his design. So far as this work goes, for erudi-

tion and lucid arrangement it is unrivalled." In 1794 he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of Pavia. Two years later the city was besieged, taken, and sacked, and the university broken up. Dr. Lanigan fled with such haste from the sad scenes that he left most of his property behind. Arrived safely in his native land he found that his connection with Tamburini told against him among the bishops of his own church. The chair of Hebrew and Sacred Scriptures being vacant at Maynooth, then recently established, he applied for it and was appointed; but one of the bishops interfering, questions were put to him which he considered insulting, and he resigned the appointment.

Actual want was now staring him in the face, when he had the good fortune to meet General Vallancy, the eccentric and enthusiastic but good-hearted philologist. Through the general's influence, who was vice-president of the Royal Dublin Society, he obtained a post in that institution at the exceedingly moderate salary of a guinea and a half a week. His duties seem to have been something of a sub-editorial kind—translating, correcting proofs, and making catalogues. During the first few years of this employment he received occasional sums for extra work, and in 1808, when he had outlived the opposition to him because of his religion, his salary was increased to £150 per annum, and he was also appointed to the duties of assistant librarian. In this year also he took a great share in the formation of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

While labouring for the Royal Society almost like a pack-horse, Lanigan still found time at home to prepare for publication the first edition of the *Roman Breviary* ever published in Ireland. In 1809 he published his letters which had appeared up to that time in different magazines over the signature "Irenæus," and he still continued to write further letters up to 1811, when we find one in the *Irish Magazine* for May "On the Imbecility and Breaking up of the Present Ministry."

In the spring of 1813 Lanigan's brain began to show signs of overwork, and rest from mental labour became necessary. A holiday was granted him, during which he visited his friends at Cashel. He returned to his labours apparently restored, but the rest had been too short, and the recovery proved only temporary. During 1814 he grew rapidly worse, and in November he resigned his post as librarian, but continued to perform the duties of his other office. For years he had been engaged

on his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland to the Thirteenth Century*, and now made a strong effort to complete it. He procured the help of the Rev. Michael Kinsella a learned Capuchin friar, and with his aid the work was prepared for the press. In 1824 it appeared in four volumes, and "is a work which," says Dr. Doyle, "for extensive knowledge, deep research, and accurate criticism, surpasses, in my opinion, all that has ever been produced by the Established Church collectively or individually in Ireland."

Success had at last come, but it was too late for the unfortunate author to enjoy. After the appearance of the *History* he became partially deranged, and remained so in Dr. Harty's asylum at Finglas near Dublin, till the 7th of July, 1828, when he passed away at the age of seventy. He was buried in Finglas churchyard, and his fellow-countrymen of all creeds joined in erecting a monument to commemorate his simplicity, deep learning, true patriotism, and immovable honesty. His life has been well and sympathetically written by W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of *The Sham Squire*.]

SAINT ITA OF MUNSTER.

(FROM "ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

St. Ita, who may justly be called the St. Bridget of Munster, was of the princely house of the Desii or Nandesi, in the now county of Waterford. Her father's name was Kemfoelad, her mother's Necta. They were Christians, as appears from St. Ita having been baptized in her childhood. The time of her birth is not recorded; but it must have been some years prior to A.D. 484, if it be true that she had for some time under her care Brendan of Clonfert when an infant. Yet unless we are to suppose that she lived to an extraordinary great age, only a few years can be allowed for this priority of birth. . . .

It is related that while she was still very young, a room in which she was asleep seemed to be all in a blaze, and that some persons who hastened to extinguish what they thought to be fire found it uninjured, and observed Ita, on awaking, to exhibit an angelical form of exquisite beauty. Having reached the age fit for choosing a permanent state of life she applied to her mother, and after expatiating on the divine commandments requested of her to procure her father's permission to consecrate herself to Christ. The mother acted according

to her request, but the father obstinately refused to comply with her wish, particularly as a noble and powerful young man had just made him a proposal for obtaining her in marriage. Ita then said to some people about her, "Let my father have his own way for a while; I tell you that he will soon not only permit but order me to give myself up to Christ, and will allow me to go whithersoever I please for the purpose of serving God."

Not long after she fasted for three days and nights, during which time she was assailed with constant attacks of the enemy of mankind, which she resisted with invincible firmness. On the third night her father was admonished in a vision not to oppose her inclination any longer; and accordingly, without loss of time, after informing her of what had occurred to him, he advised her to take the veil immediately. Matters being thus settled she repaired to the church and was there in due form clothed with the veil and enrolled in the list of consecrated virgins. Some time after she prayed the Almighty to direct her in what place she might best serve him, and was instructed in a vision to proceed to the territory of Hy-Conaill, and to remain in the western part of it at the foot of the mountain Luachra. Thither she went and fixed her residence in a retired spot, called Cluain-Credhuil, where she was soon visited by a number of pious maidens, who flocked from all parts of the territory to place themselves under her direction. Thus her nunnery was established in a short time, and it was most probably the first in that part of Ireland. The chieftain and other principal persons of Hy-Conaill, on being informed of the extraordinary sanctity of Saint Ita, waited upon her and offered her a large tract of land around the house for the support of her establishment. She refused to accept of more than a small spot sufficient for a garden. As another instance of her disinterestedness it is related that a wealthy man having laid before her as an offering a considerable sum of money, which he could not induce her to receive, she happened to touch it, and then called for water to wash the hand which had been as it were defiled by the contact of corruptible silver. She carried abstinence and fasting to such a pitch that it is said she was cautioned by an angel to be less abstemious for the future, and not to exhaust her frame by such excessive austerity. Several miracles, some of which are of an extraordinary kind, have been attributed to her. One of them is said to have been

performed on a man called Feargus, whom she delivered by her prayers from excruciating pains in his eyes and whole body, which had brought him to almost the last extremity.

She was favoured with the gift of prophecy, and with the knowledge of persons whom she had never seen, and of distant and secret occurrences. When Columbanus, a Leinster bishop, was on his way to pay her a visit without his having given her any previous notice of it, she ordered an entertainment to be prepared, and on his arrival sent to ask for his episcopal benediction before she could have known in an ordinary manner that he was a bishop, and mentioned other circumstances which she could not have been apprised of except by supernatural means. . . .

An uncle of hers having died, she sent for his eight sons, who lived in the Nandesi country, and upon their waiting upon her said to them, "Your father, who was my uncle, is, alas! now suffering in the lower regions for his transgressions; and the manner in which he is tormented has been revealed to me. But let us do something for the good of his soul, that he may be delivered. I therefore desire that each of you do give every day during this whole year food and lamps to the poor for the benefit of his soul, and then at the end of the year return to me." They being wealthy acted according to her injunction, and on their returning she said, "Your father is half raised out of his situation through your alms and my prayers. Now, go and repeat your donations during this year, and come to me again." They did so, and then she told them that their father was quite out of the lower world, but that he was still without clothing, "because in his lifetime he had not given clothes to any one in the name of Christ. Now," she said, "let your alms for this year consist of clothes, that he may be clothed." Having obeyed her orders, they returned at the end of the year, and were informed by her that their father was then in the enjoyment of eternal rest.

SAINT COLUMBA.

(FROM "ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

Before Saint Columba set out for the island now known by the name of I-Columb-kill, but which, for shortness' sake, I shall call Hy, he must have got permission from the proprietor of it to settle there. Accordingly the grant

of it made to him by his relative Conall, king of the Albanian Scots, ought to be placed before his departure from Ireland, as it can scarcely be imagined that he would have directed his course and attended by a number of followers to that small island without his being allowed to inhabit it. For it must be observed that he is generally represented as have sailed straight from Ireland to Hy together with twelve of his disciples. The year of his arrival after a short passage was 563. Having erected a monastery and church, and arranged such matters as were connected with his establishment, in which occupation, besides his visiting the territories of his relatives in the mainland of Britain, he may have passed about two years, Columba, taking with him some assistants, undertook his wished-for task of converting the northern Picts, who inhabited the whole of modern Scotland to the north of the great range of the Grampian Mountains. He was the first Christian missionary that appeared in that then wild country. When arrived at the residence of King Brude he found the gate closed, and the king gave orders that it should not be opened, upon which the saint, advancing with his companions, made the sign of the cross on it, and on his then pushing it with his hand it immediately flew open. Brude being apprised of this prodigy, was, together with his council, struck with terror, and went forward to meet Columba, whom he welcomed in the most kind and respectful manner, and ever after treated with every mark of attention. It is probable that the king's conversion took place not long

after, but the Magi, the chief of whom seems to have been one Broichan, exerted themselves to prevent the missionaries from preaching to the people; and it is particularly related that one evening while the saint and a few of his brethren were celebrating vespers near the royal residence or castle, some of those Magi coming near them did all they could to hinder them from being heard by the inhabitants, but that all their efforts were fruitless. The Almighty was pleased to confirm Columba's mission by various miracles, the most remarkable of which was the resurrection of a boy who had died a few days after he and his parents, together with the whole family, became Christians through the saint's preaching, and were baptized. From the circumstance of his death some Magi took occasion to jeer and insult his parents, and to boast that their gods were stronger than the God of the Christians. Columba, being apprised of the whole matter, went to the parents' house, and, desiring them to confide in the divine omnipotence, was shown into the place where the body was stretched. Then, having ordered those who were assembled there to withdraw, he prayed most fervently for some time, and directing his eyes to the body, said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, rise and stand upon thy feet." Immediately the boy returned to life and opened his eyes. The saint, lifting him up and taking him by the hand, conducted him to his parents, upon which the people raise a shout; lamentation is changed into joy, and the God of the Christians is glorified.

CHARLES WOLFE.

BORN 1791 — DIED 1823.

[The author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was born in Dublin on the 14th of December, 1791. His father died while he was young, and soon afterwards the family removed to England. Charles received the later part of his education in Winchester School, where, according to his biographer Archdeacon Russell, he was distinguished by proficiency in classical knowledge and in Latin and Greek versification. In 1808 he returned to Ireland with his mother, and in the following year entered Trinity College, Dublin. His academic career was a remarkably successful

one. He gained several prizes for English and Latin verse, and at the usual period obtained a scholarship with the highest honours. He also became a member of the College Historical Society, where the few speeches he delivered were distinguished for refinement of conception, classical elegance, and the clear reasoning powers they displayed.

It was during Wolfe's college life that most of his poems were written, and apparently without much idea of publication. He was ordained in November, 1817, and appointed to the curacy of Ballyclog in county Tyrone.

Here in the unceasing round of a clergyman's duties he found comparative contentment. In one of his letters he says, "I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead." He was soon removed to a wider field of labour, Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh. Here the labours of an extensive parish, combined with the regret caused by an entirely hopeless attachment, preyed upon his constitution, at no time vigorous, and his friends became alarmed for his health. He was persuaded to consult an eminent Scotch physician, who ordered him immediate rest from his duties and change of air. This advice he was very unwilling to take. From the affectionate regard which had sprung up between him and his people, and his intimate knowledge of each individual, the idea of leaving them was particularly repugnant to him. Yielding, however, to persuasion, he first visited his friends in Dublin, and from thence proceeded to Bordeaux for the benefit of the sea voyage. He returned apparently improved in health; but became rapidly worse about the latter end of November, 1822, and was ordered to Cork as a last resource, where he lingered only a few weeks, and died at Queenstown on the 21st of February, 1823.

The *Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B.*, were edited by his friend Archdeacon Russell, and published in one volume, comprising letters, poems, and fifteen sermons. Among our extracts will be found "Jugurtha," written very early in his college course upon a subject proposed by the heads of the university, and considered one of his best pieces. His "Burial of Sir John Moore" has gained such wide and permanent popularity that, according to Dr. Moir, "Charles Wolfe has been one of the few who have drawn the prize of probable immortality from a casual gleam of inspiration thrown over a single poem consisting of only a few stanzas." Lord Byron considered it "the most perfect ode in the language." For a length of time its authorship was uncertain, and it was attributed in turn to Moore, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, and Byron. It was only after Wolfe's death that the authorship was definitively settled by the discovery of the original copy among his papers. This copy is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. We also print Wolfe's song written to his favourite air of "Gramachree." Moir says "these verses are worthy of either Campbell or Byron."]'

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.¹

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

¹ An interesting communication to *Notes and Queries* for June 19th, 1852, from the Rev. H. J. Symons, vicar of Hereford, is worthy of a place here. He says:—"I was chaplain to the brigade of Guards attached to the army under the command of the late Sir John Moore; and it fell to my lot to attend him in his last moments. During the battle he was conveyed from the field by a sergeant of the 42d, and some soldiers of that regiment and of the Guards, and I followed them into the quarters of the general, on the quay at Corunna, where he was laid on a mattress on the floor; and I remained with him till his death, when I was kneeling by his side. After which it was the subject of deliberation whether his corpse should be conveyed to England, or be buried on the spot; which was not determined before I left the general's quarters. I resolved, therefore, not to embark with the troops, but remained on shore till the morning, when, on going to his quarters, I found that his body had been removed during the night to the quarters of Colonel Graham, in the citadel, by the officers of his staff, from whence it was borne by them, assisted by myself, to the grave which had been prepared for it on one of the bastions of the citadel. It being now daylight, the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawing and embarking during the night. A fire was opened by them shortly after upon the ships which were still in the harbour. The funeral service was, therefore, performed without delay, as we were exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns; and after having shed a tear over the remains of the departed general, whose body we wrapt

"With his martial cloak around him," there having been no means to provide a coffin—the earth closed upon him, and

'We left him alone with his glory!'

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

JUGURTHA INCARCERATUS.¹

[The King of Numidia at his death divided his kingdom equally between his two sons and his nephew Jugurtha, whom he had adopted. A war with one brother Adherbal, and the assassination of the other, soon placed Jugurtha on the throne of Numidia. Adherbal was subsequently treacherously murdered, it was supposed by Jugurtha. The Romans espoused the cause of the deposed family, and invaded Numidia. Jugurtha, by bribes and crafty promises, kept them at bay for some time. The Roman people insisted on his destruction; the consul Marius accordingly took the command of the army, and so hard pressed Jugurtha that he prevailed upon his father-in-law Bocchus to assist him against the enemy. After an ineffectual struggle Bocchus, to save himself, betrayed Jugurtha into the hands of the Romans, and, loaded with chains, he and his children entered Rome in the triumphal procession of Marius. Afterwards Jugurtha was handed over to the executioner, who tore away the flesh in his haste to take the ornaments from his ears, and then cast him naked into an underground dungeon, where he was starved to death (B.C. 104).

Well—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How!—not employ'd in
Rome?

We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now I have seen my funeral procession:
The chariot wheels of Marius have roll'd o'er me:
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,—
I have attain'd that terrible consummation
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high

Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy: I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.—
Gods! How he smiled, when he beheld me pause
Before his car, and seowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnaw'd my chain, and hurl'd it at them,
But that I knew he would have smiled again.—
A king! and led before the gaudy Marius,
Before those shouting masters of the world,
As if I had been conquered; while each street,
Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
Peal'd forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.
Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!—
Or had I, in that moment of disgrace,
Enjoy'd the freedom but of yonder slave,
I would have made my monument in Rome.
Yet am I not that fool, that *Roman* fool,
To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,—
For ever damps his fires, and dims his glories;
That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
That once has bow'd; no victory's trumpet sound
Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains:
No;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance
Dart preciously across me, I could kiss
Thy footstep's dust again; then all in flame,
With Masinissa's energies unquenched,
Start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp
The gory laurel reeking in my view,
And force a passage through disgrace to glory—
Victory! Vengeance! Glory!—O these chains!
My soul's in fetters, too; for, from this moment,
Through all eternity I see but—death;
To me there's nothing future now, but death:
Then come and let me gloom upon the past.—
So then—Numidia's lost; those daring projects—
(Projects that ne'er were breathed to mortal man,
That would have startled Marius on his car,
O'erthrown, defeated! What avails it now,
That my proud views despised the narrow limits,
Which minds that span and measure out ambition
Had fix'd to mine; and, while I seem'd intent
On savage subjects and Numidian forests,
My soul had passed the bounds of Africa!—
Defeated, overthrown! yet to the last
Ambition taught me hope, and still my mind,
Through danger, flight, and carnage, grasp'd
dominion;
And had not Bocchus—curses, curses on him!—
What Rome has done, she did it for ambition;
What Rome has done, I might—I would have done;
What thou hast done, thou wretch!—O had she
proved
Nobly deceitful; had she seized the traitor,
And join'd him with the fate of the betray'd,
I had forgiven her all; for he had been
The consolation of my prison hours;
I could forget my woes in stinging him;
And if, before this day, his little soul
Had not in bondage wept itself away,

¹ The subject was proposed in the following form:
"Jugurtha incarceration, vitam ingemit relictam" (Jugurtha imprisoned, bewails his lost life).

Rome and Jugurtha should have triumphed o'er him.

Look here, thou caitiff, if thou canst, and see
The fragments of Jugurtha; view him wrapt
In the last shred he borrow'd from Numidia;
'Tis covered with the dust of Rome; behold
His rooted gaze upon the chains he wears,
And on the channels they have wrought upon him;
Then look around upon his dungeon walls,
And view yon scanty mat, on which his frame
He flings, and rushes from his thoughts to sleep.

Sleep!

I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever:
When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
I'll sleep no more! I'll *think* until I die:
My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
Until my miseries shall be no more.—
Yet wherefore did he scream? Why, I have heard
His *living* scream,—it was not half so frightful.
Whence comes the difference? When the man
was living,

Why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments
With placid vengeance, and each anguish'd cry
Gave me stern satisfaction; now he's dead.
And his lips move not;—yet his voice's image
Flash'd such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,
I would not mount Numidia's throne again,
Did every night bring such a scream as that.
O yes, 'twas I that caused that *living* one,
And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful:—
If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee;
Wilt thou not be contented?—But thou sayst,
“My father was to thee a father also;
He watched thy infant years, he gave thee all
That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came
Than came a kingdom also; yet didst thou”—
O I am faint!—they have not brought me food—
How did I not perceive it until now?
Hold,—my Numidian cruse is still about me—
No drop within—O faithful friend! companion
Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
'Tis the first time that thou hast fail'd my lips.—
Gods! I'm in tears!—I did not think of weeping.
O, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this?—
Ha!—I behold the ruins of a city;
And on a craggy fragment sits a form

That seems in ruins also: how unmoved,
How stern he looks! Amazement! it is Marius!
Ha! Marius, think'st thou now upon Jugurtha?
He turns! he's caught my eye! I see no more!

VERSES

WRITTEN TO THE IRISH AIR “GRAMACHREE.”

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light unseen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1824.

[This eminent novelist and dramatist was originally of French extraction, although his ancestors had been settled for some generations in Ireland. He was born in Dublin, 1782, and educated in Trinity College, where he obtained a scholarship in 1798, and in due

time graduated. Before taking his degree he married Miss Kingsbury, a sister of the arch-deacon of that name. He entered the Church, and was appointed curate of Loughrea, and shortly afterwards was transferred to the curacy of St. Peter's, Dublin, where he spent the re-

mainder of his life. His income here amounted to £85 a year, and to supplement it the reverend gentleman was forced to prepare students for college, and ultimately to try novel-writing under the *nom de plume* of "Dennis Jasper Murphy." His first novel, *The Fatal Revenge or the Family of Montorio*, published in 1804, was warmly commended and admired by Sir Walter Scott. It is full of plot, character, and description, and contains sufficient sparkle and movement for half a dozen ordinary romances. It procured the author some reputation, which encouraged him to persevere, and in 1808 *The Wild Irish Boy* appeared, followed by *The Milesian Chief* in 1812. The latter novel was generally well received by the critics; even Talfourd, who had been rather hard on his first novel in *The New Monthly*, said of *The Milesian Chief* that "there is a bleak and misty grandeur about it which, in spite of its glaring defects, sustains for it an abiding place in the soul." The apparent inconsistency between Mr. Maturin's clerical calling and his literary labours could not fail to excite comment as the real name of the author began to be known, yet in no particular had he neglected the pastoral work of one of the most extensive parishes in Dublin. The sober and staid could neither understand nor make allowance for the vivacity and animal spirits of a man who could deliberately during the day veil his drawing-room windows for the purpose of indulging in his favourite pastime of dancing. His love for the fit and becoming in dress was also cited as another instance of insanity, or a state of mind bordering upon it, and the expedient he resorted to of pasting a wafer on his forehead when he felt "the estro of composition coming on him" as a warning to his family to keep silence should they happen to enter his study, was to his detractors culminating proof of his mental aberration.

Maturin had been long working in a new field of literature, and produced in 1816 the tragedy of *Bertram*, on which he had devoted much care and labour, and which was the first and best of his dramatic works. It appeared at a critical period in the history of the stage. The classical drama had given place to the wildest sensationalism; but *Bertram* was so skilfully written that although recognizing, and to a certain extent gratifying the melodramatic taste of the period, it was only as a means of leading insensibly up to the purer and higher classical representation. It was produced at Drury Lane mainly through the

influence of Lord Byron, and ran upwards of thirty nights. It was spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as "grand and powerful, the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm." The most substantial reward to the struggling curate were the profits, which exceeded £1000. He soon found himself the centre of an admiring circle, and, elated with his prospects, he now launched into expenses which only further success could justify. As might have been expected another play was soon forthcoming. It appeared in 1817 under the title of *Manuel*, but, being carelessly written and of inferior merit, it proved a failure. Byron calls it "the absurd work of a clever man." Discouraged no doubt by this want of success, he again turned to novel-writing, and in 1818 *Women or Pour et Contre* appeared. This was an Irish story, and although Allan Cunningham has pronounced it "wild, wonderful, and savage," yet he cannot but confess that it contains "many redeeming touches of pathos and beauty." Sir Walter Scott remarks that in this novel "Mr. Maturin has put his genius under better regulation than in his former publications, and retrenched that luxuriance of language and too copious use of ornament which distinguishes the authors and orators of Ireland, whose exuberance of imagination sometimes places them in the predicament of their honest countryman who complained of being run away with by his legs." In 1819 another tragedy was produced entitled *Fredolpho*, full of horrors, and like *Manuel* it also proved a failure. In 1820 *Melmoth the Wanderer*, a novel, appeared, and with the lovers of the startling and horrible became widely popular. A critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine* pronounced the author mad, but qualified the assertion by adding, "it is the madness of great genius." That Mr. Maturin might have suffered less at the hands of the critics had his profession been different we can gather from the same writer when he says, "The extravagance and utter want of decorum in the book quite confound one when one considers it as the work of a clergyman." His last and best novel, *The Albigenes*, appeared in 1824, and is pronounced by *Blackwood* to be "four volumes of vigour, extravagance, absurdity, and splendour."

Mr. Maturin, however, found that his success in literature only served to increase his expenses, and with this his cares and anxieties, and towards the latter part of his career, either from the more sombre view of life and its

duties which advancing years and failing powers often promotes, or from finding the fruits of his young and ardent ambition less of a pleasure and solace than he anticipated, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to the service of his calling. His friends and admirers could scarcely credit the resolution as sincere, yet in 1824 he proved his sincerity by the publication of six controversial sermons, said to be convincingly written, and displaying extensive reading and research. This new career was not, however, destined to be of long duration; for the previous years of strain and excitement had already begun to tell upon health, and a painful illness set in, from which, after a few months of suffering, he died at his house in York Street, Dublin, 30th October, 1824.]

THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE MONTORIOS.

(FROM "THE FATAL REVENGE.")

Ippolito Montorio had been detained unusually late by an engagement. He returned with the childish joy of a truant; his valet lit him to his apartment, but both started back on observing a stranger in the room, in an uncommon garb, who sat with his back to the entrance, and who did not rise on their approach. Montorio, immediately discovering his visitor, dismissed the terrified servant, and advanced with some expression of complacency, which his surprise rendered incoherent.

"You have forgotten your appointment, signor, but I have not neglected mine," said the stranger with a smile, somewhat grim.

"I am glad you have not," said Montorio; "I have long wished to see you here."

"I am," answered the stranger, "a constant, though unobserved, visitor; nor would you, perhaps, be pleased to know how often I have trod this room, and drawn your curtains and beheld you sleeping in that bed; nay, how often I have passed in the broad light of day, and almost touched you as I passed, and you beheld me not."

"Oh!" said Montorio, tossing with impatience, "is it ever to be thus? am I to be ever abused and mocked by a power that is extensive and resistless only to torment me? can you thus control nature, and yet not give an individual that intelligence which the meanest pretenders to your art will endeavour to give at the first conference?"

"Because they are pretenders," said the stranger, sternly; "their very facility proves it; your mind, its habits and faculties, have been so vitiated by marvellous indulgence, so outraged by lying inconsistency, that you cannot easily admit the bare forms of reality, the cold solemnity of truth; you have been accustomed to the jargon of astrology, the fooleries of the wizard, the phosphoric blaze, and the spectre of gauze; you can digest the idea of beings who can mount in cloud and fire, who can yoke the spirits of the blast, who can be served by the forms of the elements, and discover treasures that nature never owned: that such should lurk in the hovel of indigence, should depend on plundered credulity for their subsistence, should shrink from the cognizance of earthly power, and when detected, want a single friendly familiar to save them from ignominy and punishment; you can digest *this*, and therefore, to you, he that speaks with the simplicity of truth must appear as one that mocketh."

"I am indeed mocked," said Montorio, impetuously; "mocked by my own timidity, by my own folly; but, by the living God, I will be mocked no more!" He started up, and grasped the stranger wildly—"Either satisfy me this moment; tell me who and what you are, for what purpose you have fastened on me to haunt and to madden me, or you never shall quit this apartment. By that tremendous name I invoked, I will never relax my hold till you have told me whom it is I speak to."

"Who I am," said the stranger, rising at the question, "who knows, and who can tell? Sometimes I do not know myself, yet often I am as other men, and do with them the deeds of common life. But when that hour cometh, when the power is on me—then," said he (and his visage lightened and his frame dilated), "the torrent and the tempest shrink from me; the foundations fail from under me; then I ride on the horses of the night, I pass from region to region like the shadow, I tread the verge of being, alone;—that is my term of punishment, and its control is terrible; then am I left motionless, wasted, annihilated on the mountain top, in the desert, on the ocean; I feel the earthly air breathe on me again, I feel the beams that give light to man falling soft on me; then I begin to live again.—But I hear the feet of my taskers, and I spring onward before the moon has set."

"Unimaginable being," said Montorio, with strong emotion, "shall I worship thee as a

deity, or shun thee as a fiend? What are those goblin shapes that are with you every night? and what is it ye do in the bowels of the earth?"

"Some of them are my agents, and some my punishers; we are a race of beings of whose existence many have talked, many have read, and none believed; we can be only known by our properties, for our nature who shall tell? The meanest of us are employed in the mischiefs of creation, the meanest of us toil in the mountain and the mine, yell in the tempest, and lash and furrow the flood, edge the lightning-points, and mix and watch the seeds of the pestilence; but we who are of a higher class, oh! who shall tell the height of our punishment? It is ours to watch over a frame a million times more corrupt and distempered—the heart of man, and his life, and his actions. There is not a deed of blood, there is not a deed of horror, there is not a murderer, there is not a being whose fate and circumstances make his species shudder to hear or read, but it is ours to lead and to prompt, to harden and to inflame, to sear the conscience and to steel the arm."

"And is it for such a purpose I am thus haunted?" interrupted Montorio, wildly, "and am I to be—what must I be? a murderer! a being whose fate shall make mankind shudder! Tell me," he exclaimed, seizing the stranger again, and almost shouting with vehemence, "only tell me, and I forgive you."

"What your fate will be," said the stranger, "I can only intimate from the eagerness and tumult of the preparation that accompanied its disclosure to me. I was," said he, fixing his eyes and planting his feet, "in the very central core of the earth when I received it, and I stood beside you at night."

"And yet you cannot disclose it, even now—:" he paused a moment. "Does this delay intimate anything beside your power of suspending your victims?"

"I dare not flatter you, I have ever found this supernatural delay precede the disclosure of something of uncommon horror—at least I recollect it to have been so in the case of your ancestor Muzio di Montorio, who lived in the troubles of Massaniello."

"In the troubles of Massaniello! why, they were two hundred years ago!"

"They were."

"And you knew Muzio di Montorio, who lived at that time?"

"I did; my knowledge of circumstances which could be known only to a contemporary

will prove it. He was a man proud and irritable; one of the Girola family had obstructed his success both in love and fortune; a deadly hate to this man was fixed on Montorio's mind: from that moment it became my office to tend and observe him. I bore another form then; my prognostics of his fate, which were tempting and partial, roused his curiosity; I was with him day and night, as I am with you, but his fate it was not permitted me to tell expressly. Weary at length of suspended expectation, and disgusted with Naples, where the constant presence of his enemy occurred, he prepared to fly from Italy; but he could not fly from me: he thought he had, however, and proceeded with satisfaction. On the dreary hills between Pisa and Lucca he was benighted at a small inn on the borders of a forest; he inquired if he could pass the night there, and was told all the rooms were occupied by the Count Girola and his train. Muttering curses on the name he was preparing to pass the night in the forest, and brave the violence of an approaching storm, sooner than enter the roof of his foe, when the host recollecting himself, informed him he might have an apartment, for he had heard the count say he would pass the night at a kinsman's of his, whose castle was about a mile distant, and where his train, after passing the night at the inn, not to incommode his kinsman, might join him in the morning. The image of his enemy in a lonely forest, unattended, unprepared, flashed like lightning on the mind of Montorio. I was beside him at that moment. He bid his attendants halt at the inn and plunged into the forest with blind fury. The storm came on; he saw not who rode behind him in it; he saw not what shape was in the ghastly light that shone round his horse, as the heavy sulphur clouds rolled over the forest. But I and others were near him—near!—we were above, around, within him. He lurked in a thicket, a dark, matted, briary thicket, where by the glancing of the lightning he saw a cross erected in memory of murder recently done there. As he beheld it I heard him groan, and I believed my office was rendered void (for a moment); but in the next he heard a voice which made his teeth grind and his flesh shiver; it was the voice of Girola desiring his page, who was on foot and his only attendant, to hold his torch lower, as the forest track was dark and tangled. Montorio rushed forward; the page fled shrieking, and dropped the torch. Girola was afterwards found near the thicket horribly

murdered; his skull alone had seven deep wounds in it, as if the hand that struck him was resolved to hunt and extinguish life wherever it might linger. Muzio Montorio was also found by some messengers from the kinsman's castle, and by Girola's train, bare-headed, leaping and raving, for the rage of his revenge had deprived him of reason; he was brought back to Naples, tried for the murder, and condemned. In prison I was again with him, for human hinderances are nought to me; he knew me, for his reason returned, and he acknowledged the truth of my intimations. I was with him in the last terrible hour, and wished my being frail and finite like his. But it must not be; with me time is ever beginning, suffering is ever to be. But I talk of myself, and no wonder, for every mode of human misery revives my own, which mixes with all, partakes of all, and yet is distinct from all, by a dreadful exemption from solace, or mitigation, or end."

"This is passing all belief," said Montorio, who was musing and speaking inwardly. "If we yield to these things, if we do not rouse up our minds and put them to the issue, we may at once resign all power and exercise of reason." He paused and fixed his eyes earnestly on the stranger. "The circumstances you have related are such, indeed, as none but a contemporary (or one versed in secrets I thought hidden from all strangers) could know. Yet still I listen to you, mazed and reluctant; but," rising and eagerly advancing, "if you can give me one proof, one solid proof, that you witnessed the transactions of times so distant, I will yield, I will believe everything, I will crush everything in my mind that rises against or resists you."

"I can," said the stranger, rising also; "the portrait of Muzio is in the next room, take that taper and follow me; survey that picture, the left hand rests on a marble scroll; do you see the ring on that thumb?"

"I do."

"Nay, but remark it; 'tis most remarkable, so much so that it was always worn by the owner, and faithfully copied in the portrait; it was an antique, found in a vault in the demesne of his friend Cardinal Lanucci. . . . You have observed it, now look here." He showed the ring on the forefinger of his right hand. "You must often have heard of this ring; you must have heard it disappeared with Muzio, and that your family deplored the loss of it; he gave it to me almost in his last moments, for I was with him then; and

now," said he with an unutterable look, "now he is with me." Montorio was so absorbed in wonder at this circumstance, of which it was not easy to dispute the evidence, that he even forgot the constant subject of his solicitude and inquiry, and suffered him to depart without question or delay. As he was quitting the apartment, which looked into the street, a number of monks passed along who were going to visit a dying man, and carried the host with them. Montorio, scarcely waking from his trance, paid the short form of habitual worship, but the stranger turned away disconcerted and perturbed.

Montorio felt delight at his departure; this last circumstance impressed him with the terror that attends the doubtful presence of something not good; and he leaned from the window, half expecting to see him dissolve in air or flame as he quitted the palace. But it was now broad day, and he saw his strange visitor pass with slow and visible motion down the Strada di Toledo.

BERTRAM AND IMOGINE.

(FROM "BERTRAM.")

[Imogine, the lady of the castle. Clotilda, her lady in waiting. St. Aldobrand, her husband, absent, but expected home. During a storm, in which a vessel is shipwrecked on the coast, Lady Imogine takes Clotilda into her confidence, and tells her of her lover Bertram.]

IMOGINE *discovered sitting at the table, looking at the picture of BERTRAM.*

Imo. Yes,

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—

The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter—
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them?

If thou could'st speak,
Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imogine,
Thou might'st acquit the faith of womankind;
Since thou wast on my midnight pillow laid,
Friend hath forsaken friend, the brotherly tie
Been lightly loosed, the parted coldly met,
Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought
harm

To little lives from their own bosom lent.

But woman still hath loved, if that indeed
Woman e'er loved like me.

Enter CLOTILDA.

Clo. The storm seems hushed; wilt thou to
rest, lady?

Imo. I feel no lack of rest.

Clo. Then let us stay,

And watch the last peal murmuring on the blast;
I will sit by the while, so thou wilt tell
Some moving story to beguile the time.

Imo. I am not in the mood.

Clo. I pray thee, tell me of some shadowy thing
Crossing the traveller on his path of fear
On such a night as this.

Imo. Thou simple maid,
Thus to enslave thy heart to foolish fears.

Clo. Far less I deem of peril in such,
Than in those tales women most like to list to,
The tales of love—for they are all untrue.

Imo. Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is
false,

The thought is falser far—

For some of them are true as martyrs' legends,
As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
Of high devotion, worthier heaven than earth!
Oh! I do know a tale—

Clo. Of knight or lady?

Imo. Of one who loved. She was of humble
birth,

Yet dared to love a proud and noble youth.
His sovereign's smile was on him, glory blazed
Around his path, yet did he smile on her.
Oh! then, what visions were that blessed one's!
His sovereign's frown came next.
An exiled outcast, houseless, nameless, abject,
He fled for life, and scarce by flight did save it.
No hoary beadsman bid his parting step
God speed! no faithful vassal followed him;
For fear had withered every heart but hers
Who, amid shame or ruin, loved him better.

Clo. Did she partake his lot?

Imo. She burned to do it,
But 'twas forbidden.

Clo. How proved she, then, her love?

Imo. Was it not love to pine her youth away?
In her lone bower she sat all day to hearken
For tales of him, and—soon came tales of woe.
High glory lost, he reck'd not what was saved;
With desperate men in desperate ways he dealt;
A change came o'er his nature and his heart,
Till she that bore him had recoiled from him,
Nor knew the alien visage of her child!
Yet still *she* loved, yea, still lived hopeless on!

Clo. Hapless lady! What hath befallen her?

Imo. Full many a miserable year hath passed—
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead;
And many a change her varied life hath known,
But her heart none.
In the lone hour of tempest and of terror

Her soul was on the dark hill's side with Bertram—
Yea, when the launched bolt did sear her sense.
Her soul's deep orisons were breathed for him.
Was this not love? yea, thus doth woman love!

Clo. Hast thou e'er seen the dame? I pray thee
paint her.

Imo. They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the bright rose
there,

And I have heard men swear her form was fair;
But grief did lay its icy finger on it,
And chilled it to a cold and joyless statue.

Clo. I would I might behold that wretched lady
In all her sad and waning loveliness.

Imo. Thou would'st not deem her wretched;
outward eyes

Would hail her happy.

They've deck'd her form in purple and in pall;
When she goes forth the thronging vassals kneel,
And bending pages bear her footcloth well;
No eye beholds that lady in her bower,
That is *her* hour of joy, for then she weeps,
Nor does her husband hear.

Clo. Say'st thou her husband?

How could she wed, she who did love so well?

Imo. How could she wed! What could I do
but wed?

Hast seen the sinking fortunes of thine house?—
Hast felt the gripe of bitter, shameful want?—
Hast seen a father on the cold, cold earth?—
Hast read his eye of silent agony
That asked relief, but would not look reproach
Upon his child unkind?

I would have wed disease, deformity,
Yea, griped death's grisly form to 'scape from it;—
And yet some sorcery was wrought on me,
For earlier things do seem as yesterday,
But I've no recollection of the hour
They gave my hand to Aldobrand.

Clo. Blessed saints!

And was it thou indeed?

Imo. I am that wretch!—

The wife of a most noble, honoured lord—
The mother of a babe, whose smiles do stab me!

Clo. Hath time no power upon thy hopeless
love?

Imo. Yea, time hath power, and what a power
I'll tell thee:

A power to change the pulses of the heart
To one dull throb of ceaseless agony—
To hush the sigh on the resigned lip,
And lock it in the heart—freeze the hot tear,
And bid it on the eyelid hang for ever!—
Such power hath time o'er me.

Clo. And has not then

A husband's kindness—

Imo. Mark me, Clotilda!

And mark me well! I am no desperate wretch,
Who borrows an excuse from shameful passion
To make its shame more vile.

I am a wretched, but a spotless wife;
I've been a daughter, but too dutiful.
But oh! the writhings of a generous soul
Stabb'd by a confidence it can't return,
To whom a kind word is a blow on th' heart—
I cannot paint thy wretchedness!

Clo. Nay, nay,
Dry up your tears; soon will your lord return,
Let him not see you thus by passion shaken.

Imo. Oh! wretched is the dame to whom the
sound

“Your lord will soon return,” no pleasure brings.

Clo. Some step approaches. 'Tis St. Anselm's
monk.

Imo. Remember!

Enter MONK.

Now, what would'st thou, reverend father?

Monk. St. Anselm's benison on you, gracious
dame!

Our holy prior by me commends him to you.
The wreck that struck our rocks i' th' storm
Hath thrown some wretched souls upon his care
(For many have been saved since morning dawned);
Wherefore he prays the wonted hospitality
That the free noble usage of your castle
Doth grant to shipwrecked and distressed men.

Imo. Bear back my greetings to your holy prior;
Tell him the lady of St. Aldobrand
Holds it no sin, although her lord be absent,
To ope her gates to wave-tossed mariners.
Now Heaven forfend your narrow cells were cum-
bered,
While these free halls stood empty! Tell your
prior,
We hold the custom of our castle still.

[The shipwrecked men are received at the
castle. Lady Imogene, hearing of the deep
sorrow of their chief, sends for him and offers
him aid and sympathy. The chief is Bertram,
who at first she does not recognize, and after
he refuses her aid she says:—]

If nor my bounty nor my tears can aid thee,
Stranger, farewell; and 'mid thy misery
Pray, when thou tell'st thy beads, for one more
wretched.

Ber. Stay, gentle lady, I would somewhat with
thee. (*Imogene retreats terrified.*)

Thou shalt not go. (*Detains her.*)

Imo. Shalt not? Who art thou? Speak!

Ber. And must I speak?

There was a voice which all the world but thee
Might have forgotten, and had been forgiven.

Imo. My senses blaze! Between the dead and
living

I stand in fear! Oh, Heaven! It cannot be!

Those thick black locks—those wild and sun-
burned features,

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He looked not thus; but then that voice—

(*Tottering towards him.*)

It cannot be! for he would know my name.

Ber. Imogene!

(*She shrieks and falls into his arms.*)

Imogene!—yes.

Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit

To be enfolded to this most desolate heart—

A blighted lily on an icy bed—

Nay, look not up, 'tis thus I would behold thee.

That pale cheek looks like truth; I'll gaze no
more;

That fair, that pale, dear cheek, these helpless
arms—

If I look longer they will make me human.

Imo. (*Starting from him.*) Fly—fly! the vassals
of thy enemy wait

To do thee dead.

Ber. Then let them wield the thunder!

Fell is their dint who're mailed in despair.

Let mortal might serve the grasp of Bertram!

(*Seizes her.*)

Imo. Release me! (*Aside.*) I must break from
him; he knows not—

Oh!

Ber. (*Releasing her.*) Imogene! madness seizes
me!

Why do I find thee in mine enemy's walls?

What dost thou in the halls of Aldobrand?

Infernal light doth shoot athwart my mind;

Swear thou art a dependant on his bounty,

That chance, or force, or sorcery brought thee
hither.

Thou canst not be; my throat is swoll'n with
agony!

Hell hath no plague—Oh, no, thou couldst not
do it.

Imo. (*Kneeling.*) Mercy!

Ber. Thou hast it not, or thou wouldst speak.

Speak—speak! (*With frantic violence.*)

Imo. I am the wife of Aldobrand.

[She goes on to explain her reasons for
wedding Aldobrand, and pleads for pardon.
Bertram says:—]

Thou tremblest lest I curse thee; tremble not,
Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched.
Though thou hast made me—But I will not curse
thee.

Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee;
May pomp and pride shine in thine adder'd path,
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness;
May he thou'st wed be kind and generous to thee,
Till thy wrong heart, stabbed by his noble fond-
ness,

Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood;

May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother

Who cannot love the father of her child;
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around
thee,

May ruin'd Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear;—
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—

While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her
towers! (Going.)

Imo. (Detaining him.) Stay!

Ber. No.

Imo. Thou hast a dagger.

Ber. Not for woman.—

Imo. It was my prayer to die in Bertram's presence.

But not by words like these.— (She falls.)

Ber. (Turning back.) On the cold earth!—
I do forgive thee from my inmost soul!

[Bertram forgave Imogene, but not her husband Aldobrand, who had returned after long absence, and unsuspecting of the presence of his deadliest foe. Bertram secretly fills the castle with his own followers, and presenting himself before Imogene, demands—]

Show me the chamber where thy husband lies.
The morning must not see us both alive.

Imo. (Screaming and struggling with him.)

Ah! horror! horror!

Have pity on me, I have had much wrong.

(Falls at his feet.)

Ber. Thou fairest flower!

Why didst thou fling thyself across my path?
My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,
But cannot pause to pity thee.

Imo. Thou must; I ne'er reproached thee—
Kind, gentle Bertram—my beloved Bertram—
For thou wert gentle once, and once beloved—
Have mercy on me!—Oh! thou couldst not think
it—

(Seeing no relenting in his face, she starts up
wildly.)

By Heaven, he shall not perish!

Ber. He shall not live!

Thou callest in vain—

The armed vassals are all far from succour.

My band of blood are darkening in their halls—
He shall fall nobly, by my hand shall fall!

Enter Banditti.

Ha! those felon slaves are come—

(Snatching up the dagger.)

He shall not perish by their ruffian hands! [Exit.]

*Imo. (Gazing around her and slowly recovering
recollection, repeats his last word.)* "He
shall not perish!"

Oh! it was all a dream!

St. Aldobrand. (Without.) Off, villain! off!

Ber. (Without.) Villain, to thy soul!—for I am
Bertram!

*Enter St. ALDOBRAND, retreating before BER-
TRAM, he rushes forward and falls at the
feet of IMOGINE.*

Ald. Oh! save my boy!

(Dies.)

[Imogene goes mad and rushes into the forest with her child; Bertram's followers, the banditti, fly loaded with the spoils of the castle. The prior and monks, with some knights, wander over the castle in hopes of finding some trace of the murderer. At length Bertram is discovered shut up in a chamber with the corpse of Aldobrand. At the bidding of the prior he comes forth.]

Ber. I am the murderer!—wherefore are ye
come?—

Wist ye whence I come?

The tomb—where dwelt the dead—and I dwelt
with him

Till sense of life dissolved away with me.

I am amazed to see ye living men;

I deemed that when I struck the final blow,

Mankind expired, and we were left alone,

The corse and I were left alone together,

The only tenants of a blasted world.

"Dispeopled for my punishment, and changed
Into a penal orb of desolation."

Prior. Advance and seize him, ere his voice of
blasphemy

Shall pile the roof in ruins o'er our heads!

(Knights advance.)

Ber. Advance and seize me, ye who smile at
blood,

For every drop of mine a life shall pay!

I'm naked, famished, faint, my brand is broken—

Rush, mailed companions, on the helpless Ber-
tram! (They sink back.)

Now prove what fell resistance I shall make.

(Throwing down the dagger.)

There! Bind mine arms, if ye do list to bind
them;

I came to yield, but not to be subdued.

Prior. Oh, thou, who o'er thy stormy grandeur
flingest

A struggling beam that dazzles, awes, and van-
ishes—

Thou who dost blend our wonder with our curses,—
Why did'st thou this?

Ber. He wronged me, and I slew him!—
To man but thee I ne'er had said even this.

Now speed ye swift from questioning to death.

One prayer, my executioners, not conquerors:

Be most ingenious in your cruelty—

Let rack and pincer do their work on me—

'Twill rouse me from that dread, unnatural sleep
In which my soul hath dreamt its dreams of
agony—

This is my prayer, ye'll not refuse it to me.

(*As the knights are leading him off the Prior lays hold of him.*)

Prior. Yet bend thy steeled sinews, bend and pray:

The corse of him thou'st murdered lies within.

(*A long pause.*)

Ber. I have offended Heaven, but will not mock it:

Give me your racks and torture, spare me words.

[In leading him through the forest to his place of punishment they meet Imogine. She rushes towards them, uttering wild words, in the midst of which she suddenly looks on Bertram, recognizes him, and expires. He, full of remorse, exclaims—]

She is not dead—

She must not die, shall not die, till she forgives me!

Speak—speak to me!

(*To the corpse.*)

Yes, she will speak anon.

She speaks no more.

Why do you gaze on me? (*To the monks.*)

I loved her—yea, I love—in death I love her—

I killed her, but I loved her.

What arm shall loose the grasp of love and death?

(*The knights and monks surround and attempt to tear Bertram from the body—he snatches a sword from one of the knights, who retreats in terror, as it is pointed towards him—Bertram, resuming all his former sternness, bursts into a disdainful laugh.*)

Ber. Thee!—against thee!—Oh, thou art safe, thou worm!

Bertram hath but one fatal foe on earth—

And he is here! (*Stabs himself.*)

Prior. (*Rushing forward.*) He dies—he dies!

Ber. (*Struggling with the agonies of death.*)

I know thee, holy Prior—I know ye, brethren—

Lift up your holy hands in charity.

(*With a burst of wild exultation.*)

I died no felon death—

A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul. (*Dies.*)

MARY LEADBEATER.

BORN 1758 — DIED 1826.

[Mary Shackleton, afterwards Mrs. Leadbeater, was daughter to Richard Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends. He was a man of very superior abilities and high principle, and at his father's boarding-school at Ballitore in Kildare, which was afterwards conducted by himself, Edmund Burke received his early education, and formed that friendship for him which only ended with life. Mary was born in 1758, and as a girl was remarkable for great modesty and sweetness of disposition; she also early showed poetic talent, but none of her youthful productions have been published. In 1791 she married William Leadbeater, a farmer and landowner in her neighbourhood, and a descendant of one of the many Huguenot families who were forced to fly from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The marriage proved a happy one. In 1794 Mrs. Leadbeater published her first work, entitled *Extracts and Original Anecdotes for the Improvement of Youth*. This was one of the earliest attempts to introduce a more entertaining class of literature among the youth of the Society of Friends, and it was well received. Her name came before the general public in 1808 by

the appearance of a *Book of Poems*, which were much admired as true pictures of the purity and beauty of rural and domestic life. *Cottage Dialogues of the Irish Peasantry* appeared in 1811, and a second series of the same work followed in 1813. The character of the poorer Irish, their virtues and sufferings, with the best mode of improving their condition, formed the subject of these *Dialogues*—a subject on which our authoress, with her kindly sympathies and practical experience, was well fitted to write. Miss Edgeworth, impressed with the fidelity and beauty of the work, lent her aid to extend its circulation, and became the friend of the amiable authoress. *Landlord's Friends* and *Cottage Biography* followed, both written in the style of *Cottage Dialogues*, and equally successful. *Notices of Irish Friends* and *Memoirs of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton* next appeared. She also contributed poems, tales, essays, and sketches to various periodicals.

The *Annals of Ballitore*, extending from 1766 to 1824, is perhaps the most interesting of all Mrs. Leadbeater's productions. Life in the Quaker village, with its peculiar, droll, and pathetic incidents, anecdotes of individuals,

and scenes of the rebellion in 1798 which she had witnessed, are graphically described. This work appeared in 1862, with a memoir of the authoress and a great portion of her extensive correspondence, under the title of *The Leadbeater Papers*, edited by her niece Elizabeth Shackleton. The last work from the pen of Mrs. Leadbeater was written for the Kildare Street Society. It was entitled *The Pedlars*, and described in the form of a dialogue the natural and artificial curiosities of different parts of Ireland.

This accomplished lady died 27th June, 1826, and was buried at Ballitore. All her writings give evidence of a desire to benefit her fellow-creatures. By her friends she was respected and beloved; the regard of Edmund Burke was shown by his last farewell, written to her on his death-bed. In her home circle she maintained a gentle sway with a firm and loving hand, and never permitted her literary to interfere with her domestic work—which latter she regarded as the first duty of every woman. Mrs. Fisher the friend of Gerald Griffin, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of many of his poems, was a daughter of Mrs. Leadbeater.]

MARY LEADBEATER TO WALTER SCOTT.

(FROM "THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.")

Oh! thou who soar'st with eagle flight
To regions of poetic light,
And by the magic of thy lays
Bring'st back the scenes of former days!
Thou minstrel! say, what bard of yore
A harp so tuned by nature bore,
Whether her varied charms to sing.
Or move the heart's responsive string?

O Caledonia! favoured land,
Where genius, science, taste expand,
Well may'st thou glory in thy son.
And wear the trophy he has won!
And see! the generous bard even now
Binds the rich wreath on Britain's brow,
While forth he leads to thickest fight
In gallant show a British knight.

O minstrel! tune thy harp again.
Let not the sister isle complain;
Pierce through oblivion's sullen shade,
Where Erin's chiefs in dust are laid.
And with thy song of potent might
Dispel their long-enduring night.
Loose these unworthy chains—unbind
The struggling and immortal mind;

And bare, all-powerful as thou art,
The son of Erin's glowing heart,
Where candour reigns, and native taste
Fair beams o'er an uncultured waste—
Where freedom, candour, taste agree,
To pay the tribute due to thee.

THE SCOTCH PLOUGHMAN.

(FROM "COTTAGE DIALOGUES.")

Mr. Nugent lived in a part of Ireland where the modern improvements in farming were not understood, and where the poor were remarkably idle and ignorant. He had read in the newspapers of Scotch ploughs and Scotch ploughmen, and being desirous to cultivate his land after the best manner, he wrote to Mr. Frazer, his friend in Edinburgh, to request that he would send him these two great instruments of agriculture. . . . At length the desired person was discovered. His name was Andrew Macdonald. His mother, who had been long a widow, had died a few months before. His only sister was married, and Andrew's ties to his native country were loosened. Mr. Frazer was directed to furnish him with money to defray his expenses on the journey. The plough was easily procured, and both man and plough arrived safely at Mr. Nugent's. This gentleman was surprised that Andrew stood erect before him, and with a blunt civility requested to know where he was to lodge that night. He was informed, and also told that he should have something to eat and drink immediately. Andrew thanked his new master, but said he was neither hungry nor dry. "If you please," said he, "I will show you the account of my expenses on the journey."

"You need show me no account," said Mr. Nugent; "I ordered Mr. Frazer to give you what money he thought proper, and I won't give you a farthing more."

"I never wronged *any one*," replied Andrew, "and if you take the trouble to look over this account you will see that I don't want to wrong you."

"That is the old story over again," said Mr. Nugent; "I hear this every day of my life, and yet not a day passes but I am wronged."

"My account will show you," replied the patient Scotchman. "If I was in my own dear country my word would be taken, but I can-

not expect this where I am not known; for which reason I have kept an exact account."

"Your accounts!" said Mr. Nugent, "who cares for your accounts? I don't want a clerk, I want a good ploughman. I want a man that can make straight lines in a field, and not crooked ones on paper."

"In my country," replied Andrew, "the same hand can guide the plough and the pen. We can cultivate our fields and calculate the expenses of cultivation. However, sir, since you won't run your eye over my account, I shall give you the change I owe you without any more ado. But I must first look at my account to see how much it is."

Andrew then opened his box and carefully took up the little articles which it contained; laying them on one side till he met with his pocket-book, which was of good black leather. His master eyed him all the while with attention, and wondered that a ploughman should have all these conveniences. Andrew opened his account, and remarked that he owed Mr. Nugent 11s. 7½d.

"Could not you say half a guinea at once?" said his master. Andrew repeated, "The money, sir, is exactly 11s. 7½d."

This transaction raised Andrew's character and abilities very much in the estimation of his master, who, without considering whether his own mind would change, or whether Andrew's future conduct would merit his confidence, promised the young stranger a house and garden rent free for the ensuing year: provided he would pay some little attention, which would not be troublesome, to the general business of the farm, in addition to his work. Andrew thanked his master, and expressed his hope that such an agreement might be advantageous to both parties.

"If it is profitable to you what need you mind whether it is so to me or not?" But Andrew well knew that the good fortune which was dependent on his master must be of short duration if he was unsuccessful.

"I don't wish," said he, "to injure another by my own success, and I know very well if this mode will not answer you it can't long be of any benefit to me."

"Very well," retorted his master, "I perceive you are a cunning rogue that can see before you; but they say a Scotchman can't see before him when he faces his native country."

Andrew looked grave at being called a rogue; the joke on his country did not please him any better, and notwithstanding his mas-

ter's fair promises, he felt no partiality for, nor confidence in a man who doubted his word one minute, offered to reward him for common honesty the next, and in almost the same breath called him a rogue and jested on his dear native country. If he had possessed less patience and less good sense, the Scotchman would have packed up his box and returned to that dear native country without farther delay; but he had accustomed himself to reason upon passing occurrences, and to endure difficulties, which determined him to give his present situation a fair trial.

Mr. Nugent lay long in bed; his labourers took advantage of this, and never went to their work till late in the morning. Andrew had no idea of receiving payment for eight hours' work and doing only four or six, therefore he was always early in the field, and surprised his master every day by the quantity as well as the neatness of his work. He soon perceived that the labourers disliked him on account of the comparison made betwixt his diligence and their neglect. They even dared to censure him for his industry, and took occasion to disoblige him many ways; but he was not to be intimidated, far less corrupted. A Scotchman is naturally courageous, and conscious integrity made Andrew stand so upright amongst his enemies, that they found it impossible to frighten him or move him from the "firm purpose of his soul." Andrew had a good heart and a clear head; he saw through the faults of his new companions' good dispositions, which wanted and deserved cultivation. He loved his Creator, of course he loved his fellow-creatures, and, thankful for the benefits he had received from education, he thought it right to share them with others; therefore, whenever he saw a hint would be well taken, he failed not to throw before them the duty they owed to their master, and the happiness they would feel at having done their duty, besides the value of a good character in the eyes of the world. He found the warm and generous Irish heart was open to advice when it was given in a gentle kind manner, without assuming a superiority over them. Then he was always willing to instruct them in the best method of doing work; and in a manner so humble, quiet, and civil, that it was a pleasure to learn anything from him; they found him also ready to oblige them in anything consistent with his duty to his master, and thus his influence continually increased, as did their happiness and his own.

EXTRACTS FROM "ANNALS OF
BALLITORE."

The summer of 1775 was remarkably fine, and amidst the variety which marked it was the appearance of a Jew, the first of that nation who had ever entered our village. He called himself Emanuel Jacob, and carried about as a show, inclosed in a glass case, that plant of ancient memory, the mandrake. It appeared to combine the animal and vegetable in its formation, and this was really the case; for my father's housekeeper, when she had the showman safely occupied with his breakfast, impelled by curiosity, opened the case, and found the wondrous plant to be composed of the skeleton of a frog and fibres of the root of a plant. However, as it was not her wish to deprive the man of his livelihood, she carefully closed the case, and permitted Emanuel to proceed on his way.

Robert Baxter, from Monaghan, was a parlour-boarder at my father's at this time. He was but sixteen, yet he was six feet high, and lusty in proportion. His understanding seemed mature also; it was improved by classical learning, by refined society, and by the conversation of an excellent mother. . . . He delighted in visiting my aunt Carleton, and they entertained one another with tales of former times, hers drawn from her own experience, his from tradition. One of his anecdotes was concerning the imprisonment of Lady Cathcart by her husband, afterwards wrought by the able pen of Maria Edgeworth into her tale of *Castle Rackrent*. He said that it was stipulated by that lady on her marriage, that she should never be required to leave England as a residence; but by pretending that he was only taking her out in a pleasure-boat for a trip, her husband conveyed her to Ireland, and confined her in his castle, where he seldom visited her except to force her property from her by cruel and unmanly treatment. She managed, however, to conceal jewels to the amount of several thousand pounds, which her brutal tyrant could not obtain. She intrusted this treasure to her attendant Kitty Armstrong to carry to a person of the name of Johnson. The death of her husband at length emancipated her, after years of barbarous usage, during which she was almost starved, and clothed in filthy tattered rags. She rewarded her faithful friends by a gift to Johnson of £2000 and 500 guineas to

her trusty Kitty, and left Ireland for ever. Poor Kitty, it would appear, was not so careful of her own property as that of her lady; for after Lady Cathcart's death she became a dependant in the house of Robert Baxter's father; and her character, dress, and deportment made a great impression on the little boy, especially as she used to chastise him freely. Kitty wore a scarlet riding-dress, a man's hat and wig, and had a cat which used to catch snipes for her. . . .

The oldest man at this time in our village was Finlay McClane, a native of the Highlands of Scotland, who, to those who understood his native Gaelic, could relate the account of many a battle in which he had been engaged, including disastrous Fontenoy. He told us, and we all believed he told the truth, that he was born in the year 1689. He was an outpensioner of the Royal Hospital. His wife Mary was a very industrious body. One dark evening their chimney was perceived to be on fire. The neighbours ran thither affrighted, and Hannah Haughton put the jar of gunpowder which she kept for sale out of the house. Mary McClane, a little blunt consequential woman, stood with her arms akimbo, and thus addressed the affrighted crowd: "Have you anything to do at home? If you have, I advise you to go home and do it; for if I had fifteen chimneys I would clean them in no other way." Fortunately the house was slated, so the danger was the less.

The old man at one time lay very ill, in consequence of a fall which injured his hip and occasioned incurable lameness. "There he lies," said his sympathizing helpmate, "and off that bed he will never rise." The poor man looked sorrowful at this denunciation, and turned his eyes wistfully in silence upon us; we blamed Mary for her apprehensions, at least for expressing them in this uncomfortable manner; and we encouraged Finlay, and soon had the pleasure of witnessing his recovery to health, though not to activity. He survived his matter-of-fact spouse, and his great age had not deprived him of sensibility, for he mourned her with many tears as he attended her to her last home. In his hundred-and-tenth year, 1798, the old Highlander once more heard the sound of war, and saw the weapon of destruction aimed at his breast by a soldier; another soldier arrested the stroke, telling his comrade that he would never serve the king as long as that old man had done.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

BORN 1747 — DIED 1843.

[This prolific and popular dramatic writer was born in Dublin on the 24th of June, 1747. He attended a school kept by Father Austin, and became a good classical and French scholar. Having early shown a taste for drawing, it was decided to make him a painter, and he was accordingly placed under the care of Mr. West of the Dublin Royal Academy. Here he made some progress, but his study of the antique soon gave place to a love of the modern comedy and the acting of private theatricals among his school-fellows. In the summer of 1762 he went to reside with an aunt in London, where he remained for two years, frequenting the playhouses, and greatly admiring the acting of Garrick. He returned to Dublin in 1764, and shortly after began his career as a player and dramatic writer. Being introduced to Mossop, then manager of the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, he was engaged by him, and continued acting for a dozen years, first in tragedy, afterwards, on the discovery of his comic vein, in comedy. In 1767 his farce of *The She-gallant*, afterwards called *The Positive Man*, was produced by Mossop with success. Some years after, he married, and in 1777 removed with his young family to London. Before this time he had written a kind of sequel to Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which he named *Tony Lumpkin in Town*, and sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, of the Haymarket Theatre. The play was produced there in 1778, and met with considerable success.

In the spring of 1779 O'Keefe returned to Dublin for a short time, when he finished his comic opera of *The Son-in-Law*, and sent it to Colman. It was produced at the Haymarket in August, 1779, and took the town by storm, the *European Magazine* declaring that "the great success of this drama has scarce been equalled." The piece was also successful in Dublin. O'Keefe soon after moved to London, but here he failed to find an engagement as a player, and was forced to devote himself entirely to writing. From this time plays and farces flowed from his pen in quick succession, until in 1798, when a collection of his works was published, he had given to the world over fifty pieces.

In June, 1781, his *Dead Alive* appeared, and

was closely followed by his most popular piece *The Agreeable Surprise*, which is said to have been the last piece written by his own hand. A cold brought on by a fall into the river Liffey when a young man had caused severe inflammation of the eyes, which resulted in loss of sight, and the need of an amanuensis in his future literary work. In November, 1781, *The Banditti, a Comic Opera*, was given at Covent Garden, and turned out a failure on the very first night. In March, 1782, *The She-gallant*, under the title of *The Positive Man*, was played at the same house, and in November of the same year *The Banditti* was successfully revived under the title of *The Castle of Andalusia*. In the same month *The Lord Mayor's Day* saw the light, and in February, 1783, *The Maid's the Mistress* was performed on the occasion of a benefit to Signora Sestini. Plays followed each other in quick succession, O'Keefe continuing to write for the stage until 1799. He published *Wild Outs* in 1792, which is considered one of his best plays. As he was now totally blind, and had been reduced by misfortunes to a state of great pecuniary embarrassment, he received in 1800, through the kindness of Mr. Harris, a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre. At the end of one of the acts he was led on to the stage and delivered a humorous and pathetic address, which was received with tears and unbounded applause. During the remaining years of his life several poems, fables, &c., of his appeared in different magazines, and in 1826 he published *Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe*, in two vols. In this year he was cheered by what he calls "an accumulation of honour from the king, and a most happy and welcome addition to my means," in the shape of an annual pension of one hundred guineas from his majesty's private purse. After more than forty years of blindness, borne cheerfully and uncomplainingly, he died at Southampton, Feb. 4, 1833. In the following year the long list of his works may be said to have ended by the publication of a small volume of poems and personal reminiscences, entitled *O'Keefe's Legacy to his Daughters*.

In attempting a critical estimate of O'Keefe it would be unfair to judge him by any of the

higher standards. He seems to have remembered and thoroughly acted up to Johnson's words, that "they who live to please must please to live," and the task he set before himself he accomplished successfully. Of course in the great number of his plays there are many of little value to-day, but at least a dozen of them are worthy of perusal, and some of them yet keep the stage. The wheat in his works is sound and plentiful enough to be worth winnowing, and his chaff is by no means altogether worthless chaff.]

A LITTLE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(FROM "THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.")

A Forest. A stormy night. Thunder.

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don F. (Calling.) Pedrillo! What a dreadful night and horrid place to be benighted! Pedrillo! I fear I've lost my servant; but by the pace I rode since I left Ecceija Don Scipio's castle can't be very far distant. This was to have been my wedding-night if I arrived there. *(Calling.)* Pedrillo! Pedrillo!

Ped. (Without.) Sir!

Don F. Where are you, sirrah?

Ped. Quite astray, sir.

Don F. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO his servant, groping his way.

Ped. Anybody's way, for I've lost my own. Do you see me, sir?

Don F. No, indeed, Pedrillo! *(Lightning.)*

Ped. You saw me then, sir. *(Thunder.)* Ah, this must frighten the mules; they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beasts to a tree.

Don F. Well, we may find them in the morning, if they escape the banditti which I am told infests this forest.

Ped. Banditti! *(A shot without.)* Ah, we are dead men!

Don F. Somebody in trouble.

Ped. No, somebody's troubles are over.

Don F. Draw, and follow me, Pedrillo.

Ped. Lord, sir! ha'n't we troubles enough of our own?

Don F. Follow! Who can deny assistance to his fellow-creature in distress? *[Exit.]*

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are! But for me, I am a poor, mean, rascally servant; so I'll e'en take my chance with the mules.

A thicker part of the Forest. Large tree and stone cross.

Enter DON SCIPIO, attacked by SANGUINO, RAPINO, and CALVETTE, banditti. One of the band SPADO, who is cowardly, hides in a tree.

San. Now, Rapino, lop off his sword arm.

Don S. Forbear! There's my purse, you rascals! *(Throws it down.)*

San. Fire!

Spado. (Peeping from the large tree.) No, don't fire.

San. I am wounded—hew him to pieces!

(Don Scipio is nearly overpowered.)

Enter DON FERNANDO.

Don F. Ha, what murderous ruffians!

(He engages the banditti, and beats them off.)

Don S. Oh! I ha'n't fought so much these twenty years.

Spa. Eh, we have lost the field—cursed dark—though I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don S. But where are you, signor? Approach, my brave deliverer!

Spa. So, here's a victory and nobody to claim it. I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. *(Descends from the tree.)* I'll take the merit of this exploit—I may get something by it.

Don S. I long to thank, embrace, worship this generous stranger, as my guardian angel!

Spa. (Aside.) I may pass for this angel in the dark, so here goes. Hem! Villains! Scoundrels! Robbers! to attack an old gentleman on the king's highway! But I made the dogs scamper! *(Vapouring about.)*

Don S. Oh, dear! this is my preserver!

Spa. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy old gentleman I rescued from these rascally banditti.

Don S. Noble, valiant stranger—I—

Spa. No thanks, signor, I have saved your life, and a good action rewards itself.

Don S. A gallant fellow, 'faith! Eh, as well as I could distinguish in the dark you looked much taller just now. *(Looking close at him.)*

Spa. When I was fighting! True, anger raises me; I always appear six foot in a passion—besides, my hat and plume added to my height.

Don S. (By accident treading on the purse.) Hey, the rogues have run off without my purse, too.

Spa. (Aside.) O, ho! What, I have saved your purse as well as your precious life. Well, of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Don S. Poor! Good friend, accept this purse, as a small token of my gratitude.

Spa. Nay, dear sir.

Don S. You shall take it!

Spa. Lord! I am so awkward at taking a purse. *(Takes it.)*

Don S. Hey, if I could find my cane, too—I dropped it some hereabout when I drew to defend myself. *(Looking about.)*

Spa. (Aside.) Zounds! I fancy here comes the real conqueror—no matter—I've got the spoils of the field.

(Chinks the purse, and retires.)

Don S. Ay, my amber-headed cane.

(Still looking about.)

Re-enter DON FERNANDO.

Don F. The villains!

Don S. Ay, you made them fly like pigeons, my little game-cock.

Don F. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attacked. Not hurt, I hope, sir.

Don S. No, I'm a tough old blade. Oh, gadso; well thought on; feel if there's a ring on the purse; it's a relic of my deceased lady—it's with some regret I ask you to return it.

Don F. Return what, sir?

Don S. A ring you'll find on the purse.

Don F. Ring and purse! Really, sir, I don't understand you.

Don S. Well, well, no matter. *(Aside.)* A mercenary fellow!

Don F. (Aside.) The old gentleman has been robbed, and is willing that I should reimburse his losses.

Don S. It grows lighter; I think I can distinguish the path I lost. Follow me, my hero, and—*(As going, suddenly turns, and looks steadfastly at Don Fernando.)* Zounds, signor, I hope you are not in a passion—but I think you look six feet high again!

Don F. (Aside.) A strange, mad old fellow this.

Don S. These rascals may rally, so come along to my castle, and my daughter Victoria shall welcome the preserver of her father.

Don F. Your daughter Victoria! Then perhaps, sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law.

Don S. Eh! Why, zounds, is it possible that you can be my expected son, Fernando?

Don F. The same, sir; and was on my jour-

ney to your castle when benighted in the forest here.

Don S. (Embraces him.) Oh! my dear boy! *(Aside.)* D——d mean of him to take my purse, though. Ah, Fernando, you were resolved to touch some of your wife's fortune beforehand.

Don F. Sir, I—

Don S. Hush, you have the money, and keep it—ay, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family. Hey, it grows lighter.—Come—

Don F. My rascal, Pedrillo, is fallen asleep somewhere.

Don S. No, we are not safe here. Come, then, my dear, brave, valiant—*(Aside.)* Cursed paltry to take my purse, though.

[Spado knowing something of the family gains admission to the castle, and manages to set the whole household at a game of cross purposes, while he helps himself to the plate and valuables. But his imposition is at length found out.]

A NICE LITTLE SUPPER.

(FROM "THE PRISONER AT LARGE.")

[Muns and Mary, man and woman servants of Old Dowdle. Frill a servant of Count Fripon, to whom Dowdle expects to marry his daughter Rachel. Frill is himself in love with Mary, and jealous of Muns. Old Dowdle goes on a journey, his daughter Rachel sends for her lover Jack Connor, when her father unexpectedly returns.]

A Hall—MUNS and MARY discovered placing tables, and a screen between.

Muns. There! the lovers sha'n't be overlooked by us. *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha! Here, Tooten and I'll sit and take our pleasure—while they mingle lips we'll jingle glasses. Oh, how I love to see good cheer going forward! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter FRILL.

Frill. (Advancing.) So, here's rare doings in the old gentleman's absence: master and I bubbled by such clowns as Muns and Jack Connor—oh, revenge!

Old D. (Without.) Who is here?

Frill. Oh, choice luck! here comes the old codger home unexpectedly. Such a hobble as I'll bring 'em into! *(Laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha!

Enter OLD DOWDLE.

Old D. Oh, my bones! who's that I see there!—What, are they all gone to bed?—Well, I'll go too and not disturb anybody.

Frill. What, sir, go to bed without your supper!—The nice supper that Miss Rachel has prepared for you?

Old D. (*Seeing the table laid.*) Hey! what is all this?

Frill. The table laid for your supper, sir.

Old D. Why, who knew I was coming home!

Frill. Miss Rachel, sir.

Old D. Eh! then she knows I had a fall from my horse?

Frill. The devil a word of it. (*Aside.*) Oh yes, sir, Mary told her that.

Old D. Mary? who told Mary?

Frill. Oh, sir—she saw you, sir, as she was taking a walk.

Old D. She took a devil of a long walk, then; for I fell six miles off.

Frill. That was a great fall, indeed, sir.

Old D. Eh!

Frill. Walk—yes, sir—ride—sir—Mary was riding, too—the evening being fine, Miss Rachel gave her leave to go see her brother.

Old D. Mary?

Frill. Yes, sir; Muns rode before her.

Old D. After my orders to stay at home on the watch! Before Mary! then I suppose the rascal took my chestnut pad?

Frill. Don't say I told you—but I fancy he did—they would not wish you to know it, sir—they'll all deny it to you.

Old D. Mary! he—indeed, I heard a woman squall.

Frill. Yes, sir; she said she squalled.

Old D. Then, perhaps, 'twas she sent the 'pothecary to me.

Frill. It was, sir. (*Aside.*) One lie has drawn me into a dozen.

Old D. A busy slut! he was a farrier—called himself a surgeon, though he was a farrier; for the fellow out with a fleam, up with my leg, and swore he'd bleed me in the fetlock joint.—Where's your master?

Frill. Lord, sir, didn't he come home with you?

Old D. No; he said somebody from France was to meet him at an inn three miles off, he, he!—But I'm glad my daughter had so much thought as to provide a morsel for me. Oh, what happiness, after all one's crosses abroad, to come to one's own home, when one's children and servants are so attentive to render it

agreeable. (*Calls.*) Muns! Where's this cursed fellow, with his galloping my horses about the country. Frill, shall I trouble you to help me on with my gown, and then I can sit down to my supper in comfort. [*Exit.*]

Frill. Yes, sir. Oh, what a rare hobble I shall bring them into! (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Enter ADELAIDE a friend of Rachel's, JACK CONNOR, and RACHEL.

All. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Rac. And there, now, is my old papa, trotting from cottage to barn, like a cunning little exciseman, with his green book under his arm and his pen stuck in his wig.

All. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. But why won't Miss Adelaide give us her company?

Rac. You must.

Ade. My dear, suffer me to go to rest, if I can rest. The death of my Nugent, the misfortunes of Lord Esmond—though I never saw him—it may seem an affectation of sensibility—I can't account for it, but I feel something inexpressibly horrid hanging over me, ever since you showed me the old lady's clothes.

Rac. Sure.

Ade. Not a night I don't dream I'm rummaging her clothes-press in the haunted room, as you call it.

Rac. Well, my dear, if you will retire, suffer Jack to see you across the gallery.

Jack C. Ay, miss, under my guard, show me the ghost that dare affront you.

[*Exit with Adelaide.*]

Enter MARY with supper, which she puts on the table.

Mary. There, miss. Let's see, I must bring another bottle; for your lover is a good fellow, and a good fellow deserves a good bottle.

Rac. (*Sits down.*) I wish Jack Connor would make haste. (*Begins to carve, laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! my little dad, if he knew what we were at now!

Enter DOWDLE, in an undress—Rachel carves with her back to him as he enters.

Rac. Yes, my poor father's fast asleep by this, in some peaceful cottage. Ha, ha, ha! I would not care if he had a taste of this turkey; I know the old lad likes a bit o' the merry-thought—How long my deary stays!—Is that you? (*Speaks without looking round.*) Eh! you've been giving her a kiss, I suppose—



A NICE LITTLE SUPPER

come, whilst it's hot; sit down, you foolish fellow. (*Dowdle comes down, and sits opposite to her.*) Ah! (*Screams.*)

Old D. What's the matter with you?

Rac. Sir, I—I—I thought it was the ghost.

Old D. Why, did you invite the ghost to supper?

Rac. Lord, sir, who expected you?

Old D. Indeed, I should not have been home to-night but for the tumble.

Rac. What tumble, sir?

Old D. Sure, you—oh, true, I warn't to know she let Muns gallop my horses about the road. (*Aside.*) Well (*laughing*), ha, ha, ha! I forgive you and him, since it has procured me so good a supper. (*laughing.*) Ha, ha!

Rac. Forgive us! then, sir, you know all!

Old D. Yes, yes, I'm not angry—call the fellow.

Rac. O precious! Then, sir, you'll let him sup with us?

Old D. Sup! What, your servant?

Rac. True, sir; I am his mistress, and he loves me dearly.

Old D. Who, Muns?

Rac. Muns!

Old D. If your Muns dare to sit down at a table with me, I'll knock the scoundrel to the devil.

Enter MUNS and TOOTEN a black servant, who sit at the other table.

Muns. Now, Tooten, don't look towards the lovers; here we'll sit, play, and take our glasses. (*They drink.*) Now, up with Black Sloven. (*Tooten and Muns play the horns.*)

Old D. (*Laying down his fork.*) Hey!

Muns. How d'ye like that, my lad o' wax?

Old D. What's that?

Muns. Eh!

(*Surprised, softly rises and peeps over the screen which he had placed between the two tables—at the same time Dowdle turns up his face.*)

Enter MARY with wine.

Mary. Here's two bottles for the jolly dog.

(*Sets them on the table where Muns sits.*)

Muns. (*In a smothered laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha! Go, give it to the jolly dog yourself.

Mary. (*Goes round the screen, and, seeing Dowdle, screams.*) Ah!

Old D. Curse your squalling! I believe it was you that frightened my horse.

Mary. Me!

Old D. Where the devil did you pick up such an apothecary?

Mary. I pick up an apothecary! Sir, I'd have you to know—

Old D. He was a farrier. (*Enraged.*) And, sirrah, the next time you take the road—

Muns. I take the road!

Old D. So, you must go on the pad.

Muns. I go on the pad! Oh Lord!

Old D. You scoundrel! cantering about.—Where's the pillion?

Muns. Mary, fetch my master the pillow.

Old D. So, sirrah, she's in love with you?

Muns. Yes, sir—eh, Mary? (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Old D. And you must sit down and sup with me!

Muns. Eh! well—thank ye, sir.

Old D. (*Ironically.*) Fine!—Hadh't you better ask the blackamoor?

Muns. Tooten, sit down, boy.

(*Black sits down.*)

Old D. Get along, you infernal impudent son of a—

(*Beats him off.*)

Muns. Oh Lord, he's mad!

Old D. Where's my saddle, you villain?

Muns. His saddle! Going to ride this time o' night—yes, the devil's got into him.

Old D. I'll beat him out of you, you d——d rogue!

Muns. The ghost has bit him—Oh!

[*Exeunt Muns and Mary running.*]

Old D. A knave!

"THE POSITIVE MAN."¹

(PART OF SCENE I. ACT I.)

Grog. Now must I cruise in the channel of Charing Cross to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*. I heard he put in at the Admiralty. Hold, is Rupee gone? if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the master-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes. Smite my timbers! there goes the enemy!

Enter STERN, crossing.

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!—

Stern. What cheer?

Grog. You're Sam Stern.

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

¹ The author says:—"As some of my works are now out of print, and this play is seldom, if ever, acted; it may be amusing to my readers to peruse this scene, which, I may repeat without much boast, was the delight of the audience. "I give it as a sample of my character writing."

Stern. Remember! Yes; though you're rich now, you're still Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the *Dreadnought*; the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to resent private quarrels when it is our duty to thrash the enemies of our country; but, Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap so.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern. I will—when, and where?

Grog. The *where* is here, and *when* is now; and slap's the word. (*Lays his hand on his hanger.*) But hold, we must steer off the open sea into some creek.

Stern. But I've neither cutlash nor pistols.

Grog. I saw a handsome cutlash and a pretty pair of barking-irons in a pawnbroker's window; come, it lies in our way to the War Office.

Stern. I should like to touch at the *Victualing* office in our voyage.

Grog. Why, ha'n't you dined?

Stern. I've none to eat.

Grog. A seaman in England without a dinner! that's hard, d——d hard! there's money—pay me when you can.

(*Gives a handful of money.*)

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms—meet me in two hours at Deptford, and, shiver me like a biseuit, if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True; but mayhap you may take off mine; and if so, I shall have no occasion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that.

(*Wipes his eyes with his sleeve.*)

Grog. What do you snivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to use a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meal's meat.

Grog. Then you own you've used me ill. Ask my pardon.

Stern. I'll be d——d if I do.

Grog. Then take it without asking. You're cursed saucy, but you're a good seaman; and hark'ye Sam, the brave man, though he scorns the fear of punishment, is always afraid to deserve it. Come, when you've stowed your bread-room, a bowl of punch shall again set friendship afloat. (*Shake hands.*)

Stern. Oh, I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avast! Swab the spray from your bows! poor fellow! don't heed, my son! whilst you've the heart of a lion, never be ashamed of the feelings of a man.

THOMAS FURLONG.

BORN 1794—DIED 1827

[Thomas Furlong, a poet and the translator of Carolan's *Remains*, was born near the town of Ferns, county Wexford, in 1794. He was the son of a small farmer, and early in life, with a very imperfect education, he was apprenticed to a grocer in Dublin. His case, however, is one of the many where genius has asserted itself under the most adverse circumstances. All his leisure moments he devoted to the improvement of his mind, and the young grocer would sit far into the night poring over his favourite authors, and amassing a store of knowledge which contributed to the success of his after work.

The death of his master, for whom he had a sincere affection, evoked from young Furlong's pen an elegy, so matured and full of genius that it attracted attention, and Mr. Jameson, a well-known Dublin distiller, admiring not only the genius but the affection which inspired it, appointed him to a position

of trust in his establishment, with duties so light as to give him time to cultivate his talents. In 1819 he published a poem entitled "The Misanthrope," which took the popular taste and gained for him the friendship of Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan. He now became a regular contributor to *The New Monthly Magazine*; and about 1821 he assisted in founding *The New Irish Magazine*, to which he contributed largely. In 1824 he published a satirical poem entitled "The Plagues of Ireland," leveled against the state of parties in the country at that time. Furlong was a member of the Catholic Association and a strenuous agitator for emancipation. He was the intimate friend of O'Connell, and often assisted the "Liberator" with his cool and observant judgment. The labour of giving to Irishmen the songs of their beloved bard Carolan in English occupied his attention for a time, and his flowing translation in the *Remains* claims for him the

grateful remembrance of his countrymen.¹ In 1825 he wrote a few songs for Hardiman's *Book of Irish Minstrelsy*. But, alas! like so many sons of genius, his race was to be but a short one. He died of consumption on the 25th of July, 1827, after a few months' illness.

Furlong is described as of low stature, with very refined features and eyes remarkable for their great brilliancy. A portrait of him is preserved among those of the leaders of 1829, in recognition of the services done by his pen to the popular cause. His biographer in the *Nation* says of him: "He was powerful, quick, impulsive, and impetuous, whilst he had a judgment cool and discriminating. There was some spark of Juvenal's fire in Furlong that presaged for him a high place over his fellowmen." His poem beginning "Lov'd land of the bards and saints!" which we quote, written only a few days before his death, shows his ruling passion—love of native country. In the little church-yard of Drumcondra, where he lies, his friend James Hardiman has erected a monument to his memory. His prose remains, which consisted chiefly of political articles and the lighter magazine tales and sketches, have never been collected. But it is as a poet he was known, and as a poet alone we here present him. *The Doom of Derenzie*, one of his longer poems, was published in London in 1829.]

THE WIZARD WRUE.

(FROM "THE DOOM OF DERENZIE.")

Few there were,
'Midst the young group frequenting rural wake
Or village fair, that in their mood of mirth,
By word or wandering gesture would have ventured
To trifle with old Wrue! his air and tone
Dropt as a spell on all, and withered up
The wonted springs of gaiety; the smile
Past in his presence from the liveliest cheek,
And the young jest died straggling:—every circle,
O'er which his dark unholy shadow moved,
Felt, in that joyless hour, a creeping gloom
Whose influence awed the giddiest:—he was held
As one of those on whom the hand of fate,
In some portentous moment, had imprest
A mystic mark—one singled from his kind,
In favour or in hatred, and invested
With powers that haply none may shun or seek.

They deem'd him a dark wizard, and the name
Was not an idle one, nor did it fall
In jesting mood upon him; for the aged,
Who traced him through his childhood and his youth—

Who marked his steps in darkness and in light,
At home, and far beyond it, had avow'd
The strange unnatural truth, that sounds arose
Around him on his pathway—voices came—
Forms from invisible worlds were his companions;
And shapes, not known on earth, kept ever near him,
And, in the wonders which his craft achieved,
Did act but as his instruments.

[A change came over the life of Wrue the wizard. A brother from whom he had been long estranged died, and left an orphan daughter to his care.]

With a wild feeling of instinctive tenderness
He gazed upon her there, and vowed in fervency,
"That it would be a crime, of crimes the worst,
To let that blossom perish."—To his home
He carried her, and from the sun of summer,
The piercing winds of winter, the sad pangs
Of chill neglect, and the unreckoned ills
That haunt the drooping steps of houseless poverty,
Through thrice five years he sheltered her.

So she grew,
Bright, beautiful, and innocent before him;
Even as an angel stealing on his path,
And guiding him to comfort—she did seem
Form'd to revive within him each fond feeling—
To root the fiend of sadness from his bosom—
To soothe his wayward spirit—and to make him
Look with a milder and more kindly eye
Upon his weak and wandering fellow-creatures.

The years wore fast away, and still she rose
In stature and in beauty; the soft winds
Of twenty springs had wantoned o'er her cheek,
And left its hue more lovely: in her shape
Was all the lightness of the fair young ozier,
With all its grace, and ease, and flexibility.
Her eye, when resting, had a cast of gentleness,
But when in mirth it mov'd, in its gay glance
Centred a liveliness through which the spirit
Beamed in bewildering brightness. In one season
She bloom'd, but, ere another closed its course,
A chilling change came on, and fast she faded.

Oft did the old man mark her, and he thought
That her young eyelids shone as though the tears
Hung heavily around them:—she, at times,
Did talk of sleepless nights and days of drowsiness.

At length in bitterness
She broke the fearful secret:—In an hour
Of fond and credulous softness she had hearkened

¹ Specimens of these translations are given in our notice of O'Carolan, vol. i. p. 153.

To a deceiver whom she would not name;
 And dropp'd,
 From the bright state of loveliness and purity,
 Amid the most abandoned.

Who shall tell
 Or think what Wrue experienced as he learned
 The story of her ruin? Through his frame
 There ran a sudden chillness—his aged head
 Grew giddy—in their sockets his dim eyes
 Turn'd wildly, and upon his lips appeared
 A strange foul tinge of blackness. On that
 evening

A burning fever seized him, and he lay
 In wild and lonely misery; so went by
 With him ten long sad days, and on the last,
 When reason came again, and he could bear
 The light that shone around, he turn'd and called
 Upon his Margaret—thrice he called—she came
 not—

Nor from that gloomy morn did his sad eye
 Ever behold the maiden.

[The wizard now resumed all his former stern and weird character; his one great object in life being the discovery of his child's destroyer. From some words dropped by the son of Derenzie, a farmer who lived near, his suspicions fell upon him, but years elapsed, the young man left home, and the wizard made no discovery. At length young Derenzie returned, and Wrue, by the performance of some mystic rite, is persuaded that he and no other is the murderer of his Margaret. Derenzie weds a maiden of his own and his father's choice, and while the marriage feast is going on the wizard wandered near the house, and breaks in among the guests with his fearful accusation. Almost before he has time to prove his words, a party of military arrests the bridegroom for some criminal transaction he has been implicated in. For this he is found guilty and executed. After all is over the wizard visits Derenzie and proves his son guilty of the murder.]

"It were vain to ask
 By what mysterious noiseless warning urg'd,
 Rang'd my free footsteps on the eve,
 That gay and glad some eve, of festive merriment,
 Which witness'd the late nuptials—it were idle
 To seek whence sprung the superhuman impulse
 That, in my walk that evening, bade me linger
 Near a neglected and weed-cover'd spot.
 Thus lonely and weed-cover'd, some strange hand
 Of mystic might detained me; and it seem'd
 As though that earth, o'er which I went in still-
 ness,

Was fram'd of fairy echoes, for it rung
 All hollowly beneath me.

Low I knelt

Upon the spell-mark'd place, and tore away,
 Half heedlessly, the black and noxious growth
 That spread there in luxuriance. A gray flag
 Through the deep grass extended—this I mov'd,
 And then the rich rank mould that lay beneath
 Was loos'd with little labour; as it rose
 In the dull glimmer of the lingering light
 It bore a hue all gloomy, and I deem'd
 The hue as caught, perchance, from that it shel-
 tered;

As though the cold unconscious clay had shar'd
 Of spirit or sensation. Still I toil'd,
 And as the earth came up, amidst it there
 I marked some scattered particles—some bones
 That to my startled sight did wear the shape
 Of that which had been human.

A small bone

Amid the dark and shapeless heap arose,
 It seem'd the poor worn remnant of an arm;
 In truth, it was a slender one—and there,
 Stooping beneath it in the clay, I touched
 A trinket, one that would, to vulgar eyes,
 Seem but of little moment; but to me
 It wore, even in its rust, an air of loveliness:
 For, even thus tarnished and thus changed, I
 knew

The toy, the simple toy, that in an hour
 Of happiness my hand had given to Margaret.
 There did I grasp the toy—nor was it all;
 For, as I rose to leave the place, my foot
 Fell on another relic—one it was
 From which even years could not efface the mark
 Of an unholy deed—the clotted blood
 Remain'd in darkness on it, as though meant
 To rise in damning evidence against
 The gloomy midnight murderer."

While he spoke

He drew a small blade forth, he stretched his hand,
 And dropt the ominous weapon—his dark eye
 Turn'd on the childless mourner, and it sparkled
 With a wild scornful joy. "I take it not—
 To thee and thine, old man, I do bequeath
 The blood-mark'd legacy—that blade shall be
 Unto thy kindred, through the years to come,
 As a recovered trophy. Hence I go
 Exultingly, and sleep again shall bless
 The brow that hath been restless, for the arm
 Of vengeance hath descended on the guilty."

Forth walked the wizard, and his parting words
 Rang on the old man's ear—he gently stoop'd,
 Took from the earth that fatal blade, and gazed
 Tremblingly on it—from his hand it fell.

"Awful and wondrous are thy ways, O Lord!"
 Exclaimed the mourner; "thy all-righteous hand
 Hath struck me in its justice—it is his."
 He sunk even as he spoke, and from the place
 O'ereroded his kind kinsmen slowly bore him.

THE SPIRIT OF IRISH SONG.

Lov'd land of the bards and saints! to me
 There's nought so dear as thy minstrelsy;
 Bright is Nature in every dress,
 Rich in unborrowed loveliness;
 Winning is every shape she wears;
 Winning she is in thine own sweet airs;
 What to the spirit more cheering can be
 Than the lay whose ling'ring notes recall
 The thoughts of the holy, the fair, the free,
 Belov'd in life, or deplor'd in their fall!
 Fling, fling the forms of art aside—
 Dull is the ear that these forms enthrall;
 Let the simple songs of our sires be tried—
 They go to the heart, and the heart is all.

OH! IF THE ATHEIST'S WORDS BE
 TRUE!

Oh! if the atheist's words be true—
 If those we seek to save,
 Sink, and in sinking from our view
 Are lost beyond the grave!
 If life thus closed, how dark and drear
 Would this bewildered earth appear—
 Scarcely worth the dust it gave:
 A tract of black, sepulchral gloom,
 One yawning, ever-opening tomb.

Blest be that strain of high belief,
 More heaven-like, more sublime,
 Which says that souls that part in grief,
 Part only for a time!
 That, far beyond this speck of pain,
 Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
 There spreads a brighter clime;
 Where, care, and toil, and trouble o'er,
 Friends meet, and meeting weep no more.

MARY MAGUIRE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Oh! that my love and I
 From life's crowded haunts could fly
 To some deep shady vale, by the mountain,
 Where no sound could make its way
 Save the thrush's lively lay,
 And the murmur of the clear-flowing fountain:
 Where no stranger should intrude
 On our hallowed solitude,
 Where no kinsman's cold glance could annoy us;
 Where peace and joy might shed

Blended blessings o'er our bed,
 And love! love! alone still employ us.

Still, sweet maiden, may I see,
 That I vainly talk of thee;
 In vain in lost love I lie pining;
 I may worship from afar
 The beauty-beaming star
 That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining:
 But in sorrow and in pain
 Fond hope will remain,
 For rarely from hope can we sever;
 Unchanged in good or ill,
 One dear dream is cherished still—
 Oh! my Mary, I must love thee for ever.

How fair appears the maid,
 In loveliness arrayed,
 As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour;
 Her ringlets richly flowing,
 And her cheek all gaily glowing,
 Like the rose in her blooming bower.
 Oh! lonely be his life,
 May his dwelling want a wife,
 And his nights be long, cheerless, and dreary,
 Who cold or calm could be,
 With a winning one like thee,
 Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

MARY DEAR!

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Oh! Mary dear! bright peerless flower—
 Pride of the plains of Nair—
 Behold me droop through each dull hour,
 In soul-consuming care.
 In friends—in wine—where joy was found—
 No joy I now can see;
 But still, while pleasure reigns around,
 I sigh, and think of thee.

The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,
 When summer warms the skies;
 When fresh the banks and braes appear,
 And flowers around us rise:
 That blithe bird sings her song so clear,
 And she sings where the sunbeams shine—
 Her voice is sweet—but, Mary dear,
 Not half so sweet as thine.

From town to town I've idly strayed,
 I've wandered many a mile;
 I've met with many a blooming maid,
 And owned her charms the while;
 I've gazed on some that then seemed fair,
 But when thy looks I see,
 I find there's none that can compare,
 My Mary dear, with thee!

ROISIN DUBH.¹

Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the
past,
For the friends that came eastward shall see thee
at last;
They bring blessings and favours the past never
knew
To pour forth in gladness on my Roisin Dubh.

Long, long, with my dearest, through strange
scenes I've gone,
O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have
toiled on;
O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales
blew,
While the harp poured its music for my Roisin
Dubh.

Though wearied, oh! my fair one! do not slight
my song,
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved
thee long;
In sadness and in sorrow I still shall be true,
And cling with wild fondness round my Roisin
Dubh.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose
excel,
There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love
can tell,
Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to
subdue,
Oh! the queen of that wide world should be
Roisin Dubh.

Had I power, oh! my loved one, but to plead thy
right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's de-
light;
I would tell to all round me how my fondness
grew,
And bid them bless the beauty of my Roisin Dubh.

The mountains, high and misty, through the moors
must go,
The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes over-
flow,
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson
hue,
Ere the world sees the ruin of my Roisin Dubh.

¹ This song is a translation. Mr. Hardiman, in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, says of it:—"Roisin Dubh (Little Black Rose) is an allegorical ballad in which strong political feelings are conveyed as a personal address from a lover to his fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love ditty. It was composed in the reign of Elizabeth of England, to celebrate our Irish hero Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell of Tirconnell. By *Roisin Dubh*, supposed to be a beloved female, is meant Ireland."

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.²

Blithe the bright dawn found me,
Rest with strength had crown'd me,
Sweet the birds sung round me,
Sport was all their toil.
The horn its clang was keeping,
Forth the fox was creeping,
Round each dame stood weeping
O'er that prowler's spoil.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling,
Scenes and sights appalling
Mark the wasted soil.

War and confiscation
Curse the fallen nation;
Gloom and desolation
Shade the lost land o'er.
Chill the winds are blowing,
Death aloft is going;
Peace or hope seems growing
For our race no more.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling,
Scenes and sights appalling
Through our blood-stained shore.

Where's my goat to cheer me?
Now it plays not near me;
Friends no more can hear me;
Strangers round me stand.
Nobles once high-hearted,
From their homes have parted,
Scatter'd, scared, and started
By a base-born band.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling;
Scenes and sights appalling
Thicken round the land.

Oh! that death had found me,
And in darkness bound me,
Ere each object round me
Grew so sweet, so dear.
Spots that once were cheering,
Girls beloved, endearing,
Friends from whom I'm steering,
Take this parting tear.
Hark, the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling;
Scenes and sights appalling
Plague and haunt me here.

² This is supposed to be a very ancient poem, from the allusion to the falling of the woods which destroyed the hiding-places of the flying Irish. Spenser, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, says:—"I wish that orders were taken for cutting and opening all places through the woods: so that a wide way, of the space of one hundred yards, might be laid open in every of them."

EILEEN AROON.

I'll love thee evermore,
 Eileen Aroon!
 I'll bless thee o'er and o'er,
 Eileen Aroon!
 Oh, for thy sake I'll tread
 Where the plains of Mayo spread,
 By hope still fondly led,
 Eileen Aroon!
 Oh, how may I gain thee,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Shall feasting entertain thee,
 Eileen Aroon?
 I would range the world wide,
 With love alone to guide,
 To win thee for my bride,
 Eileen Aroon!

Then wilt thou come away,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Oh, wilt thou come to stay,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Oh, oh yes, with thee
 I will wander far and free,
 And thy only love shall be,
 Eileen Aroon!
 A hundred thousand welcomes,
 Eileen Aroon!
 A hundred thousand welcomes,
 Eileen Aroon!
 Oh, welcome evermore,
 With welcomes yet in store,
 Till love and life are o'er,
 Eileen Aroon!

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.

BORN 1795 — DIED 1829.

[James Joseph Callanan (sometimes called Jeremiah Joseph), the poet, was born in Cork in 1795. Very little is known of his boyhood, save that he loved and learned the legends and history of his country. He was intended for the priesthood, and accordingly, at the age of twenty-three, he entered the ecclesiastical college of St. Patrick's, Maynooth. Here he spent two years, beloved by his superiors and admired by all for the genius and abilities he displayed. After deep thought on the subject Callanan came to the conclusion that the priesthood was not his vocation, and in 1816 he left Maynooth for Dublin, where some kind friend placed him at Trinity College as an outpensioner. While at college he wrote two poems, one on the "Restoration of the Spoils of Athens by Alexander the Great," and the other on the "Accession of George the Fourth." For these he was awarded the prizes in the gift of the vice-chancellor. In choosing a profession for his future support, Callanan thought alternately of medicine and of law, but could decide on neither; and after spending two years in the university he turned his steps towards his birthplace. Here he found his parents dead, his friends and acquaintances scattered, and all his old and loved haunts in the hands of strangers. This so affected the sensitive nature of the poet that in utter despair he turned away and enlisted in the 18th Royal Irish, a regiment just about to proceed to Malta. At

the last moment some friends interfered and bought him off. For two years he filled the situation of tutor in the family of Mr. McCarthy, who resided near the little village of Millstreet, county Cork. Here the poet enjoyed the romantic scenery of the Killarney and Muskerry Mountains; but his restless spirit longed for change, and in 1822 we find him in his native city Cork, leading an aimless life, relieved by the production of a few fugitive pieces, and the designing of a few ambitious poems, which he never found time to accomplish. Fortunately for him, in 1823 he became a tutor in the school of the celebrated Dr. William Maginn of Cork. The doctor soon found out and encouraged his talent, and introduced him to several literary friends. The result of this patronage was the appearance of six popular songs translated from the Irish by Callanan in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1823.

Teaching soon proved too irksome for him, and resigning his tutorship, he spent his time in wandering about the country, collecting from the Irish-speaking inhabitants the wild poems and legends in their native tongue, which had been handed down orally from father to son for generations. These he clothed in all the grace, beauty, and sentiment of the English language, of which he was master. He chose the romantic and lovely island of Inchidony for a temporary residence;

and in this retreat, surrounded by the wild nature he loved, he wrote several of his best known and most popular verses, including his Spenserian poem "The Recluse of Inchidony," from which we quote. His poem "The Virgin Mary's Bank," was inspired by a tradition connected with this island. "Gougane Barra" is the most popular of his poems in the south of Ireland. Allibone designates it as "the most perfect perhaps of all minor Irish poems in the melody of its rhythm, the flow of its language, and the weird force of its expression."

Callanan has been blamed for his unstable disposition and want of the resolution necessary for the steady prosecution of a profession; but this may probably be due to bodily weakness as much as to mental defect. In 1829 his health became so precarious that he was advised to try a change of climate; and with this view he accepted the post of tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman residing in Lisbon. Here in a few months he acquired sufficient of the language to read Portuguese poetry; and here also he prepared his scattered writings in a collected form for publication. His health, however, instead of improving, grew rapidly worse; and an intense longing came over him to return and die in his beloved native land. Although utterly prostrate, he ventured on board a vessel bound for Cork, but it was too late; for his symptoms became so alarming that he was forced to return on shore, where he died a few days after, on September 19th, 1829. About the time of his death a small volume of his poems was published in Cork. A brother poet, J. F. Waller, thus writes of him: "Thoroughly acquainted with the romantic legends of his country, he was singularly happy in the graces and power of language, and the feeling and beauty of his sentiments. There is in his compositions little of that high classicity which marks the scholar; but they are full of exquisite simplicity and tenderness, and in his description of natural scenery he is unrivalled." Samuel Lover, in speaking of the poet's love for his native land, says, "Callanan gives that sentiment with a graphic detail, for which his writings are remarkable, and the fondness with which he particularizes the 'whereabouts' shows how deeply rooted were his local attachments. Not only are hill and glen, rill and river, distinctly noted, but their varied aspects under different circumstances—whether they are shrouded in mist, or bathed in the glow of sunset or pale gleam of moon-

light. Even the voice of the wind, or, to use his own words, the 'wild minstrel of the dying trees,' had a loving echo in the heart of Callanan."

A third edition of Callanan's poems appeared in 1847, with a biographical introduction and notes by Mr. M. F. M'Carthy.]

THE RECLUSE OF INCHIDONY.¹

(EXTRACTS.)

'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,
Save the low murmur of the distant rill,
A voice from heaven is breathing all around,
Bidding the earth and restless man be still:
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill,
And on the shore the shining ripples break,
Gently and whisperingly at Nature's will,
Like some fair child that on its mother's cheek
Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek.

'Tis sweet, when earth and heaven such silence
keep,
With pensive step to gain some headland's
height,
And look across the wide extended deep
To where its farthest waters sleep in light;
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,
Still burning on in heaven's unbounded space,
Like seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,
And with their look of love, their smile of peace,
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting-place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,
When to the God his trembling soul adored
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch
hung;—
Such was the time when Jeremiah sung
With more than angel's grief the sceptre torn
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,
Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem, return.

Fair moon, I too have lov'd thee, love thee still,
Tho' life to me hath been a chequered scene,
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd the
hill
To see the dark wave catch the silvery sheen;
Or when I sported on my native green
With many an innocent heart beneath thy ray,
Careless of what might come or what had been;
When passions slept and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely
day.

¹ Inchidony, an island at the entrance of Clonakilty Bay. The channel lies between it and the eastern shore.

Yes, I have loved thee, and while others spent
This hour of heaven above the midnight bowl,
Oft to the lonely beach my steps were bent,
That I might gaze on thee without control,—
That I might watch the white clouds round thee
roll

Their drapery of heaven thy smiles to veil,
As if too pure for man, till o'er my soul
Came that sweet sadness none can e'er reveal,
But passion'd bosoms know, for they alone can feel.

O that I were once more what I was then,
With soul unsullied and with heart unscar'd,
Before I mingled with the herd of men
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd;
Before the calm pure morning star, that cheer'd
And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine,
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was rear'd
Above the hearts that warmly beat to mine!
Could I be that once more I need not now repine.

What form is that in yonder anchor'd bark
Pacing the lonely deck, when all beside
Are hush'd in sleep?—tho' undefined and dark,
His bearing speaks him one of birth and pride:
Now he leans o'er the vessel's landward side,
This way his eye is turn'd—hush! did I hear
A voice as if some lov'd one just had died?
'Tis from yon ship that wail comes on mine ear,
And now o'er ocean's sleep it floats distinct and
clear.

SONG.

On Cleada's¹ hill the moon is bright,
Dark Avondu² still rolls in light,
All changeless is that mountain's head,
That river still seeks ocean's bed:
The calm blue waters of Loch Lene
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green,
But where's the heart as firm and true
As hill, or lake, or Avondu?

It may not be, the firmest heart
From all it loves must often part,
A look, a word will quench the flame
That time or fate could never tame:
And there are feelings proud and high
That thro' all changes cannot die,
That strive with love, and conquer too;
I knew them all by Avondu.

How cross and wayward still is fate
I've learn'd at last, but learn'd too late.

I never spoke of love, 'twere vain;
I knew it, still I dragg'd my chain.
I had not, never had a hope,—
But who 'gainst passion's tide can cope?
Headlong it swept this bosom thro',
And left it waste by Avondu.

O Avondu! I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine;
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill.
But no!—I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks;³
Farewell, ye mists that lov'd to ride
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side;
Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees;
Clara! a fond farewell to you,
No more we meet by Avondu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill!
Lift to the moon thy forehead still;
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river,
Upon thy free wild course for ever.
Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
And taste the joys pure love can bring;
But, wanderer, go—they're not for you!
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu.

Stranger, thy lay is sad; I too have felt
That which for worlds I would not feel again;
At beauty's shrine devoutly have I knelt,
And sighed my prayer of love, but sigh'd in vain.
Yet 'twas not coldness, falsehood, or disdain
That crush'd my hopes and cast me far away,
Like shatter'd bark upon a stormy main;
'Twas pride, the heritage of sin and clay,
Which darkens all that's bright in young Love's
sunny day.

'Tis past—I've conquered, and my bonds are
broke,
Tho' in the conflict well nigh broke my heart;
Man cannot tear him from so sweet a yoke
Without deep wounds that long will bleed and
smart.

Lov'd one, but lost one!—yes, to me thou art
As some fair vision of a dream now flown;
A wayward fate hath made us meet and part,

¹ Cleada and Cahir-bearna (the hill of the four gaps) form part of the chain of mountains which stretches westward from Millstreet to Killarney.

² Avondu means the Blackwater (Avunduff of Spenser). There are several rivers of this name in the counties of Cork and Kerry, but the one here mentioned is by far the most considerable. It rises in a boggy mountain called

Meenganine, in the latter county, and discharges itself into the sea at Youghal. For the length of its course, and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior, I believe, to any river in Munster.—*Callanan*.

³ Macgillacndy's Reeks in the neighbourhood of Killarney are the highest mountains in Munster.

Yet have we parted nobly; be mine own
The grief that e'er we met—that e'er I live alone!

But man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose;
'Tis noble to subdue the rising tear,
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes.
Man is most man amid the heaviest woes,
And strongest when least human aid is given;
The stout bark founders when the tempest blows,
The mountain oak is by the lightning riven,
But what can crush the mind that lives alone with
heaven?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion
high,

Tho' with his fortune's ebb false friends depart,
And leave him on life's desert shore to lie;
Tho' all forsake him and the world belie—
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and
crime—

Yet has he that which cannot change or die,
His spirit still, thro' fortune, fate, and time,
Lives like an alpine peak, lone, stainless, and
sublime.

Well spoke the moralist who said, "The more
I mixed with men the less a man I grew;"
Who can behold their follies nor deplore
The many days he prodigally threw
Upon their sickening vanities? Ye few
In whom I sought for men, nor sought in vain—
Proud without pride, in friendship firm and
true—

Oh! that some far-off island of the main
Held you and him you love—the wish is but a pain.

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine
Save thus to stray my native wilds among,
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song.
They come but fitfully, nor linger long,
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride;
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along

Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,
And by the assassin's steel the gray-haired Des-
mond died.

Ye deathless stories and immortal songs,
That live triumphant o'er the waste of time,
To whose inspiring breath alone belongs
To bid man's spirit walk on earth sublime.
Know his own worth and nerve his heart to climb
The mountain steep of glory and of fame,—
How vainly would my cold and feeble rhyme
Burst the deep slumber, or light up the shame,
Of men who still are slaves amid your voice of
flame!

Yet outcast of the nations, lost one yet,
How can I look on thee nor try to save,

Or in thy degradation all forget
That 'twas thy breast that nurs'd me tho' a slave;
Still do I love thee for the life you gave,
Still shall this harp be heard above thy sleep
Free as the wind and fearless as the wave;
Perhaps in after days thou yet may'st leap
At strains unheeded now when I lie cold and deep.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,
Thou should'st not wake to sorrow, but aspire
To themes like theirs: but yonder see where
hurl'd

The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide un-
furl'd—
There breaks again that light, the beacon of the
world.

Is it a dream that mocks thy cheerless doom?
Or hast thou heard, fair Greece, her voice at last,
And brightly bursting from thy mouldering tomb,
Hast thou thy shroud of ages from thee cast?
High swelling in Cantabria's mountain blast,
And Lusitanian hills that summons rung
Like the Archangel's voice, and as it past,
Quick from their death-sleep many a nation
sprung
With hearts by freedom fir'd and hands for
freedom strung.

Heavens! 'tis a lovely soul-entrancing sight
To see thy sons careering o'er that wave
Which erst in Salamis' immortal fight
Bore their proud gallies 'gainst the Persian slave:
Each billow then that was a tyrant's grave
Now bounds exulting round their gallant way,
Joyous to feel once more the free, the brave,
High lifted on their breast—as on that day
When Hellas' shout peal'd high along her conquer-
ing bay.

Nurseling of freedom! from her mountain nest
She early taught thine eagle-wing to soar,
With eye undazzled and with fearless breast,
To heights of glory never reached before.
Far on the cliff of time, all grand and hoar,
Proud of her charge, thy lofty deeds she rears
With her own deathless trophies blazon'd o'er,
As mind-marks for the gaze of after years;—
Vainly they journey on—no match for thee appears.

Oh for the pen of him whose bursting tear
Of childhood told his fame in after days!
Oh for that Bard to Greece and Freedom dear,¹
The Bard of Lesbos, with his kindling lays!
To hymn, regenerate land, thy lofty praise,

¹ Lord Byron.

Thy brave unaided strife—to tell the shame
 'Of Europe's freest sons, who, 'mid the rays
 Thro' time's far vista blazing from thy name,
 Caught no ennobling glow from that immortal
 flame.

Not even the deeds of him who late afar
 Shook the astonished nations with his might,
 Not even the deeds of her whose wings of war
 Wide o'er the ocean stretch their victor flight,—
 Not they shall rise with half the unbroken light
 Above the waves of time, fair Greece, as thine;
 Earth never yet produced in Heaven's high sight,
 Thro' all her climates, offerings so divine
 As thy proud sons have paid at Freedom's sacred
 shrine.

Ye isles of beauty, from your dwelling blue
 Lift up to Heaven that shout unheard too long;
 Ye mountains, steep'd in glory's distant hue,
 If with you lives the memory of that song
 Which freedom taught you, the proud strain
 prolong,
 Echo each name that in her cause hath died,
 'Till grateful Greece enrol them with the throng
 Of her illustrious sons, who on the tide
 Of her immortal verse eternally shall glide.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love is comely, straight, and tall,
 Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall.
 Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er
 she be!

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek;
 Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek;
 Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er
 she be!

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
 And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round;
 The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall see,—
 Here's a health to that charming maid, who'er
 she be!

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
 Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
 I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me,—
 Here's a health to the maid I love, who'er she
 be!

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd
 pay,
 And five times five for my love one hour each day;
 Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its
 own green tree,
 Then, my dear, may I drink a fond deep health
 to thee!

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

How hard is my fortune,
 And vain my repining;
 The strong rope of fate
 For my young neck is twining.
 My strength is departed,
 My cheek sunk and fallow,
 While I languish in chains,
 In the jail of Clonmala.

No boy in the village
 Was ever yet milder,
 I would play with a child
 And my sport would be wilder;
 I'd dance without tiring
 From morning till even;
 And the goal-ball I'd strike
 To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying
 My hurl-bat is lying,
 Through the boys of the village
 My goal-ball is flying;
 My horse 'mong the neighbours
 Neglected may fallow,
 While I pine in my chains
 In the jail of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patterns
 At home will be keeping,
 And the young, active hurlers
 The field will be sweeping;
 With the dance of fair maidens
 The evening they'll hallow,
 While this heart once so gay
 Shall be cold in Clonmala.

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Oh many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
 That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing
 of men;
 My bed was the ground; my roof the green wood
 above,
 And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance
 from my love.

Alas on that night when the horses I drove from
 the field,
 That I was not near my angel from terror to shield!
 She stretched forth her arms, her mantle she flung
 to the wind,
 And she swam o'er Loch Lene her outlawed lover
 to find.

Oh would that the freezing sleet-winged tempest
did sweep,
And I and my love were alone far off on the deep;
I'd ask not a ship, nor a bark, nor pinnace to save,
With her arm round my neck I'd fear not the
wind nor wave!

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes
its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven,
resides;
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go asleep by the wild, sweet twist of
her song.

GOUGANE BARRA.¹

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild foun-
tains

Come down to that lake, from their home in the
mountains.

There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all
brightening,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of
lightning,

And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep
rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloch² the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,³
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by
the ocean,

And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering to-
gether,

In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy
heather,

Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,

As they raised their last song by the rush of thy
water!

¹ Gougane Barra is a small lake about two miles in circumference, formed by the numerous streams which descend from the mountains that divide the counties of Cork and Kerry.

² A mountain over the lake.

³ Cape Clear.

High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude steal-
ing;

Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slum-
ber,

And glean'd the gray legend that long had been
sleeping,

Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was
creeping,

From the love which I felt for my country's sad
story,

When to love her was shame, to revile her was
glory!

Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land
have bound me,

Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around
me;

Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each
valley.

Butrouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be
spoken

When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's
gleaming,

When Freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,

To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean.

And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of
that river

O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever.

TO A SPRIG OF MOUNTAIN HEATH.⁴

Thou little stem of lowly heath!
Nursed by the wild wind's hardy breath,
Dost thou survive, unconquer'd still,
Thy stately brethren of the hill?

No more the morning mist shall break
Around Clough-grenans towering oak;

⁴ The fortress alluded to is the Castle of Carlow, built in the time of King John, and still an imposing ruin. Reiry More was the chieftain of Leix (the present Queen's County) in the time of Elizabeth—he was brave, politic, and accomplished above his ruder countrymen of that period; he stormed the Castle of Carlow, which, being within the pale, belonged to the English; they never had a more skilful enemy in the country.—*Reire*, anglice Roger. *Clough-grenans*, the sunny hill. It is near Carlow but in Queen's County, and was formerly thickly covered with oak.—*M. F. M'Carthy*.

The stag no more with glance of pride
Looks fearless from its hazel side;
But there thou livest lone and free,
The hermit plant of Liberty.

Child of the mountain! many a storm
Hath drench'd thy head and shook thy form,
Since in thy depths Clan-muire lay,
To wait the dawning of that day;
And many a sabre, as it beamed
Forth from its heather scabbard gleamed,
When Leix its vengeance hot did slake
In yonder city of the lake,
And its proud Saxon fortress bore
The banner green of Reiry More.

Thou wert not then, as thou art now,
Upon a bondsman-minstrel's brow;
But wreathing round the harp of Leix,
When to the strife it fired thee free,
Or from the helmet battle-sprent,
Waved where the cowering Saxon bent.
Yet blush not, for the bard you crown
Ne'er stooped his spirit's homage down,
And he can wake, tho' rude his skill,
The songs you loved on yonder hill.

Repine not, that no more the spring
Its balmy breath shall round thee fling—
No more the heath-cock's pinion sway
Shall from thy blossom dash the spray;
More sweet, more blest thy lot shall prove,
Go—to the breast of her I love,
And speak for me to that blue eye,
Breathe to that heart my fondest sigh,
And tell her in thy softest tone
That he who sent thee is—her own.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.¹

The evening-star rose beauteous above the fading
day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came
to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moon-
light's mellow fall;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was
brightest of them all.

¹ From the foot of Inchidony Island an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea, and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot. Such is the story upon which the above stanzas are founded.—*M. F. M'Carthy.*

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark ap-
pear'd,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to
the land she near'd;
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like
a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in
pride and beauty shone.

The mastersaw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the
radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless
breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him
her soul lov'd best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her
with a cheer;
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh
and jeer;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw
before;
And they curs'd the faint and lagging breeze that
kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight
sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their
queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a dark-
ness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady
on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning
leap'd about;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest
gave a shout;
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down
with thund'ring shock;
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on In-
chidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek
rose wild and high;
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd
their gurgling cry;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest
pass'd away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the in-
dignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on
high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchi-
dony's shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the
scoffers sank;
And still he calls that hillock green the "Virgin
Mary's Bank."

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.¹

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,²
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy
line?

Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye
of day

All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them;—they hear not my cries,
And since Louis no aid gives I cannot arise.

O! where art thou, Louis, our eyes are on thee?
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
Come, proud in his strength, for his country to fight;
Like leaves on the trees will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my
cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his
own,

The isles of his father, his rights and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their
feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their
route,

The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxons they've chased far
away.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

King Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
O! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

¹ *Drimin* is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath—into which the island was divided under the Milesian dynasty.—*Callanan*.

² *Silk of the Cows*—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away;
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;
The royal bird far off is flown:
But up with shout, and out with blade,
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the staunch-hounds ring;
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
The prince is gone: but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
Huzza for the right and the white cockade!

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.³

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail;⁴
The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore;
And the mighty of nations is mighty no more!

Like a bark on the ocean, long shattered and tost,
On the land of your fathers at length you are lost;
The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage
and chains.

O where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!
That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and
wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the
skies

O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of Gollam,⁵ how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are
weak!

O'Neil of the Hostages;⁶ Con,⁷ whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,

³ *Fearflatha O'Gníamh* was family *olan* or bard to the O'Neil of Clanoboy about the year 1556. The poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with "*Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil*."—*M. F. McCarthy*.

⁴ Innisfail, the island of destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

⁵ Gollam—a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish O's and Macs.

⁶ Nial of the Nine Hostages, the heroic monarch of Ireland, in the fourth century, and ancestor of the O'Neil family.

⁷ Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundred Fights, monarch

Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy
sleep;

Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night!
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light!
For freedom or valour no more canst thou see
In the home of the brave, in the isle of the free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its
shroud,

Since first from the Brehon's¹ pure justice you
stray'd,

And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons, once her glory, are now her disgrace;
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your
cheer,

Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and
the deer?

Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning
and riven,

Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in
heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears!
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

LINES

PRESENTED TO A GIFTED LADY ON HER INFORMING
THE POET THAT SHE MEANT TO WRITE NO MORE
POETRY, BUT TURN TO COMMON SENSE.²

LADY.

Plain sense shall guide me evermore,
The sweet delusive dream is o'er;
And Fancy's bright and meteor ray
Is but a light that leads astray;
No more the wreaths of song I'll twine—
Calm reason, common sense, be mine!

BARD.

As well command the troubled sky,
When winds are loud and waves are high;

As well arrest the spirit's flight,
Or hush the tuneful bird of night—
False to the rose he loved so long,
As turn the poet's heart from song!

If all be true that minstrel deems
Of sister spirits in his dreams,
The calm pale brow's expression high,
The silent eloquence of eye—
The fitful flashes, bright and wild—
Thou art and wilt be Fancy's child.

But reason, sense, are they confined
To the austere and dark of mind?
Must thoughtless folly still belong
To those who haunt the paths of song,
And o'er this life of woes and tears
Pour the sweet strains of happier years?

No, lady! Still let Fancy spring
On her own wild and wayward wing;
Still let the fire of genius glow,
And the full tide of feeling flow;
The high imaginings of youth
Are but the Titian tints of truth.

When bleak November sweeps along,
With his own deep and sullen song,
And fallen is all the autumn's pride,
And every flower you nursed hath died;
When every summer song is still,
And the thick haze hath veiled the hill;
When other hearts in languor pine,
The poet's rapture shall be thine.

Then gaze upon the lightning's flash,
Or listen to the hoarse wave's dash;
Others may tremble at their tone,
Not thou—their language is thine own.
See how the storm hath tumbled wide
The mist-wreaths on the mountain's side;
Or mark the sea-gull cleave his way
Mid tempest's shriek and billow's spray,
While battling wing and joyous cry
Proclaim his ocean liberty!

Poet and friend, if I may claim
For lonely bard so dear a name,
Still let thy heart revere the lyre,
Still let thy hand awake its fire;
Walk in the light which God hath given,
And make thy native wilds a heaven!

AND MUST WE PART?

And must we part? then fare thee well!
But he that wails it—he can tell
How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,
And ever must be, to this heart:

of the island in the second century: although the fighter
of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred
fields—his valorous rival Owen, King of Munster, com-
pelled him to a division of the kingdom.

¹ Brehons—the hereditary judges of the Irish septs.

² This poem appeared in the *Dublin University Maga-*
zine for July, 1852.

But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break
Than one unholy thought awake;
I'd sooner slumber into elay
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;
Go, free as air—as angel free,
And, lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine—
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine;
But now 'tis past—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour
When mercy's all-atoning power
From His high throne of glory hears,
Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears;
Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,
Then—then, O lady! think on me.

CUSHEEN LOO.¹

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

Sleep, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirr'd by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note,
Around us gently float.

Sleep! for the weeping flowers have shed
Their fragrant tears upon thy head,
The voice of love hath sooth'd thy rest,
And thy pillow is a mother's breast.
Sleep, my child!

Weary hath pass'd the time forlorn
Since to your mansion I was borne,
Tho' bright the feast of its airy halls,
And the voice of mirth resounds from its walls.
Sleep, my child!

Full many a maid and blooming bride
Within that splendid dome abide,—
And many a hoar and shrivell'd sage,
And many a matron bow'd with age.
Sleep, my child!

Oh! thou who hearest this song of fear,
To the mourner's home these tidings bear;
Bid him bring the knife of the magic blade,
At whose lightning-flash the charm will fade.
Sleep, my child!

Haste! for to-morrow's sun will see
The hateful spell renewed for me;
Nor can I from that home depart,
Till life shall leave my withering heart.
Sleep, my child!

Sleep, my child! for the rustling trees,
Stirr'd by the breath of summer breeze,
And fairy songs of sweetest note,
Around us gently float.

JAMES WARREN DOYLE.

BORN 1786—DIED 1834.

[This able churchman and political writer was born in 1786 in the town of New Ross, county Wexford. He was the posthumous son of James Doyle, a respectable farmer, and his mother was descended from a Quaker family. Owing to an unsuccessful speculation entered into just before his death, James Doyle left his widow in deep poverty. She was a woman of strong will and great intellect, and her quick-witted, intelligent son had no other teacher till he was nine years old. Two years later he and some companions watched from behind a hedge the battle

of New Ross, where he saw the brave but futile attempts of the rebels to cope with the well-armed, well-trained soldiery. At this time he was at the school of a Mr. Grace, with whom he remained till 1800, when he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Crane, an Augustine monk, with the intention of preparing for the Church. Under him he spent two years, and in 1805 entered the convent of Grantstown, near Carnsore Point in Wexford, where in 1806 he took the vows and became a brother of the order of St. Augustine.

Doyle now determined to perfect his educa-

¹ This song is supposed to have been sung by a young bride, who was forcibly detained in one of those forts which are so common in Ireland, and to which the "good people" are very fond of resorting. Under pretence of hushing her child to rest, she retired to the outside

margin of the fort, and addressed the burden of her song to a young woman whom she saw at a short distance, and whom she requested to inform her husband of her condition, and to desire him to bring the steel knife to dissolve the enchantment.

tion abroad, and with some student companions he proceeded to the university of Coimbra in Portugal. Here his talents and application attracted the attention of his superiors, and procured for him gratuitously all the privileges of that great seat of learning. The young Irish student was now in his element; his studies were congenial, and he pursued them so assiduously that in two years he had attained such proficiency as an ordinary student might be expected to show in double the time.

Dr. Doyle relates that about this time he often pondered deeply the great truths of the Christian religion, for even in the halls of the university the spirit of infidelity and scepticism was not altogether absent, and doubts and difficulties troubled his mind. He says, "I recollect, and always with fear and trembling, the danger to which I exposed the gifts of faith and Christian morality which I had received from a bounteous God; and since I became a man, and was enabled to think like a man, I have not ceased to give thanks to the Father of mercies who did not deliver me over to the pride and presumption of my own heart. I examined the systems of religion prevailing in the East; I read the Koran with attention; I perused the Jewish history and the history of Christ, of his disciples, and of his church, with an intense interest; and I did not hesitate to continue attached to the religion of our Redeemer as alone worthy of God."

A change now came over the peaceful life of the student. He was called upon along with several of his companions to take part in the Peninsular war, and some of the Irish students who were acquainted with the Portuguese language were employed by Sir Arthur Wellesley as confidential agents, and to communicate with the Portuguese government. In this capacity Doyle acquitted himself well, and after the defeat of the French the Portuguese government recognized his diplomatic talent and received him with honour at court. Brilliant prospects were also held out to induce him to embrace a political career, but he remained firm to his original purpose of devoting himself to the sacred ministry.

He returned to Ireland in 1808, and in the year following was ordained a priest. After a residence of about three years in his convent his learning and ability became known, and he was appointed in 1813 professor of rhetoric and afterwards of theology in Carlow

College. At first his slovenly garb and awkward and ungainly appearance provoked much merriment among the assembled students, but his addresses were so learned and eloquent as soon to change the humour of his audience into respect and admiration, and to place his fitness for the new position beyond question. In 1819 he was nominated by the clergy to the bishopric of Kildare and Leighlin. The election was confirmed at Rome, and Dr. Doyle lost no time in making his power felt in his new sphere. Like his Master, when he purified the temple with a scourge of small cords and overturned the seats of the money-changers, Dr. Doyle, by commands, teaching, example, and the unsparing use of his crozier when necessary, purified his different parishes of long-standing abuses. He laid a heavy hand on the easy-going priests who took as much delight in a hunt or a carouse as in their people, and consequently were neither in a position to insist upon the observance of their religious duties, nor with due severity to reprimand them for their transgressions. He also forbade any priest to attend to any office or duty other than the sacred ones intrusted to him. Although a very young man to be a bishop, his force of character and personal attention to his various parishes soon brought about a wonderful reformation.

Under the signature of J. K. L. (James of Kildare and Leighlin) he wrote eloquent letters in defence of his Church; aided in the circulation of the Bible; and advocated strongly the union of the Churches of Rome and England, in preference to the repeal which was then being agitated for. His letters on this subject caused a great sensation at the time, coming, as they did, from a Roman Catholic bishop. In one of his letters to a Mr. Robertson, who proposed this union in the House of Commons, he says, "The union of the churches, however, which you have had the singular merit of suggesting to the Commons of the United Kingdom, would altogether and at once effect a total change in the dispositions of men; it would bring all classes to co-operate zealously in promoting the prosperity of Ireland, and in securing her allegiance for ever to the British throne. The question of emancipation would be swallowed up in the great inquiry, how Ireland could be enriched and strengthened, and in place of the prime minister inventing arguments to screen an odious oppression, and reconcile an insurrection act of five-and-twenty years' duration with the Habeas Corpus Act and Magna

Charta, we would find him receiving the plaudits of the senate, the thanks of his sovereign, and the blessings of millions for the favours which he could so easily dispense. This union, on which so much depends, is not, as you have so justly observed, so difficult as it appears to many, and the present time is peculiarly well calculated for attempting at least to carry it into effect. . . . It may not become so humble an individual as I am to hint even at a plan for effecting so great a purpose as the union of Catholics and Protestants in one great family of Christians; but, as the difficulty does not appear to me to be at all proportioned to the magnitude of the object to be attained, I would presume that if Protestant and Catholic divines of learning and a conciliatory character were summoned by the crown to ascertain the points of agreement, and the difference between the churches, and that the result of their conferences were made the basis of a project to be treated on between the heads of the Churches of Rome and of England, the result might be more favourable than at present could be anticipated."

Dr. Doyle was also a great advocate for a united system of education very similar to the Irish national system of education of the present day. In 1822 he opposed the veto; and in 1824 his statesman-like abilities and deep knowledge of Irish affairs, as shown in his political writings, was so widely recognized that he was summoned to attend before a committee of the Lords and Commons to be examined relative to the state of affairs in Ireland. At this time the Duke of Wellington was asked by some one if they were examining Doyle. He replied, "No, but Doyle is examining us." His evidence, given during several days, was so much appreciated, and excited so much gratitude among his countrymen, that on his return a residence about a mile from Carlow was purchased and presented to him as a token of their esteem. In 1825 he wrote twelve letters on the State of Ireland, followed by a letter addressed to Lord Liverpool on Catholic claims. For years he continued the eloquent champion of these claims, and proved they might be defended both logically and reasonably—an entirely new revelation for the majority of Englishmen and Protestants. His last literary work was a preface to Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.

Dr. Doyle is described as "reserved, dignified, and austere; he was feared by some, beloved by those who knew him intimately, and revered by all." To the rich and great

he was stern and uncompromising in manner; but to the poor and lowly he was tender and kindly. His consistent self-denial and anxious labour of mind and body told heavily upon him; and when he died, June 16, 1834, aged only forty-eight years, his appearance was more that of an old man than of one in the prime of life. His remains were interred in the central aisle of the cathedral of Carlow, which he had built; and the funeral was attended by more than twenty thousand people. All classes of Irishmen may well remember Dr. Doyle; some with pride as a talented political writer on national subjects, and others with gratitude as a defender of the faith, of which he was a learned and vigorous exponent.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle, by Mr. Fitzpatrick, has added to our national literature an admirable and discriminating biography and a graphic picture of the times in which the eloquent prelate lived. It was published in two vols. by Messrs. Duffy & Son, Dublin, in 1861.]

PASTORAL ADDRESS

TO THE DELUDED AND ILLEGAL ASSOCIATION
OF RIBBONMEN.

DELIVERED NOVEMBER 24, 1822.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST JESUS,—We address ourselves chiefly to you who may have been seduced into any illegal association, but above all, into this vile and wicked conspiracy which has been lately detected and exposed in Dublin, and which is known to have extended into some parishes of this diocese. But before we do so we take you to witness this day, that we are clear from the blood of you all; whereas for three years we have not ceased night and day, with tears, admonishing every one of you to desist from these illegal associations, which have always augmented the evils of our country, and now tend to bring disgrace upon our holy religion. Whilst with you on our different visitations, we did not cease to forewarn you of these things. In our pastoral instructions, printed and distributed amongst you, we explained at length the nature and tendency of these associations—their folly—their injustice—their opposition to all the laws, human and divine, which you were bound to obey. We explained for you the impiety of the oath which con-

nected them together; and the clergy in their respective parishes have not ceased to labour with us in this sacred duty. Yet we will not address you in the language of reproach; we will not, above all, rebuke *you*, dearly beloved, for the obstinacy and perverseness of a few amongst you; but, as the object of our ministry is, "not to destroy but to save," not to call the just but sinners to repentance, we will once again admonish even those few, however perverse, hoping through the influence of the Holy Spirit that they will attend even now to our instructions, and be at length converted from their evil ways. . . .

And first, what is the period you have chosen to form a dark and bloody conspiracy against all that is established by the will of God, in a country that should be more dear to you than life! Precisely that when our gracious sovereign visited us like a common father, quelling the tumult of the passions, allaying the spirit of party and dissension, and dispensing among every class and description of his people the spirit of peace and good-will; that period when one of your own countrymen, renowned for his wisdom and justice, had been appointed to the government of Ireland, for the avowed purpose of dispensing the laws impartially to all, and devising remedies for the many evils under which we labour; when he who has been the strenuous and powerful advocate of your rights as Catholics was placed in a situation where he could view, as it were, with his own eyes, your merits and your sufferings, and from which he could bear before the legislature a high and irresistible testimony to the truth and justice of your claims; a period when the eyes of the whole empire were fixed upon you, and all its wisdom employed in devising means for bettering your condition by calling forth the infinite resources of your soil, of your mines and fisheries, and employing on them the energies of a numerous people; a period when that government, which you might embarrass, but could never overthrow, was expending several hundred thousand pounds in supplying the wants, and providing for the support of perhaps a million of your brethren; when England, with a bounty and generosity peculiarly her own, had watched over our distress with the anxiety of a mother, and ministered out of her abundance to all our wants; raising up her charities, like a shield, to protect us against famine and pestilence, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and consoling the distressed; forgetting our crimes and atrocities in the south, the innocent blood that

called to Heaven for vengeance against us, and remembering only that we were men and Christians, though many of us undeserving of that name.—This was the period when 'mercy and truth seemed to have met, and justice and peace to have kissed each other,' that you were impelled by the enemy of all good to defeat the designs of Heaven upon your country, and oppose new obstacles to her improvement. Shall Ireland, my dear but infatuated brethren, be always doomed to suffer, and to suffer through the blindness and malice of her own children? Who will in future sympathize in her misfortunes? Who will vindicate her rights? Who will proclaim the virtues of her sons, if a portion of them not only appear disaffected, but also blind to their own interests, and if, what never until now could be objected to them, that *they are ungrateful*?

And what were the motives which influenced you to act thus, and even to profane the awful name of God, and rashly to call upon him to attest your wicked purposes? Your distress, your hatred to Orangemen, your love of religion, your faith in prophecies, your hope of seeing your country free and happy.

Let us, my dear brethren, examine dispassionately each of these, before we come to show you the absurdity of your designs, as well as the impossibility of ever carrying them into effect. And first, as to DISTRESS.—The distress that prevails amongst you is general and great, and in many instances cannot be remedied by human power; but it is worthy of remark, though I have seen and conversed with many individuals who were once engaged in those wicked associations, I have not known one who was impelled by want to enter them. Some idle tradesmen, boatmen, servants without families, young and inexperienced youths of the labouring classes; these have composed your assemblies, and have entered into them either through terror or a depravity of heart, hardened by irreligion, drunkenness, and other vices, but not by distress; of this you are all conscious! And now let me ask you, How are your wants remedied and your distress removed by these associations? Is it by the breaking of canals, by destroying cattle, by the burning of houses, corn, and hay, and establishing a reign of terror throughout the entire country, that you are to obtain employment? Is it by rendering the farmer insecure in the possession of his property that you will induce him to increase his tillage? Is it by being leagued against the gentry that you will prevail on them to improve their houses and

demesnes? Is it by causing a heavy police establishment to be quartered throughout the country, to be paid by taxes collected from the holders of land, that you will enable them to give you employment? No; your proceedings are only calculated to compel gentlemen to fly from the country, to convert their lands to pasture, and to place an armed force to protect their cattle, and to treat you, if necessary, with the utmost rigour. Your conspiracies, therefore, are calculated not to relieve, but augment your distress an hundred fold.

YOUR HATRED TO ORANGEMEN, — The Orangemen may be foolish, may be wicked, may be your enemies; but if they be fools, they deserve your compassion; if they be wicked, you are obliged to seek their conversion by prayer and forbearance; if they be your enemies, your Redeemer teaches you how you are to treat them, saying, "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; pray for those who persecute and calumniate you;" and his apostle, who desires you "not to return evil for evil; but to overcome evil by good. If your enemy," he says, "be hungry, give him food; if he be thirsty, give him to drink; and thus you will heap burning coals (that is, according to Saint Augustine, the fire of charity) upon his head," which will consume his enmity. But these men, who are so very hateful in your eyes, are our brethren in Christ; they are each of them as dear to him as the apple of his eye: they have all been baptized in his blood. If, then, they be your enemies by a misfortune common to you and them, they are still the children of your "Father who is in heaven." Christ died for them, and you should not only forgive them, but love them for his sake. . . .

YOUR LOVE OF RELIGION.—Ah! my dear brethren, how frequently is the sacred name of religion abused, and how many crimes and profanations are committed in her name! Could religion be weighed in a scale, there could not be found one ounce of pure religion amongst all those who have freely entered into your association. For how can iniquity abide with justice? light with darkness? or Christ with Belial? It was by meekness, humility, patience, suffering, and unbounded charity, that Christ, "the author and finisher of our faith," founded his religion; by these and such like virtues, it was propagated by his followers to the end of the earth. By these that holy apostle St. Patrick, whose name you profane, and whose religion you cause to be blasphemed, planted the faith in this island, which was once an

island of saints, but which you would convert into a den of thieves. Can religion be served by conspiracies? Can it be propagated, like the superstition of Mahomet, by fire and sword? Does she require for her support the aid of those who neglect all her duties, disobey and despise her pastors; who violate all her commands, and indulge in her name all the vices which she condemns? . . . In this country your religion is not only tolerated, but protected by the law; it is poor, but poverty is the cradle in which Christianity was nursed, and riches have always been its bane. Your clergy have a competency alike removed from poverty and affluence, and derived from a source which secures to you their attention, and protects the purity of their own lives. They seek, they desire nothing more. It is clear, then, on the score of religion, your conspiracies are without an object; and it is the angel of darkness, who transforms himself into an angel of light, that he may seduce you to violate all the charities of the gospel under the appearance of zeal for the faith.

YOUR FAITH IN PROPHECIES.—This, dearest brethren, is a subject which we find it difficult to treat with becoming seriousness; and yet it is one which has produced among you the most deplorable effects. I have been credibly informed, that during the course of the last year, when great numbers of you, yielding to our remonstrance and those of our clergy, had withdrawn yourselves from these mischievous associations, you were prevailed on to return to them, excited by some absurd stories called "Prophecies," and which were disseminated amongst you by designing and wicked men. There have been to our own knowledge instances of persons neglecting their domestic concerns, and abandoning their families to misery and want, through a vain hope, grounded on some supposed prophecy, "that mighty changes were just approaching." For more than half a century it was predicted that George the Fourth would not reign; and his very appearance amongst you was scarcely sufficient to dispel the illusion. Such excessive credulity on your parts, and such a superstitious attachment to fables, a thousand times belied, is a melancholy proof of the facility with which you may be seduced by knaves. . . .

But you will tell me your prophecy is not of this kind; that it is derived from the sacred Scriptures, as they are explained in the book of Pastorini called *The History of the Christian Church*. That book, dearest brethren, has been perverted to very different ends from

those which the pious author intended. It is principally a commentary, or rather conjectures upon the meaning of the Apocalypse of St. John the Evangelist. This book called the Apocalypse is, as its name signifies, a revelation of a vision which the author had in the island of Patmos, to which he had been banished in the reign of the Emperor Domitian. It was a vision of the most mysterious nature, and the apostle's account of it is so hard to be understood, that very few of the fathers of the Church have undertaken to explain it, and most of those who did desisted from the attempt. . . . You ridicule the folly of those enthusiasts who read and expound the Scriptures in whatever manner their fancy may suggest, and yet you yourselves interpret prophecies which, of all other parts of Scripture, are the most difficult and hard to be understood: thus, "in what you judge another, you condemn yourselves."

But your object is to **MAKE YOUR COUNTRY FREE AND HAPPY**. We will not reason with you upon the end which you propose to yourselves, which, even if it were laudable, could not justify the employment of unlawful means. . . . And first, who are those who would undertake to subvert the laws and constitutions of this country? Persons without money, without education, without arms, without counsel, without discipline, without a leader; kept together by a bond of iniquity, which it is a duty to violate, and a crime to observe. Men destitute of religion, and abandoned to the most frightful passions, having blasphemy in their mouths, and their hands filled with rapine, and oftentimes with blood.—Can such as these regenerate a country, and make her free and happy? No, dearest brethren, left even to themselves, they would destroy each other; but, opposed to a regular force, they would scatter like a flock of sheep upon a mountain when the thunderstorm affrights them. The year of 1798 is within the recollection of us all; at that fatal period Protestant, and Catholic, and Dissenter, of every province and town, of every class and description, of every rank and station, not even excepting the army, combined to overthrow the government. You witnessed their failure, the scenes which then occurred, and many of you experienced their fatal consequences. If, then, such was the result of an extensive conspiracy, comprising persons of all religions, of wealth and affluence, of intelligence, connected abroad, organized at home, and undertaken at a period when a revolutionary spirit pervaded Europe,

and when the government against which it was directed was engaged almost single-handed with the most formidable enemy England ever had,—what success could possibly attend the efforts of the vile and contemptible conspiracy we now hear of!—a conspiracy undertaken at a period of profound peace, and when the government is rooted in the affections of every man who wishes for the happiness of his country; when every Protestant and every Catholic possessed of name, or station, or property, would rally round the throne like one man to defend it against the assassins of the public peace. Can you mention the name of any individual, not of those classes which I first enumerated, who has ever joined your unholy associations? Have not the clergy, priests, and bishops, with one voice condemned you? Has one of you ever been permitted to partake of a sacrament in our Church who has not first renounced these associations? Has any farmer of property, or dealer of fortune or integrity, been ever found amongst you? Has any honest, sober, and industrious tradesman or labourer ever entered, unless by compulsion, amongst you? Are not your leaders, almost without exception, men of profligate lives, of vicious and irreligious habits—men who, as St. Jude says, "despise power and blaspheme majesty?" Are not these the description of men who domineer over you? Is it, dearest brethren, by such men that our country could be rendered free and happy? and if not, why have you ever suffered yourselves to be deceived by them, to be made the dupes of their malice and accomplices in their crimes?

To conclude, dearly beloved, let us remind you that the body of a nation is like in some degree to our own. The different ranks and orders which compose it are ordained of God, that the whole may be preserved entire. If any of them should seek to usurp the place of the other, discord would ensue. If your feet, seeing your hands are idle, would refuse to walk; if your hands would undertake to do the duties of the head, how monstrous and absurd would it not appear? So in the state, if those whom God has appointed to labour should abandon their station and seek to govern, if the ignorant would take the place of the wise, the soldier the place of the peasant, the tradesman that of the magistrate, the schoolmaster that of the bishop or judge, how could society exist? Yet to this and such like consequences all your silly machinations tend. Return then, dearly beloved, to the ways of peace. Leave the legislature to pursue those

means of improving your country which their wisdom will devise. Let the government meet with a grateful return for the solicitude they manifest in maintaining the rights and providing for the wants of the people. Leave your Church to enjoy the liberty she possesses; pray for those who differ from you in religion; seek to have more charity and less zeal; and do not embitter the lives of your parents, or bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Atone, dearly beloved, by every means

in your power for the injuries you have done your neighbour, your country, and your God. Wipe away, by your peaceable demeanour for the time to come, that foul stain which your conduct has to a certain extent already cast upon your religion! We wish you peace and benediction in the name of the ALMIGHTY FATHER, and his Son JESUS our Lord and Redeemer, through the grace of the Divine Spirit, who proceeds from both. Amen.

JAMES DOYLE, &c.

CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

BORN 1767 — DIED 1843.

[This eminent advocate and orator, who rose to be Chief-justice of the King's Bench, was born at the mansion-house of Kilmurry, near Thomastown, county Kilkenny, on January 13, 1767. His father, who belonged to a good family, was a minister of the Established Church; his mother was a sister of General Sir John Doyle, and was remarkable even to the end of her long life for her graceful manner and high tone. After receiving the usual elementary education, first at the academy of Mr. Shackleton at Ballitore and then in Mr. Craig's well-known school in Dublin, he entered Trinity College in 1782, being then in his fifteenth year. In 1785 he obtained a scholarship, and from his ability as an orator in the debates of the Historical Society, he began to be looked upon as a student certain to rise to position and fame.

On leaving college Bushe devoted a few years to studies of a general as well as a legal kind, with the view of perfecting his style and enlarging the sphere of his knowledge. In 1790 he was called to the bar, but made little progress for some time owing to the fact that he objected to join in government prosecutions, and could not on the other hand defend crimes which he knew to be hurtful to society. Soon after coming of age, distressed at seeing the pecuniary embarrassments of his father, he took upon himself his heavy liabilities, and became saddled at the start of life with a debt of £30,000. About this time also he formed an attachment for Miss Crampton, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman in Dublin, but all thoughts of marriage had to be given up, and he was forced, by the pressure of his creditors, to retire to Wales for a couple

of years. On his return he entered on his profession actively, and the marriage between him and Miss Crampton soon took place. He had previously made some arrangements regarding the heavy debts, and with the help of his wife's fortune and other means he was now able to pay off the more urgent of the creditors. After his marriage a long period passed during which he assiduously walked the law-courts but made little advance in his practice. His ability and value as a political supporter were well known to government, and he had several offers of employment in this direction, which, however, he declined to accept.

In 1797 Mr. Bushe was elected member for the borough of Callan, and before long found occasion to display such eloquence as at once placed him among the foremost orators of the day. On Mr. Ponsonby's motion to repeal an act for the suppression of disturbances he made the speech of the evening. Meanwhile he continued at the bar, and travelled the Leinster circuit; but his professional advancement was still slow. At last a case in which he was engaged was called on in the absence of the senior counsel. Bushe urged delay, but the judge would not consent, and the case had to go on. It was soon seen, however, that his client had lost nothing by the senior counsel's absence, and Bushe's efforts were rewarded with complete success. This at once established his character at the bar, and briefs flowed in from that day forward in almost too rapid a stream. In 1799, when fully occupied with his professional and parliamentary duties, Bushe was offered three different posts by government, but he refused them all. He continued his independent opposition to the

proposed union because he believed it hurtful to the interests of Ireland, and his eloquent denunciation of the measure in the debates of 1800 are said to have surpassed that of all other members, not excepting Grattan himself.

After the union Bushe for a time desponded, as did most men, and felt half inclined to try his fortune at the English bar, but he wisely put the idea aside and continued where he was. Though an opponent of the union on conscientious grounds, he was in no way an active opponent of the government as such. He had never allowed himself to become a mere party man, and had supported the government against extreme opposition. Accordingly, when in 1803 Pitt offered him the solicitor-generalship he accepted it, but it was not till 1811 that he had any very prominent public duty to perform in connection with his new position. In this year the Convention Act trials occurred, which drew from him two of his most admirable speeches, and he also appeared with great success in the case of "*The King v. O'Grady*," and in that of *Lord Trimblestown*.

About this time he managed to bring about the one great event to which he had looked forward for years. His father had been forced to alienate his estate of Kilmurry, and now the son managed to acquire it again, and to make it, as he had long dreamed, his home. In 1822 he was appointed Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and thenceforward the years passed so smoothly with him that they leave behind no history. During this time he composed a great deal in prose and verse, but would allow little of it to see the light. In 1839 he was summoned to give evidence before a committee of parliament, where he came under the keen eye of Brougham, who said of him, "No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief-justice Bushe could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. . . . There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery singular for its combined suavity and dignity. All that one has heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner, both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence."

As the years progressed Bushe felt a growing desire to retire from his post, and this he did in November, 1842. On this occasion he found it too true "that it was enough to be a man of genius and an Irishman to be treated with neglect." The usual title conferred on holders

of his office on retiring was withheld. The indignity fell heavily upon Bushe, who least of all men deserved it. The profession also resented the insult, and for a time there was a great outcry. It is possible this treatment by the government shortened his days. Soon after his retirement a failure of memory began to show itself. In July, 1843, he left home to have a surgical operation performed for a slight local affection. The operation was skilfully done, but erysipelas set in, and a few days after, July 10, 1843, he died at his son's house near Dublin. He was buried at Harold's Cross.]

THE KING VERSUS O'GRADY.

[Chief-baron O'Grady in 1817 appointed his son Waller clerk of the pleas in the Court of Exchequer. Saurin the attorney-general instituted proceedings against the chief-baron on the ground that the king, not the court, had the right of appointment. Plunket and Burton were employed for the defence, and Bushe and Saurin on the part of the crown. Plunket had delivered a powerful address, in which he specially attacked Saurin. Bushe (whose friends dreaded his encounter with this great orator) rose to defend the case for the crown, and spoke as follows:]

Had this case been confined to the shape in which it would have been found if nothing had occurred in the progress of it but the plain and temperate statement of the attorney-general, and the powerful and lawyer-like argument of Mr. Burton, it would not be necessary for me to do more than to argue the question which they have already discussed. But it has taken a different turn; and my highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Plunket, has thought it necessary to give the case such a different direction, that if I were not to follow the course he has adopted I should be most unworthy of the situation which I hold, and most deserving of the contempt to which he has held me up. In making use of that very unpleasant expression I do not wish to be understood as forgetting or doubting the sincerity of what he has said of the private characters of myself and the attorney-general, and of his personal feelings towards us: I have no doubt of his sincerity: and I am persuaded that he has attacked our official conduct under the impulse of the strong sense of a painful duty, which, as he conceived, made it imperiously necessary for him to do so. I shall take

the same course, and adopt the same distinction upon which he has acted, of separating the measures from the men; and with the highest regard for him, I am not afraid to say that, as it is my painful, so it is my easy duty to show, that in converting my lord chief-baron's claim into an attack upon the servants of the crown, and upon its prerogative, his zeal has precipitated him into an oblivion of what was due to his friends, his client, and himself.

I appear before your lordships in a very different character from that of a counsel advocating the rights of a party. If I were, upon a question of property, to appear at your lordships' bar in support of an opinion of the rectitude of which I was not perfectly persuaded, I should act merely in the exercise of a professional duty. The discussion by professional partisans on either side of difficult and intricate questions of law has always led to the result of truth, and to the establishment of those sound and wise principles which constitute the law of the land. But when I am not in the exercise of a professional duty, but come in my official character to defend the official conduct of my learned colleague the attorney-general it is totally different. If I feel his conduct to have been illegal, unconstitutional, oppressive, jacobinical, and revolutionary, I have no obligations of profession to bind me to such a miscreant.—No obligation but one, which would call upon me to renounce my office, and fling from me the gown which I could no longer wear without disgrace.

But the moment I have persuaded myself that such a charge is unjust, from that moment I am identified with my friend, and feel myself, with him, put upon my trial; from that moment I am called upon to defend us both (monstrous proposition!) in a *Nisi Prius* trial, against a charge of tyranny, oppression, cruelty, jacobinism, and revolution. I hope, then, my learned friend Mr. Plunket will consider me to manifest my esteem for him, and to prove myself worthy of his esteem for me, in refuting such a charge—I will not say retorting it. . . .

I have hitherto observed upon the imputed illegality of this proceeding, and the mistaken feeling under which the chief-baron has, I doubt not, been actuated in attacking this *quo warranto*. But as to the alleged jacobinism, of bringing into contempt the judgment of the Court of Exchequer—it is a word which I wish I had not heard used—it belongs not to my vocabulary; I borrow it from one to

whom I wish not to return it; I should rather consign it to oblivion as unworthy of either of us; this jacobinism consists in an alleged contempt of the Court of Exchequer; and we are represented as bringing the four barons of the Exchequer as criminals to the bar of this court to be amerced. These were the words, which I would were forgotten. I have already stated what I think of the conduct of my lord chief-baron; if he fail, nothing is imputable to him but mistake. I think he has failed, but he deserves no man's censure. It now remains for me to protect the characters of his brethren from an equal slander cast upon them. It is alleged that the admission of the defendant is their judicial determination upon the qualification of the officer, and the legality of the appointment:—I wrote down the words—I would not trust to my memory when my memory was called upon to preserve what disgusted my feelings, and revolted against my understanding. The venerable judges of that court are said to have decided the legality of this appointment. I cannot be mistaken—if I could, my recollection would be supported by the question which was yesterday propounded to Mr. Baron George, and against the answering of which I felt it my duty to call on the attorney-general to protest—not for the purpose that has been weakly and erroneously imagined—but I called upon him to throw himself between the Court of Exchequer and the indiscreet interrogatory, which would have libelled them.

The question which is on your lordships' notes was, "Whether before the appointment by my lord chief-baron there was not a communication between him and the rest of the court upon the subject of the appointment, and whether the authorities were not submitted to them previous to the appointment, and their judicial determination upon it." I here take my stand, and I say that if this is asserted to be a judicial determination, I deny it, not for the sake of the crown, but for the honour of my country and of the venerable and learned barons who compose that court, whom individually I respect and collectively I revere. I consider those learned and venerable judges to have conducted themselves upon that, as they do upon all other occasions, with the strictest propriety, and as the chief-baron was perfectly justified in appointing to the office, if he conscientiously conceived it to be within his grant, so they in swearing-in the officer upon the faith of his lordship's appointment, merely pronounced upon his *prima facie* title,

leaving it to be disputed by any person who might allege a better, but never conceiving that they were pronouncing a judicial determination to control the judgment of this court, much less to oust its jurisdiction.

What is a judicial act? A deliberate, well considered, slowly formed opinion of upright and learned men, after hearing both sides—the grave and solemn judgment of wise and cautious men, publicly declared upon the rights of parties, fully heard, openly discussed, and impartially considered. If that be a just description, what is this which is blasphemously called an adjudication? Is any man, I ask, desperately indiscreet enough to say that the Court of Exchequer has pronounced a judgment in the absence of one party? It would be presumptuous in me to recall to your lordships' recollection the nature of your judicial oaths; you know how strong is the oath of the barons of the exchequer; you know that it binds them to the maintenance of the king's rights against all opposers; you know that this principle is acted upon in the Court of Exchequer with a scrupulosity which (to borrow Mr. Plunket's phrase) seems to border upon pedantry. If a person brings an ejectment for lands under custodiam, or resorts to the commonest proceeding, without notice to the attorney-general, he is attached: even to the value of five shillings, so carefully protected are the rights of the crown, that if a man comes into the court with the most equitable case that ever was spread upon a bill, if the remotest interest of the crown could be affected by it, even the fictitious interest of property being under custodiam at the suit of a subject, that bill is dismissed unless the attorney-general be made a party.

What was the proceeding here? a judgment—against whom? Against that king whose rights and privileges, whose treasures and patronage the barons of the Exchequer are sworn to defend—a judgment without hearing him—a judgment after three minutes' deliberation—'pon an appointment made by the chief-baron before my Lord Buckinghamshire was yet laid in his grave—by that very chief-baron who was sworn not to obstruct the crown's rights without notice, and who is now most improperly represented as telling his sovereign that he is an usurper—and that his predecessors have been usurpers for five hundred years. That court which was specially formed for the maintenance of the king's rights is scandalously alleged to have decided against his title as an usurpation, after it has

existed and been enjoyed for a period of five centuries! alleged to have decided upon it, without hearing him—without notice to his attorney-general—in a corner of the court, with no more solemnity than the swearing-in of a common attorney! and this is what is called the *ratification* by the Court of Exchequer, and this is the adjudication on account of which the Court of Exchequer is not to be brought before any other court!

What is this ratification? This—that a case which is now alleged to be so complicated and difficult as to require Mr. Plunket to speak for two days, and Mr. Burton for nearly two, in order to make it intelligible—that this case, which has exhausted all their learning and all their ingenuity—this case which has already occupied six days before your lordships—was decided by a “solemn adjudication” of the Court of Exchequer in fewer minutes than Mr. Burton has consumed hours in discussing it. A solemn adjudication! Was I not right to call in the attorney-general to protect the reputation of the Court of Exchequer? I know what answer Baron George would have given—I know he would have repelled the insult with indignation: he would have said, “What, sir, do you mean or presume to ask me whether I looked into the authorities, and considered the principles in my chamber in the presence of one only of the parties, and in the next moment decided upon the bench in the absence of the other?” Such would be the answer of Mr. Baron George; had he given any other I cannot better announce my veneration for him than by saying I could not have believed him; I would have set up his character against his oath—I would have supposed that in the course of a long and laborious life his memory had been impaired. They talk of presuming acts of parliament; I would go further, I would presume a miracle rather than that the barons of the Exchequer had decided in chamber upon the statement of one party, and in court in the absence of the other. This is not only a libel on the court, but pre-eminently a libel upon the chief-baron; it represents him as advocating the case in his chamber and then deciding it upon the bench. Such a slander, I will venture to say, never was pronounced.

I now begin almost to think that the cases which my learned friend the attorney-general has brought into this court for libels upon the administration of justice were weak and trivial, and justified the mob-clamour which was raised against him on their account: the

most malignant of them was nothing compared to this. It is the peculiar misfortune of the chief-baron that the defence of his character is intrusted to those who are counsel against his claim: and I think I may demand credit when I say, that even in resisting his claim I feel it a paramount duty growing out of my veneration and respect for him, to rescue the fame of a chief-judge from the vile insinuation which has been thrown out against it. Had this been a judicial determination, my Lord Chief-baron O'Grady would have followed the example of Lord Holt—he would have sat uncovered amongst his counsel as a client in his own court. What is it that has occasioned a vacancy on that bench? Why do we now deplore the absence of the learned and upright chief-justice? And why are you, my lords, deprived of the benefit of his learning, and you, gentlemen of the jury, unenlightened by his wisdom? Because at a distance imperceptible, except to the purest eye, he foresaw the possible clashing of interest and duty, and, with characteristic delicacy, fled from the encounter. He has a chaste and lofty mind—a clean and fresh heart—not parched by the thirst of gain. He sees intuitively what is honourable, and shrinks instinctively from what is base. He conceived that the judicial atmosphere would be tainted by even the possible intermixture of private interests with public duty, and his pure spirit could not breathe it. When I thus record the conduct of my Lord Holt, and do justice to that of my Lord Chief-justice Downes, I only attribute to them what I am convinced the chief-baron himself would have done had he been to pronounce a judicial decision in the Court of Exchequer. I am bound by my respect for him to believe that he never considered this as a judicial decision. The most malignant enemy could not have devised such a charge, the most credulous enemy could not have believed it.

I am vindicating my colleague and myself from the charges of jacobinism which have been made against us. What are they founded upon? An attack is commenced upon us, asserting that we have assailed the character of the Court of Exchequer, and brought the administration of justice into contempt. I refute it, by defending the Court of Exchequer from the vile imputation attempted to be cast upon them; an insinuation which would represent the chief-baron as first labouring his brethren like an advocate in the chamber, and then deciding upon his own case in the court. But if this be a judicial determination, it stands

alone. What then becomes of all the officers sworn in heretofore for five hundred years? According to this all these admissions were judgments and judicial determinations conflicting with this. Perhaps indeed they were erroneous:—and the Hales, the Gilberts, the Burghs, the Yelvertons of former days, have been blind and infatuate, and the last decision alone enlightened and infallible.

["It had been urged by Mr. Burton that the acquiescence of the judges in the crown's appointment, afforded no presumption against the claim, because judges dependent on the pleasure of the crown would not have dared to dispute the appointment."]

Your lordships see what demonstration as to the common law is afforded by the conduct of legal persons in both countries. I have hitherto spoken only of the sister country. As to our own, I think I should be ashamed in any Irish court of justice to dismiss the subject without removing the imputation which has been flung upon the memory of the most illustrious judges in our courts. I admit that till lately (1782) the judges in Ireland were not independent of the crown. One independent judge, however, presided for many years in the Court of Exchequer, I mean Lord Avonmore. It is unnecessary in this place to speak of the learning, and the talents, and the integrity and courage of that distinguished man. If there was anything for which he was more remarkable than another, it was his passion for antiquarian research, and the accomplished perfection of his mind as a general scholar. No man recollects his name without reverence, or his person without regard. He was not, unfortunately, in worldly wealth as high as his friends could have wished. If *he* had such a right, as it is now alleged he had, why did he not exercise it? If he had the right, I deeply regret that he did not enforce it. I build much upon his example. For the short time during which Chief-baron Burgh presided he was independent. I build much upon his example. I build much on the authority of the present chief-baron himself. I do not believe an abler or a more profound lawyer ever sat upon the bench. Yet, till the death of my Lord Buckinghamshire, the idea of appointing to this office never occurred to him. The reversionary grant was no obstacle. There was not an hour during the eleven years he has been in office when, according to the present doctrine, he might not have called upon Lord Buckinghamshire as an usurper. But had he done so it would have made this difference,

that instead of being a defendant he would be obliged to be a plaintiff, and to show a title; whereas by waiting for a vacancy, and snatching a possession, he has secured what in the language of a sessions attorney is called the eleven points of the law, and puts all the world upon title, an advantage which I am sure the high mind of the chief-baron would scorn to contemplate.

I have shown your lordships three great and venerable names, Burgh, Yelverton (in whose time, by the way, there was a vacancy by the death of Lord Clonmel), and the present chief-baron. Then I go back to chief-barons who have presided in that court before the judges were declared independent: and, to use an expression already applied to our argument, I say it is but a flippant mode of disposing of men's characters to represent those high personages as temporizers and cowards who would not assert their rights because they might lose their places. Indeed the smile of Mr. Plunket when he asked you, gentlemen, whether Chief-baron O'Grady would have urged this claim if he had held his office during pleasure, shows that he was not serious. The chief-baron was bound by his duty not to abdicate the rights of his office. I will not suspect him of what I could not suspect Gilbert; I cannot imagine that there has been a dynasty of chief-barons crouching at the foot of the crown, and fearing to exercise the patronage of their situations. I cannot consent to trample on the ashes of our predecessors in order to gratify the purposes of our contemporaries. History fails Mr. Plunket in this argument. From the days of King John to the tenth of Henry VII. the judges were independent. That statute declared they should no longer be so. What is the reason given for it in the statute? That from their holding during life they had become *too bold* in misusing their authority, and therefore it became necessary to tame and reduce their spirit. What is the force of this? This—that the judges were not only not subservient cringers to the wishes of the crown, but that they adhered tenaciously to the assertion of their rights. Now, from the time of John to the reign of Henry the Seventh, a period of two hundred years, not a chief-baron was to be found—and yet we are told by the statute they were all “barons bold”—who had the courage to put on his armour, and at the head of his puisses charge the crown and trample on its prerogative. . . .

And what are those offices which are gravely

alleged to afford an analogy and an argument for the chief-baron's right to appoint the clerk of the pleas, grounded upon the reasonableness of the common law disclosed in Lord Coke's commentary upon the statute of Westminster? The menial servants of the court are the officers of whom the learned judge gives evidence. That high officer, the crier, is the first; according to Lord Coke, the court and the chief-judge are deeply interested that he should well and truly cry when he calls the witnesses to the book, and the jurors to the box, and the plaintiffs to be non-suited: then follows the tipstaff, an important personage, who beareth a black rod surmounted with silver, and chaseth away the idle boys: and last appears the court-keeper, a comely matron, belonging by the statute of Westminster exclusively to the chief-baron, and to whom no junior baron can lay claim, unless when my lord is out of town; and she too is appointed by virtue of the reasonableness of the common law, because as Lord Coke says, “the law doth ever appoint those that have the greatest skill and knowledge to perform that which is to be done.” Gentlemen, if you laugh, it is time for me to sit down. I am ashamed of this levity, but if this part of the case has become ridiculous, it is not our fault.

KIRWAN AS A PULPIT ORATOR.

Kirwan—that great man—revived if he did not create the eloquence of the pulpit. The dulness of mankind had conspired with their vices to fetter the pulpit in the shackles of in-exertion. The smallest attempt at composition was spurned at as conceited. Any approach to oratory was derided as theatrical. But the mighty powers of that man broke down the despotism of prejudice; and what was the consequence? The churches overflowed; religion disclaimed not the aid of genius. With a holy indignation he smote the mighty ones of the earth, and denounced them before God. Pride, like Felix, trembled before him. His eloquence, at once commanding and pathetic, opened all the sources of compassion, and forced all the fortresses of vice. Flinty avarice—callous profligacy—selfish ambition all melted before him: their tears and their alms flowed together. Captivity was released—the fatherless were adopted—the widow's heart sang for joy. Nor did it end here. The example was infectious. A sanctified emulation pervaded the profession—universal exertion

took place—universal benevolence has followed it, and public charity has become the characteristic. Bring me, then, the cold-hearted theologian, who tells me that oratory is anti-clerical, and I will tell him that he is unfit for his high calling, because his soul warms not his intellect in the discharge of it. He will never do the good to others which is the essence of his duty. He may serve out homilies with the phlegm of a Dutchman—he may laboriously entangle the simple tenets of the

gospel in the embarrassing mazes of a learned controversy, and profane its mysteries by presumptuous explication. He may make the prophecies a riddle, and the revelations a conundrum, and think himself, like *Edipus*, in virtue of his blindness, entitled to solve the enigma; but he is not the sanguine, the zealous, the efficient officer of God who is to turn many to righteousness, and whose reward is, that he shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BORN 1767 — DIED 1849.

[This celebrated authoress was born at Bourton Abbots in Oxfordshire, January 1st, 1767. She was the eldest daughter by his first marriage of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. He himself was born in Bath, but his family had settled in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and given name to the village of Edgeworthstown in county Longford. Shortly after 1773 Mr. Edgeworth removed with his family to Ireland, and the mansion-house of Edgeworthstown from this time became their home. Although born out of Ireland, yet the life and works of Maria Edgeworth are so closely connected with that country as to entitle her to a place in our pages. One who knew her well says, "She was to all intents and purposes Irish; so she must be considered, and so she considered herself." Her father was a man distinguished for literary taste and a turn for mechanical invention. He erected the first telegraph in England, was a member of the Irish parliament, an earnest advocate of reform, and devoted much of his time to scientific pursuits and the improvement of his tenantry. Under his care Maria soon became an accomplished scholar, and at a very early age was able to join him in various literary projects. These, however, were not given to the world at the time, and it was only in 1798 that their first joint production, *A Treatise on Practical Education*, appeared. The famous *Essay on Irish Bulls*, another joint production, was published in 1802, and at once took a high place in the estimation both of the critics and the public. In 1810 Miss Edgeworth published *Early Lessons* in ten parts, and in 1815 her father added a continuation to this work. *Castle Rackrent*, the first of Miss Edgeworth's independent works, appeared

in 1801. This tale, which in some respects is one of her best, proved a great success, and was followed for a number of years by a remarkable series, comprising *Belinda*, *Leonora*, *Popular Tales*, *Tales of Fashionable Life* (containing *The Absentee*), *Patronage*, *Harrington*, *Ormond*, &c. The rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact displayed in these works, prompted Sir Walter Scott, as he himself says, to "attempt something for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland." In her works Miss Edgeworth showed very considerable versatility, being now philosophic with wisdom, now humorous, now cleverly descriptive, now pathetic, and always master of the immediate subject in hand. She discarded the style of the trashy novel of the day, and followed simplicity and common sense alone.

The death of Mr. Edgeworth in 1817 was a severe blow to Maria. Of him she writes, "Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness, or such advantages, as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend." Mr. Edgeworth had been married four times, and left a numerous family, the care and education of whom was ever a grateful duty to his affectionate daughter. In 1820 she published his *Memoirs*, partly written by himself.

In 1822 *Rosamond*, a sequel to *Early Lessons*, appeared, followed by *Harry and Lucy* and *The Parent's Guide*. In 1823 Miss Edgeworth, with two of her sisters, visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, where they spent a fortnight. Here she was delighted with everything she heard and saw, and captivated

by the massive genius of the "man of the house." He was equally delighted with the culture yet simplicity of her manners, and the visit ended in conducting still more to their mutual respect and esteem. In 1834 appeared her exquisite and popular story *Helen*, perhaps the best of all her works. She concluded her life's work by the juvenile tale *Orlandino*.

Miss Edgeworth's name had now attained to world-wide celebrity, and in recognition of her valuable contributions to the literature of her country she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy. The value of this distinction may be estimated when it is known that but three ladies besides Miss Edgeworth have been so rewarded—Miss Beaufort, Mrs. Somerville, and Miss Stokes. The latter years of her long life, with few exceptions, were passed at Edgeworthstown, where she remained "unspoiled by literary fame, loved in the family circle which daily assembled in the library, and admired by all as a pattern of an intellectual and amiable woman." Here, too, she died rather suddenly of heart disease on the 22d of May, 1849.

Such are the leading points in the literary life of this gifted lady, whose rare modesty caused her to wish that no life of her should ever be published, and who once declared, "My only remains shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown." It is to be regretted that, for the same reason, no portrait of her exists; but we give the following sketch of her appearance from the loving pen of her friend Mrs. S. C. Hall. "In person she was very small—she was 'lost in a crowd;' her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that one never thought of her with reference either to beauty or plainness. She ever occupied without claiming attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue, very blue eyes, increased the value of every word she uttered. She knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened. She was ever neat and particular in

her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost childlike. In a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty." Of Miss Edgeworth's writings Lord Jeffrey says, "They exhibit so singular a union of sober sense and inexhaustible invention; so minute a knowledge of all that distinguishes manners, or touches on happiness in every condition of human fortune, and so just an estimate both of the real sources of enjoyment and of the illusions by which they are so often obstructed, that it cannot be thought wonderful that we should separate her from the ordinary manufacturer of novels, and speak of her tales as works of more serious importance than much of the true history and solemn philosophy that comes daily under our inspection. . . . It is impossible, we think, to read ten pages in any of her writings without feeling not only that the whole, but that every part of them was intended to do good." The circulation of Miss Edgeworth's works has been something enormous. An edition of the novels and tales was published in eighteen small volumes, London, 1832; and of the tales and miscellaneous pieces in nine volumes, in 1848.]

A YOUTHFUL PARAGON ON HIS TRAVELS.

(FROM "THE ABSENTEE.")

[Lord and Lady Clonbrony have been living in London much beyond their means. Their son Lord Colambre, imagining that he has discovered an insurmountable objection to his marriage with Miss Grace Nugent, whom he believes to be his cousin, sets off on a visit to his father's property in Ireland. He finds the Colambre estate excellently managed by the agent Mr. Burke, who, while Lord Colambre (incognito) is with him, receives a letter of dismissal from Lord Clonbrony, telling him that he is about to appoint Mr. Nicholas Garraghty agent of the Colambre as well as the Clonbrony estate. At the opening of our extract Lord Colambre is on his way to Clonbrony. Larry is the driver of the hackney chaise in which he travels.]

How much longer Larry's dissertation on the distillery laws would have continued, had not his ideas been interrupted, we cannot guess; but he saw he was coming to a town, and he

gathered up the reins and plied the whip, ambitious to make a figure in the eyes of its inhabitants.

This town consisted of one row of miserable huts, sunk beneath the side of the road, the mud walls crooked in every direction; some of them opening in wide cracks or zigzag fissures from top to bottom, as if there had just been an earthquake—all the roofs sunk in various places—thatch off, or overgrown with grass—no chimneys, the smoke making its way through a hole in the roof, or rising in clouds from the top of the open door—dunghills before the doors, and green standing puddles—squalid children, with scarcely rags to cover them, gazing at the carriage.

"Nugent's-town," said the postilion, "once a snug place, when my lady Clonbrony was at home to whitewash it, and the like."

As they drove by some men and women put their heads through the smoke out of the cabins; pale women, with long, black, or yellow locks—men with countenances and figures bereft of hope and energy.

"Wretched, wretched people!" said Lord Colambre.

"Then it's not their fault neither," said Larry; "for my uncle's one of them, and as thriving and hard a working man as could be in all Ireland he was, *afore* he was trampled under foot, and his heart broke. I was at his funeral this time last year; and for it, may the agent's own heart, if he has any, burn in —."

Lord Colambre interrupted this denunciation by touching Larry's shoulder, and asking some question, which, as Larry did not distinctly comprehend, he pulled up the reins, and the various noises of the vehicle stopped suddenly.

"I did not hear well, plase your honour."

"What are those people?" pointing to a man and woman, curious figures, who had come out of a cabin, the door of which the woman, who came out last, locked, and carefully hiding the key in the thatch, turned her back upon the man, and they walked away in different directions: the woman bending under a huge bundle on her back, covered by a yellow petticoat turned over her shoulders; from the top of this bundle the head of an infant appeared; a little boy, almost naked, followed her with a kettle, and two girls, one of whom could but just walk, held her hand and clung to her ragged petticoat; forming all together a complete group of beggars. The woman stopped and looked after the man.

The man was a Spanish-looking figure, with

gray hair; a wallet hung at the end of a stick over one shoulder, a reaping-hook in the other hand: he walked off stoutly, without ever casting a look behind him.

"A kind harvest to you, John Dolan," cried the postilion, "and success to ye, Winny, with the quality. There's a luck-penny for the child to begin with," added he, throwing the child a penny. "Your honour, they're only poor *cratures* going up the country to beg, while the man goes over to reap the harvest in England. Nor this would not be neither, if the lord was in it to give 'em *employ*. That man, now, was a good and willing *slave* in his day: I mind him working with myself in the shrubberies at Clonbrony Castle, when I was a boy; but I'll not be detaining your honour, now the road's better."

The postilion drove on at a good rate for some time till he came to a piece of the road freshly covered with broken stones, where he was obliged again to go slowly.

They overtook a string of cars, on which were piled up high, beds, tables, chairs, trunks, boxes, band-boxes.

"How are you, Finnucan? you've fine loadings there—from Dublin, are you?"

"From Bray."

"And what news?"

"Great news and bad for old Nick, or some belonging to him, thanks be to Heaven! for myself hates him."

"What's happened him?"

"His sister's husband that's failed, the great grocer that was the man that had the wife that *ow'd*¹ the fine house near Bray, that they got that time the parliament *flitted*, and that I seen in her carriage flaming—well, it's all out; they're all *done up*."

"Tut! is that all? then they'll thrive, and set up again grander than ever, I'll engage: have not they old Nick for an attorney at their back? a good warrant?"

"Oh, trust him for that! he won't go *security* nor pay a farthing for his *shister*, nor wouldn't, was she his father; I heard him telling her so, which I could not have done in his place at that time, and she crying as if her heart would break, and I standing by in the parlour."

"The *neger*!² And did he speak that way, and you by?"

"Ay, did he; and said, 'Mrs. Raffarty,' says he, 'it's all your own fault; you're an extra-

¹ Owned.

² *Neger*, quasi negro; meo periculo, *niggard*.

vagant fool, and ever was, and I wash my hands of you:' that was the word he spoke; and she answered and said, 'And mayn't I send the beds and blankets,' said she, 'and what I can, by the cars out of the way of the creditors to Clonbrony Castle; and won't you let me hide there from the shame till the bustle's over?' 'You may do that,' says he, 'for what I care; but remember,' says he, 'that I've the first claim to them goods;' and that's all he would grant. So they are coming down all o' Monday—then are the band-boxes and all—to settle it; and faith it was a pity of her! to hear her sobbing, and to see her own brother speak and look so hard! and she a lady."

"Sure, she's not a lady born, no more than himself," said Larry; "but that's no excuse for him. His heart's as hard as that stone," said Larry; "and my own people knew that long ago, and now his own know it: and what right have we to complain, since he's as bad to his own flesh and blood as to us?"

With this consolation, and with a "God speed you!" given to the carman, Larry was driving off; but the carman called to him, and pointed to a house at the corner of which on a high pole was swinging an iron sign of three horse-shoes, set in a crooked frame, and at the window hung an empty bottle, proclaiming whisky within.

"Well, I don't care if I do," said Larry; "for I've no other comfort left me in life now. I beg your honour's pardon, sir, for a minute," added he, throwing the reins into the carriage to Lord Colambre, as he leaped down. All remonstrance and power of lungs to reclaim him were vain! He darted into the whisky-house with the carman—reappeared before Lord Colambre could accomplish getting out, remounted his seat, and, taking the reins, "I thank your honour," said he; "and I'll bring you into Clonbrony before it's pitch-dark, though it's nightfall, and that's four good miles, but 'a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.'"

Larry, to demonstrate the truth of his favourite axiom, drove off at such a furious rate over great stones left in the middle of the road by carmen, who had been driving in the gudgeons of their axletrees to hinder them from lacing,¹ that Lord Colambre thought life and limb in imminent danger; and feeling that at all events the jolting and bumping was past endurance, he had recourse to Larry's shoulder, and shook and pulled, and called to him to go

slower, but in vain: at last the wheel struck full against a heap of stones at a turn of the road, the wooden linchpin came off, and the chaise was overset: Lord Colambre was a little bruised, but glad to escape without fractured bones.

"I beg your honour's pardon," said Larry, completely sobered: "I'm as glad as the best pair of boots ever I see, to see your honour nothing the worse for it. It was the linchpin, and them barrows of loose stones that ought to be fined any way, if there was any justice in the country."

"The pole is broke; how are we to get on?" said Lord Colambre.

"Murder! murder!—and no smith nearer than Clonbrony; nor rope even. It's a folly to talk, we can't get to Clonbrony, nor stir a step backward or forward the night."

"What, then, do you mean to leave me all night in the middle of the road?" cried Lord Colambre, quite exasperated.

"Is it me! plase your honour. I would not use any jantleman so ill, *barring* I could do no other," replied the postilion, coolly: then, leaping across the ditch, or, as he called it, the *grípe* of the ditch, he scrambled up, and while he was scrambling, said, "If your honour will lend me your hand till I pull you up the back of the ditch, the horses will stand while we go. I'll find you as pretty a lodging for the night, with a widow of a brother of my shister's husband that was as ever you slept in your life; for Old Nick or St. Dennis has not found 'em out yet; and your honour will be, no compare, snugger than at the inn at Clonbrony, which has no roof, the devil a stick. But where will I get your honour's hand; for it's coming on so dark, I can't see rightly! There, you're up now safe. Yonder candle's the house."

"Go and ask whether they can give us a night's lodging."

"Is it *ask*? when I see the light!—Sure they'd be prond to give the traveller all the beds in the house, let alone one. Take care of the potato furrows, that's all, and follow me straight. I'll go on to meet the dog, who knows me, and might be strange to your honour."

"Kindly welcome," were the first words Lord Colambre heard when he approached the cottage; and "kindly welcome" was in the sound of the voice and in the countenance of the old woman who came out, shading her rush-candle from the wind, and holding it so as to light the path. When he entered the cottage he saw a cheerful fire and a neat pretty young woman making it blaze; she curtsied,

¹ *Opening*; perhaps from *lucher*, to loosen.

put her spinning-wheel out of the way, set a stool by the fire for the stranger, and repeating in a very low tone of voice, "Kindly welcome, sir," retired.

"Put down some eggs, dear, there's plenty in the bowl," said the old woman, calling to her; "I'll do the bacon. Was not we lucky to be up?—The boy's gone to bed, but waken him," said she, turning to the postilion; "and he'll help you with the chay, and put your horses in the bier for the night."

No; Larry chose to go on to Clonbrony with the horses, that he might get the chaise mended betimes for his honour. The table was set; clean trenchers, hot potatoes, milk, eggs, bacon, and "kindly welcome to all."

"Set the salt, dear; and the butter, love: where's your head, Grace dear?"

"Grace!" repeated Lord Colambre, looking up; and, to apologize for his involuntary exclamation, he added, "Is Grace a common name in Ireland?"

"I can't say, please your honour; but it was given her by Lady Clonbrony from a niece of her own, God bless her! and a very kind lady she was to us and to all when she was living in it; but those times are gone past," said the old woman, with a sigh. The young woman sighed too; and, sitting down by the fire, began to count the notches in a little bit of stick which she held in her hand; and, after she had counted them, sighed again.

"But don't be sighing, Grace, now," said the old woman; "sighs is bad sauce for the traveller's supper; and we won't be troubling him with more," added she, turning to Lord Colambre with a smile.

"Is your egg done to your liking?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

"Then I wish it was a chicken for your sake, which it should have been, and roast too, had we time. I wish I could see you eat another egg."

"No more, thank you, my good lady; I never ate a better supper, nor received a more hospitable welcome."

"O, the welcome is all we have to offer."

"May I ask what that is?" said Lord Colambre, looking at the notched stick which the young woman held in her hand, and on which her eyes were still fixed.

"It's a *tally*, please your honour. O, you're a foreigner;—it's the way the labourers do keep the account of the day's work with the overseer, the bailiff; a notch for every day the bailiff makes on his stick, and the labourer the like on his stick, to tally; and when we come

to make up the account it's by the notches we go. And there's been a mistake, and is a dispute here between our boy and the overseer: and she was counting the boy's tally, that's in bed tired, for in truth he's overworked."

"Would you want anything more from me, mother?" said the girl, rising and turning her head away.

"No, child; get away, for your heart's full."

She went instantly.

"Is the boy her brother?" said Lord Colambre.

"No; he's her bachelor," said the old woman, lowering her voice.

"Her bachelor?"

"That is, her sweetheart: for she is not my daughter, though you heard her call me mother. The boy's my son; but I am *afear'd* they must give it up; for they're too poor, and the times is hard, and the agent's harder than the times: there's two of them, the under and the upper; and they grind the substance of one between them, and then blow one away like chaff; but we'll not be talking of that to spoil your honour's night's rest. The room's ready, and here's the rushlight."

She showed him into a very small but neat room.

"What a comfortable-looking bed!" said Lord Colambre.

"Ah, these red-check curtains," said she, letting them down; "these have lasted well: they were given me by a good friend now far away over the seas—my Lady Clonbrony, and made by the prettiest hands ever you see, her niece's, Miss Grace Nugent's, and she a little child that time; sweet love! all gone!"

The old woman wiped a tear from her eye, and Lord Colambre did what he could to appear indifferent. She set down the candle, and left the room; Lord Colambre went to bed, but he lay awake,

"Revolving sweet and bitter thoughts."

[When he appeared in the morning] the kettle was on the fire, tea-things set, everything prepared for her guest by the hospitable hostess, who, thinking the gentleman would take tea to his breakfast, had sent off a *gossoon* by the first light to Clonbrony for an ounce of tea, a quarter of sugar, and a loaf of white bread; and there was on the little table good cream, milk, butter, eggs—all the promise of an excellent breakfast. It was a fresh morning, and there was a pleasant fire on the hearth, neatly swept up. The old woman was sitting in her chimney-corner behind a little

screen of whitewashed wall, built out into the room, for the purpose of keeping those who sat at the fire from the *blast of the door*. There was a loop-hole in this wall to let the light in just at the height of a person's head who was sitting near the chimney. The rays of the morning sun now came through it, shining across the face of the old woman as she sat knitting: Lord Colambre thought he had seldom seen a more agreeable countenance, intelligent eyes, benevolent smile, a natural expression of cheerfulness, subdued by age and misfortune.

"A good morrow to you kindly, sir, and I hope you got the night well!—A fine day for us this holiday morning; my Grace is gone to early prayers, so your honour will be content with an old woman to make your tea. O, let me put in plenty of tea, or it will never be good; and if your honour takes stir-about, an old hand will engage to make that to your liking any way; for, by great happiness, we have what will just answer for you of the nicest meal the miller made my Grace a compliment of, last time she went to the mill."

Lord Colambre observed that this miller had good taste; and his lordship paid some compliment to Grace's beauty, which the old woman received with a smile, but turned off the conversation.

"Then," said she, looking out of the window, "is not that there a nice little garden the boy dug for her and me at his breakfast and dinner hours? Ah! he's a good boy, and good warrant to work; and the good son *deserves* the good wife, and it's he that will make the good husband; and with my good-will he and no other shall get her, and with her good-will the same; and I bid 'em keep up their heart, and hope the best, for there's no use in fearing the worst till it comes." . . .

Grace came in at this instant. "There it's for you safe, mother dear—the *lase*!" said Grace, throwing a packet into her lap. The old woman lifted up her hands to heaven, with the lease between them—"Thanks be to heaven!" Grace passed on, and sunk down on the first seat she could reach. Her face flushed, and, looking much fatigued, she loosened the strings of her bonnet and cloak. "Then, I'm tired;" but, recollecting herself, she rose and curtsied to the gentleman.

"What tired ye, dear?"

"Why, after prayers, we had to go—for the agent was not at prayers, nor at home for us, when we called—we had to go all the way up to the castle; and there, by great good luck,

we found Mr. Nick Garraghty himself come from Dublin, and the *lase* in his hands; and he sealed it up that way, and handed it to me very civil. I never saw him so good—though he offered me a glass of spirits, which was not manners to a decent young woman, in a morning—as Brian noticed after. Brian would not take any either, nor never does. We met Mr. Dennis and the driver coming home; and he says the rent must be paid to-morrow, or, instead of renewing, he'll seize and sell all. Mother dear, I would have dropped with the walk, but for Brian's arm."

"It's a wonder, dear, what makes you so weak, that used to be so strong."

"But if we can sell the cow for anything at all to Mr. Dennis, since his eye is set upon her, better let him have her, mother dear; and that and my yarn, which Mrs. Garraghty says she'll allow me for, will make up the rent—and Brian need not talk of America. But it must be in golden guineas, the agent will take the rent no other way; and you won't get a guinea for less than five shillings. Well, even so, it's easy selling my new gown to one that covets it, and that will give me in exchange the price of the gold; or, suppose that would not do, add this cloak—it's handsome, and I know a friend would be glad to take it, and I'd part it as ready as look at it.—Anything at all, sure, rather than that he should be forced to talk of emigrating: or, O worse again, listing for the bounty—to save us from the cant or the jail, by going to the hospital, or his grave, may be—O mother!"

"O child! This is what makes you weak, fretting. Don't be that way. Sure here's the *lase*, and that's good comfort; and the soldiers will be gone out of Clonbrony to-morrow, and then that's off your mind. And as to America, it's only talk—I won't let him, he's dutiful; and would sooner sell my dresser, and down to my bed, dear, than see you sell anything of yours, love. Promise me you won't. Why didn't Brian come home all the way with you, Grace?"

"He would have seen me home," said Grace, "only that he went up a piece of the mountain for some stones or ore for the gentleman,—for he had the manners to think of him this morning, though, shame for me, I had not, when I come in, or I would not have told you all this, and he by. See, there *he* is, mother."

Brian came in very hot, out of breath, with his hat full of stones. "Good morrow to your honour. I was in bed last night; and sorry they did not call me up to be of *sarvice*. Larry

was telling us this morning your honour's from Wales, and looking for mines in Ireland, and I heard talk that there was one on our mountain—maybe, you'd be *curous* to see, and so I brought the best I could, but I'm no judge."

"Nor I, neither," thought Lord Colambre; but he thanked the young man, and determined to avail himself of Larry's misconception of false report; examined the stones very gravely, and said, "This promises well. Lapis caliminaris, schist, plum-pudding stone, rhomboidal, crystal, blend, garrawachy," and all the strange names he could think of, jumbling them together at a venture.

"The *lase*!" cried the young man, with joy sparkling in his eyes, as his mother held up the packet. "Lend me the papers."

He cracked the seals, and taking off the cover—"Ay, I know it's the *lase* sure enough. But stay, where's the memorandum?"¹

"It's there, sure," said his mother, "where my lord's pencil writ it. I don't read. Grace, dear, look."

The young man put it into her hands, and stood without power to utter a syllable.

"It's not here! It's gone!—no sign of it."

"Gracious Heaven! that can't be," said the old woman, putting on her spectacles; "let me see,—I remember the very spot."

"It's taken away—it's rubbed clean out!—O, wasn't I fool?—But, who could have thought he'd be the villain!"

The young man seemed neither to see nor hear; but to be absorbed in thought. Grace, with her eyes fixed upon him, grew as pale as death—"He'll go—he's gone."

"She's gone!" cried Lord Colambre, and the mother just caught her in her arms as she was falling.

"The chaise is ready, plase your honour," said Larry, coming into the room. "Death! what's here?"

"Air!—she's coming to," said the young man—"Take a drop of water, my own Grace."

"Young man, I promise you," cried Lord Colambre (speaking in the tone of a master), striking the young man's shoulder, who was kneeling at Grace's feet; but recollecting and restraining himself, he added, in a quiet voice—"I promise you I shall never forget the hospitality I have received in this house, and I am sorry to be obliged to leave you in distress."

These words uttered with difficulty, he hurried out of the house, and into his carriage. "Go back to them," said he to the postilion: "go back and ask whether, if I should stay a day or two longer in this country, they would let me return at night and lodge with them. And here, man, stay, take this," putting money into his hands, "for the good woman of the house."

The postilion went in, and returned.

"She won't at all—I knew she would not."

"Well, I am obliged to her for the night's lodging she did give me; I have no right to expect more."

"What is it?—Sure she bid me tell you,—'and welcome to the lodging; for,' said she, 'he is a kind-hearted gentleman;' but here's the money; it's that I was telling you she would not have at all."

"Thank you. Now, my good friend, Larry, drive me to Clonbrony, and do not say another word, for I'm not in a talking humour."

Larry nodded, mounted, and drove to Clonbrony. Clonbrony was now a melancholy scene. The houses, which had been built in a better style of architecture than usual, were in a ruinous condition; the dashing was off the walls, no glass in the windows, and many of the roofs without slates. For the stillness of the place Lord Colambre in some measure accounted, by considering that it was holiday; therefore, of course, all the shops were shut up, and all the people at prayers. He alighted at the inn, which completely answered Larry's representation of it. Nobody to be seen but a drunken waiter, who, as well as he could articulate, informed Lord Colambre, that "his mistress was in her bed since Thursday-was-a-week; the hostler at the *wash-woman's*, and the cook at second prayers."

Lord Colambre walked to the church, but the church gate was locked and broken—a calf, two pigs, and an ass in the churchyard; and several boys (with more of skin apparent than clothes) were playing at pitch and toss upon a tombstone, which, upon nearer observation, he saw was the monument of his own family. One of the boys came to the gate, and told Lord Colambre, "There was no use in going into the church, because there was no church there; nor had not been this twelve-month; because there was no curate; and the parson was away always, since the lord was at home—that is, was not at home—he nor the family."

Lord Colambre returned to the inn, where,

¹ Written by Lord Clonbrony on the back of the lease promising a renewal.

after waiting a considerable time, he gave up the point—he could not get any dinner—and in the evening he walked out again into the town. He found several public-houses, however, open, which were full of people; all of them as busy and as noisy as possible. He observed that the interest was created by an advertisement of several farms on the Clonbrony estate, to be set by Nicholas Garraghty, Esq. He could not help smiling at his being witness incognito to various schemes for outwitting the agents, and defrauding the landlord; but, on a sudden, the scene was changed; a boy ran in, crying out, that “St. Dennis was riding down the hill into the town; and, if you would not have the license,” said the boy, “take care of yourself, Brannagan.” “*If you wouldn't have the license,*” Lord Colambre perceived, by what followed, meant, “*If you have not a license.*” Brannagan immediately snatched an untasted glass of whisky from a customer's lips (who cried, murder!) gave it and the bottle he held in his hand to his wife, who swallowed the spirits, and ran away with the bottle and glass into some back hole; whilst the bystanders laughed, saying, “Well thought of, Peggy!”

“Clear out all of you at the back door, for the love of Heaven, if you wouldn't be the ruin of me,” said the man of the house setting a ladder to a corner of the shop. “Phil, hoist me up the keg to the loft,” added he, running up the ladder; “and one of *yees* step up street, and give Rose M'Givney notice, for she's selling too.”

The keg was hoisted up; the ladder removed; the shop cleared of all the customers; the shutters shut; the door barred; the counter cleaned.

“Lift your stones, sir, if you please,” said the wife, as she rubbed the counter, “and say nothing of what you *seen* at all; but that you're a stranger and a traveller seeking a lodging, if you're questioned, or waiting to see Mr. Dennis. There's no smell of whisky in it now, is there, sir?”

Lord Colambre could not flatter her so far as to say this—he could only hope no one would perceive it.

“O, and if he would, the smell of whisky was nothing,” as the wife affirmed, “for it was everywhere in nature, and no proof again' any one, good or bad.”

“Now, St. Dennis may come when he will, or old Nick himself!” So she tied up a blue handkerchief over her head, and had the toothache “very bad.”

Lord Colambre turned to look for the man of the house.

“He's safe in bed,” said the wife.

“In bed! When?”

“Whilst you turned your head, while I was tying the handkerchief over my face. Within the room, look, he is snug.”

And there he was in bed certainly, and his clothes on the chest.

A knock, a loud knock at the door.

“St. Dennis himself!—Stay, till I unbar the door,” said the woman; and, making a great difficulty, she let him in, groaning, and saying, “We was all done up for the night, *plase* your honour, and myself with the toothache, very bad.—And the lodger, that's going to take an egg only, before he'd go into his bed. My man's in it, and asleep long ago.”

With a magisterial air, though with a look of blank disappointment, Mr. Dennis Garraghty walked on, looked into *the room*, saw the good man of the house asleep, heard him snore, and then, returning, asked Lord Colambre “who he was, and what brought him there?”

Our hero said, he was from England, and a traveller; and now, bolder grown as a geologist, he talked of his specimens, and his hopes of finding a mine in the neighbouring mountains; then adopting, as well as he could, the servile tone and abject manner in which he found Mr. Dennis was to be addressed, “he hoped he might get encouragement from the gentlemen at the head of the estate.”

“To bore, is it?—Well, don't *bore* me about it. I can't give you any answer now, my good friend; I'm engaged.”

Out he strutted. “Stick to him up the town, if you have a mind to get your answer,” whispered the woman. Lord Colambre followed, for he wished to see the end of this scene.

“Well, sir, what are you following and sticking to me, like my shadow, for?” said Mr. Dennis, turning suddenly upon Lord Colambre.

His lordship bowed low. “Waiting for my answer, sir, when you are at leisure. Or, may I call upon you to-morrow?”

“You seem to be a civil kind of fellow; but, as to boring, I don't know—if you undertake it at your own expense. I daresay there may be minerals in the ground. Well, you may call at the castle to-morrow, and when my brother has done with the tenantry, I'll speak to him *for* you, and we'll consult together, and see what we think. It's too late to-night. In

Ireland nobody speaks to a gentleman about business after dinner—your servant, sir; anybody can show you the way to the castle in the morning.” And, pushing by his lordship, he called to a man on the other side of the street, who had obviously been waiting for him; he went under a gateway with this man, and gave him a bag of guineas. He then called for his horse, which was brought to him by a man whom Lord Colambre had heard declaring that he would bid for the land that was advertised; whilst another, who had the same intentions, most respectfully held his stirrup, whilst he mounted without thanking either of these men. St. Dennis clapped spurs to his steed, and rode away. No thanks, indeed, were deserved; for the moment he was out of hearing, both cursed him after the manner of their country.

“Bad luck go with you, then!—And may you break your neck before you get home, if it was not for the *lase* I’m to get, and that’s paid for.”

Lord Colambre followed the crowd into a public-house, where a new scene presented itself to his view.

The man to whom St. Dennis gave the bag of gold was now selling this very gold to the tenants, who were to pay their rent next day at the castle.

The agent would take nothing but gold. The same guineas were bought and sold several times over to the great profit of the agent and loss of the poor tenants; for as the rents were paid, the guineas were resold to another set: and the remittances made through bankers to the landlord, who, as the poor man that explained the transaction to Lord Colambre expressed it, “gained nothing by the business, bad or good, but the ill-will of the tenantry.”

The higgling for the price of the gold; the time lost in disputing about the goodness of the notes among some poor tenants, who could not read or write, and who were at the mercy of the man with the bag in his hand; the vexation, the useless harassing of all who were obliged to submit ultimately—Lord Colambre saw: and all this time he endured the smell of tobacco and whisky, and the sound of various brogues, the din of men wrangling, brawling, threatening, whining, drawing, cajoling, cursing, and every variety of wretchedness.

“And is this my father’s town of Clonbrony?” thought Lord Colambre. “Is this Ireland? No, it is not Ireland. Let me not, like most of those who forsake their native country, traduce it. Let me not, even to my

own mind, commit the injustice of taking a speck for the whole. What I have just seen is the picture only of that to which an Irish estate and Irish tenantry may be degraded in the absence of those whose duty and interest it is to reside in Ireland, to uphold justice by example and authority; but who, neglecting this duty, commit power to bad hands and bad hearts—abandon their tenantry to oppression and their property to ruin.”

It was now fine moonlight, and Lord Colambre met with a boy, who said he could show him a short way across the fields to the widow O’Neil’s cottage.

All were asleep at the cottage when Lord Colambre arrived except the widow, who was sitting up waiting for him; and who had brought her dog into the house, that he might not fly at him or bark at his return. She had a roast chicken ready for her guest, and it was—but this she never told him—the only chicken she had left; all the others had been sent with the *duty fowl* as a present to the under agent’s lady. While he was eating his supper, which he eat with the better appetite as he had had no dinner, the good woman took down from the shelf a pocket-book, which she gave him: “Is not that your book?” said she. “My boy Brian found it after you in the potato furrow, where you dropped it.”

“Thank you,” said Lord Colambre; “there are bank-notes in it, which I could not afford to lose.”

“Are there?” said she: “he never opened it—nor I.”

Then, in answer to his inquiries about Grace and the young man, the widow answered, “They are all in heart now, I thank ye kindly, sir, for asking; they’ll sleep easy to-night any way, and I’m in great spirits for them and myself—for all’s smooth now. After we parted you, Brian saw Mr. Dennis himself about the *lase* and memorandum, which he never denied, but knew nothing about. ‘But, be that as it may,’ says he, ‘you’re improving tenants, and I’m confident my brother will consider ye; so what you’ll do is, you’ll give up the possession to-morrow to myself, that will call for it by cock-crow, just for form’s sake; and then go up to the castle with the new *lase* ready drawn in your hand, and if all’s paid off clear of the rent, and all that’s due, you’ll get the new *lase* signed: I’ll promise you this upon the word and honour of a gentleman.’ And there’s no going beyond that, you know, sir. So my boy came home as light as a feather, and as gay as a lark, to bring us the good news; only he was

afraid we might not make up the rent, guineas and all; and because he could not get paid for the work he done, on account of the mistake in the overseer's tally, I sold the cow to a neighbour—dog-cheap; but needs must, as they say, when old Nick *drives*," said the widow, smiling. "Well, still it was but paper we got for the cow; then that must be gold before the agent would take or touch it—so I was laying out to sell the dresser, and had taken the plates and cups, and little things off it, and my boy was lifting it out with Andy the carpenter, that was agreeing for it, when in comes Grace, all rosy, and out of breath—it's a wonder I never minded her run out, nor ever missed her. 'Mother,' says she, 'here's the gold for you; don't be stirring your dresser.'—'And where's your gown and cloak, Grace?' says I. But, I beg your pardon, sir; may be I'm tiring you?"

Lord Colambre encouraged her to go on.

"Where's your gown and cloak, Grace?" says I. 'Gone,' says she. 'The cloak was too warm and heavy, and I don't doubt, mother, but it was that helped to make me faint this morning. And as to the gown, sure I've a very nice one here, that you spun for me yourself, mother; and that I prize above all the gowns ever came out of a loom; and that Brian said become me to his fancy above any gown ever he see me wear; and what could I wish for more?' Now I'd a mind to scold her for going to sell the gown unknown't to me, but I don't know how it was, I couldn't scold her just then, so kissed her, and Brian the same, and that was what no man ever did before. And she had a mind to be angry with him, but could not, nor ought not, says I, 'for he's as good as your husband now, Grace; and no man can part yees now,' says I, putting their hands together. Well, I never saw her look so pretty; nor there was not a happier boy that minute on God's earth than my son, nor a happier mother than myself; and I thanked God, that had given them to me; and down they both fell on their knees for my blessing, little worth as it was; and my heart's blessing they had, and I laid my hands upon them. 'It's the priest you must get to do this for you to-morrow,' says I. And Brian just held up the ring, to show me all was ready on his part, but could not speak. 'Then there's no America between us any more!' said Grace, low to me, and her heart was on her lips; but the colour came and went, and I was *afraid* she'd have swooned again, but not for sorrow, so I carried her off. Well, if she was not my own

—but she is not my own born, so I may say it—there never was a better girl, not a more kind-hearted, nor generous; never thinking anything she could do, or give, too much for them she loved, and anything at all would do for herself; the sweetest natured and tempered both, and always was, from this high; the bond that held all together, and joy of the house."

"Just like her namesake," cried Lord Colambre.

"Plase your honour!"

"Is not it late?" said Lord Colambre, stretching himself and gaping; "I've walked a great way to-day."

The old woman lighted his rushlight, showed him to his red-check bed, and wished him a very good night; not without some slight sentiment of displeasure at his gaping thus at the panegyric on her darling Grace. Before she left the room, however, her short-lived resentment vanished, upon his saying that he hoped, with her permission, to be present at the wedding of the young couple.

Early in the morning Brian went to the priest, to ask his reverence when it would be convenient to marry him; and, whilst he was gone, Mr. Dennis Garraghty came to the cottage, to receive the rent and possession. The rent was ready, in gold, and counted into his hand.

"No occasion for a receipt; for a new *lase* is a receipt in full for everything."

"Very well, sir," said the widow; "I know nothing of law. You know best—whatever you direct—for you are acting as a friend to us now. My son got the attorney to draw the pair of new *lases* yesterday, and here they are ready, all to signing."

Mr. Dennis said his brother must settle that part of the business, and that they must carry them up to the castle; "but first give me the possession."

Then, as he instructed her, she gave up the key of the door to him, and a bit of the thatch of the house; and he raked out the fire, and said every living creature must go out. "It's only form of law," said he.

"And must my lodger get up, and turn out, sir?" said she.

"He must turn out, to be sure—not a living soul must be left in it, or it's no legal possession, properly. Who is your lodger?"

On Lord Colambre's appearing, Mr. Dennis showed some surprise, and said, "I thought you were lodging at Brannagan's; are not you the man who spoke to me at his house about the gold mines?"

"No, sir, he never lodged at Brannagan's," said the widow.

"Yes, sir, I am the person who spoke to you about the gold mines at Brannagan's; but I did not like to lodge——"

"Well, no matter where you liked to lodge; you must walk out of this lodging now, if you please, my good friend."

So Mr. Dennis pushed his lordship out by the shoulders, repeating, as the widow turned back and looked with some surprise and alarm, "only for form sake, only for form sake!" then locking the door, took the key, and put it into his pocket. The widow held out her hand for it: "The form's gone through now, sir; is not it? Be pleased to let us in again."

"When the new lease is signed, I'll give you possession again; but not till then—for that's the law. So make away with you to the castle; and mind," added he, winking sily, "mind you take sealing-money with you, and something to buy gloves."

"O, where will I find all that?" said the widow.

"I have it mother; don't fret," said Grace. "I have it—the price of—what I can want.¹ So let us go off to the castle without delay. Brian will meet us on the road, you know."

They set off for Clonbrony Castle, Lord Colambre accompanying them. Brian met them on the road. "Father Tom is ready, dear mother; bring her in, and he'll marry us. I'm not my own man till she's mine. Who knows what may happen?"

"Who knows? that's true," said the widow.

"Better go to the castle first," said Grace.

"And keep the priest waiting! You can't use his reverence so," said Brian.

So she let him lead her into the priest's house, and she did not make any of the awkward draggings back, or ridiculous scenes of grimace sometimes exhibited on these occasions; but blushing rosy red, yet with more self-possession than could have been expected from her timid nature, she gave her hand to the man she loved, and listened with attentive devotion to the holy ceremony.

"Ah!" thought Lord Colambre, whilst he congratulated the bride, "shall I ever be as happy as these poor people are at this moment?" He longed to make them some little present, but all he could venture at this moment was to pay the priest's dues.

The priest positively refused to take any thing.

"They are the best couple in my parish," said he; "and I'll take nothing, sir, from you, a stranger and my guest."

"Now, come what will, I'm a match for it. No trouble can touch me," said Brian.

"O, don't be bragging," said the widow.

"Whatever trouble God sends, he has given one now will help to bear it, and sure I may be thankful," said Grace.

"Such good hearts must be happy,—shall be happy!" said Lord Colambre.

"O, you're very kind," said the widow, smiling; "and I wouldn't doubt you, if you had the power. I hope, then, the agent will give you encouragement about them mines, that we may keep you among us."

"I am determined to settle among you, warm-hearted, generous people!" cried Lord Colambre; "whether the agent gives me encouragement or not," added he.

It was a long walk to Clonbrony Castle; the old woman, as she said herself, would not have been able for it, but for a *lift* given to her by a friendly carman, whom she met on the road with an empty car. This carman was Finnucan, who dissipated Lord Colambre's fears of meeting and being recognized by Mrs. Raffarty; for he, in answer to the question of "Who is at the castle?" replied, "Mrs. Raffarty will be in it afore night; but she's on the road still. There's none but old Nick in it yet; and he's more of a *neger* than ever; for think, that he would not pay me a farthing for the carriage of his *shister's* boxes and band-boxes down. If you're going to have any dealings with him, God grant ye a safe deliverance!"

"Amen!" said the widow, and her son and daughter.

Lord Colambre's attention was now engaged by the view of the castle and park of Clonbrony. He had not seen it since he was six years old. Some faint reminiscence from his childhood made him feel or fancy that he knew the place. It was a fine castle, spacious park; but all about it, from the broken piers at the great entrance, to the mossy gravel and loose steps at the hall-door, had an air of desertion and melancholy. Walks overgrown, shrubberies wild, plantations run up into bare poles; fine trees cut down, and lying on the ground in lots to be sold. A hill that had been covered with an oak wood, where in his childhood our hero used to play, and which he called the black forest, was gone; nothing to be seen but the white stumps of the trees, for it had been freshly cut down, to make up the last remittances.—"And how it went, when sold!—but

¹ What I can do without.

no matter," said Finnucan; "it's all alike.—It's the back way into the yard, I'll take you, I suppose."

"And such a yard! but it's no matter," repeated Lord Colambre to himself; "it's all alike."

In the kitchen a great dinner was dressing for Mr. Garraghty's friends, who were to make merry with him when the business of the day was over.

"Where's the keys of the cellar, till I get out the claret for after dinner," says one; "and the wine for the cook—sure there's venison," cries another.—"Venison!—That's the way my lord's deer goes," says a third, laughing.—"Ay, sure! and very proper, when he's not here to eat 'em."—"Keep your nose out of the kitchen, young man, if you *plase*," said the agent's cook, shutting the door in Lord Colambre's face. "There's the way to the office, if you've money to pay, up the back stairs."

"No; up the grand staircase they must,—Mr. Garraghty ordered," said the footman; "because the office is damp for him, and it's not there he'll see anybody to-day; but in my lady's dressing-room."

So up the grand staircase they went, and through the magnificent apartments, hung with pictures of great value, spoiling with damp.

"Then, isn't it a pity to see them? There's my lady, and all spoiling," said the widow.

Lord Colambre stopped before a portrait of Miss Nugent—"Shamefully damaged!" cried he.

"Pass on, or let me pass, if you *plase*," said one of the tenants; "and don't be stopping the door-way."

"I have business more nor you with the agent," said the surveyor; "where is he?"

"In the *presence-chamber*," replied another. "Where should the viceroy be but in the *presence-chamber*?"

There was a full levee, and fine smell of great coats.—"O, would you put your hats on the silk cushions!" said the widow to some men in the door-way, who were throwing off their greasy hats on a damask sofa.

"Why not? where else?"

"If the lady was in it, you wouldn't," said she, sighing.

"No, to be sure, I wouldn't: great news! would I make no *differ* in the presence of old Nick and my lady!" said he, in Irish. "Have I no sense or manners, good woman, think ye?" added he, as he shook the ink out of the

pen on the Wilton carpet, when he had finished signing his name to a paper on his knee.

"You may wait long before you get to the speech of the great man," said another, who was working his way through numbers.

They continued pushing forward, till they came within sight of Mr. Nicholas Garraghty, seated in state; and a worse countenance, or a more perfect picture of an insolent, petty tyrant in office, Lord Colambre had never beheld.

We forbear all farther detail of this levee. "It's all the same!" as Lord Colambre repeated to himself, on every fresh instance of roguery or oppression to which he was witness; and, having completely made up his mind on the subject, he sat down quietly in the back-ground, waiting till it should come to the widow's turn to be dealt with, for he was now interested only to see how she would be treated. The room gradually thinned: Mr. Dennis Garraghty came in, and sat down at the table, to help his brother to count the heaps of gold.

"O Mr. Dennis, I'm glad to see you as kind as your promise, meeting me here," said the widow O'Neil, walking up to him; "I'm sure you'll speak a good word for me: here's the *lases*—who will I offer this to?" said she, holding the *glove-money* and *sealing-money*, "for I'm strange and ashamed."

"O, don't be ashamed—there's no strangeness in bringing money or taking it," said Mr. Nicholas Garraghty, holding out his hand. "Is this the proper compliment?"

"I hope so, sir: your honour knows best."

"Very well," slipping it into his private purse. "Now, what's your business?"

"The *lases* to sign—the rent's all paid up."

"Leases! Why, woman, is the possession given up?"

"It was, *plase* your honour; and Mr. Dennis has the key of our little place in his pocket."

"Then I hope he'll keep it there. *Your* little place—it's no longer your's; I've promised it to the surveyor. You don't think I'm such a fool as to renew to you at this rent."

"Mr. Dennis named the rent. But any thing your honour *plases*—any thing at all that we can pay."

"O, it's out of the question—put it out of your head. No rent you can offer would do, for I have promised it to the surveyor."

"Sir, Mr. Dennis knows my lord gave us his promise in writing of a renewal, on the back of the *ould lase*."

"Produce it."

"Here's the *lase*, but the promise is rubbed out."

"Nonsense! coming to me with a promise that's rubbed out. Who'll listen to that in a court of justice, do you think?"

"I don't know, please your honour; but this I'm sure of, my lord and Miss Nugent, though but a child at the time, God bless her! who was by when my lord wrote it with his pencil, will remember it."

"Miss Nugent! what can she know of business?—What has she to do with the management of my Lord Clonbrony's estate, pray?"

"Management!—no, sir."

"Do you wish to get Miss Nugent turned out of the house?"

"O, God forbid!—how could that be?"

"Very easily; if you set about to make her meddle and witness in what my lord does not choose."

"Well, then, I'll never mention Miss Nugent's name in it at all, if it was ever so with me. But be *plased*, sir, to write over to my lord, and ask him; I'm sure he'll remember it."

"Write to my lord about such a trifle—trouble him about such nonsense!"

"I'd be sorry to trouble him. Then take it on my word, and believe me, sir; for I would not tell a lie, nor cheat rich or poor, if in my power, for the whole estate, nor the whole world: for there's an eye above."

"Cant! nonsense!—Take those leases off the table; I never will sign them. Walk off, ye canting hag; it's an imposition—I will never sign them."

"You *will* then, sir," cried Brian, growing red with indignation; "for the law shall make you, so it shall; and you'd as good have been civil to my mother, whatever you did—for I'll stand by her while I've life; and I know she has right, and shall have law. I saw the memorandum written before ever it went into your hands, sir, whatever became of it after; and will swear to it, too."

"Swear away, my good friend; much your swearing will avail in your own case in a court of justice," continued old Nick.

"And against a gentleman of my brother's established character and property," said St. Dennis. "What's your mother's character against a gentleman's like his?"

"Character! take care how you go to that, any way, sir," cried Brian.

Grace put her hand before his mouth, to stop him.

"Grace, dear, I must speak, if I die for it; sure it's for my mother," said the young man, struggling forward, while his mother held him back; "I must speak."

"Oh, he's ruin'd, I see it," said Grace, putting her hand before her eyes, "and he won't mind me."

"Go on, let him go on, pray, young woman," said Mr. Garraghty, pale with anger and fear, his lips quivering; "I shall be happy to take down his words."

"Write them; and may all the world read it, and welcome!"

His mother and wife stopped his mouth by force.

"Write you, Dennis," said Mr. Garraghty, giving the pen to his brother; for his hand shook so he could not form a letter. "Write the very words, and at the top" (pointing) "after warning, *with malice prepense*."

"Write, then—mother, Grace—let me," cried Brian, speaking in a smothered voice, as their hands were over his mouth. "Write then, that, if you'd either of you a character like my mother, you might defy the world; and your word would be as good as your oath."

"*Oath!* mind that, Dennis," said Mr. Garraghty.

"O sir! sir! won't you stop him?" cried Grace, turning suddenly to Lord Colambre.

"O dear, dear, if you haven't lost your feeling for us," cried the widow.

"Let him speak," said Lord Colambre, in a tone of authority; "let the voice of truth be heard."

"*Truth!*" cried St. Dennis, and dropped the pen.

"And who the devil are you, sir?" said old Nick.

"Lord Colambre, I protest!" exclaimed a female voice; and Mrs. Raffarty at this instant appeared at the open door.

"Lord Colambre!" repeated all present, in different tones.

"My lord, I beg pardon," continued Mrs. Raffarty, advancing as if her legs were tied; "had I known you was down here, I would not have presumed. I'd better retire; for I see you're busy."

"You'd best; for you're mad, sister," said St. Dennis, pushing her back; "and we *are* busy; go to your room, and keep quiet, if you can."

"First, madam," said Lord Colambre, going between her and the door, "let me beg that you will consider yourself as at home in this house, whilst any circumstances make it desirable to you. The hospitality you showed me you cannot think I now forget."

"O my lord, you're too good—how few—

too kind—kinder than my own;” and, bursting into tears, she escaped out of the room.

Lord Colambre returned to the party round the table, who were in various attitudes of astonishment, and with faces of fear, horror, hope, joy, doubt.

“Distress,” continued his lordship, “however incurred, if not by vice, will always find a refuge in this house. I speak in my father’s name, for I know I speak his sentiments. But never more shall vice,” said he, darting such a look at the brother agents as they felt to the back-bone—“never more shall vice, shall fraud enter here.”

He paused, and there was a momentary silence.

“There spoke the true thing! and the *rael* gentleman; my own heart’s satisfied,” said Brian, folding his arms, and standing erect.

“Then so is mine,” said Grace, taking breath, with a deep sigh.

The widow advancing, put on her spectacles, and, looking up close at Lord Colambre’s face—“Then it’s a wonder I didn’t know the family likeness.”

Lord Colambre, now recollecting that he still wore the old great-coat, threw it off.

“O, bless him! Then now I’d know him anywhere. I’m willing to die now, for we’ll all be happy.”

“My lord, since it is so—my lord, may I ask you,” said Mr. Garraghty, now sufficiently recovered to be able to articulate, but scarcely to express his ideas; “if what your lordship hinted just now——”

“I hinted nothing, sir; I spoke plainly.”

“I beg pardon, my lord,” said old Nick;—“respecting vice, was levelled at me; because, if it was, my lord,” trying to stand erect; “let me tell your lordship, if I could think it was——”

“If it did not hit you, sir, no matter at whom it was levelled.”

“And let me ask, my lord, if I may presume, whether, in what you suggested by the word fraud, your lordship had any particular meaning?” said St. Dennis.

“A very particular meaning, sir—feel in your pocket for the key of this widow’s house, and deliver it to her.”

“O, if that’s all the meaning, with all the pleasure in life. I never meant to detain it longer than till the leases were signed,” said St. Dennis.

“And I’m ready to sign the leases this minute,” said the brother.

“Do it, sir, this minute; I have read them; I will be answerable to my father.”

“O, as to that, my lord, I have power to sign for your father.”

He signed the leases; they were duly witnessed by Lord Colambre.

“I deliver this as my act and deed,” said Mr. Garraghty: “My lord,” continued he, “you see, at the first word from you; and had I known sooner the interest you took in the family, there would have been no difficulty; for I’d make it a principle to oblige you, my lord.”

“Oblige me!” said Lord Colambre, with disdain.

“But when gentlemen and noblemen travel incognito, and lodge in cabins,” added St. Dennis, with a satanic smile, glancing his eye on Grace, “they have good reasons, no doubt.”

“Do not judge my heart by your own, sir,” said Lord Colambre, coolly; “no two things in nature can, I trust, be more different. My purpose in travelling incognito has been fully answered: I was determined to see and judge how my father’s estates were managed; and I have seen, compared, and judged. I have seen the difference between the Clonbrony and the Colambre property; and I shall represent what I have seen to my father.”

“As to that, my lord, if we are to come to that—but I trust your lordship will suffer me to explain these matters. Go about your business, my good friends; you have all you want; and, my lord, after dinner, when you are cool, I hope I shall be able to make you sensible that things have been represented to your lordship in a mistaken light; and, I flatter myself, I shall convince you, I have not only always acted the part of a friend to the family, but am particularly willing to conciliate your lordship’s good-will,” said he, sweeping the rouleaus of gold into a bag; “any accommodation in my power at any time.”

“I want no accommodation, sir—were I starving, I would accept of none from you. Never can you conciliate my good-will; for you can never deserve it.”

“If that be the case, my lord, I must conduct myself accordingly: but it’s fair to warn you, before you make any representation to my Lord Clonbrony, that, if he should think of changing his agent, there are accounts to be settled between us—that may be a consideration.”

“No, sir; no consideration—my father never

shall be the slave of such a paltry consideration."

"O, very well, my lord; you know best. If you choose to make an assumpsit, I'm sure I shall not object to the security. Your lordship will be of age soon, I know—I'm sure I'm satisfied—but," added he, with a malicious smile, "I rather apprehend you don't know what you undertake: I only premise that the balance of accounts between us is not what can properly be called a paltry consideration."

"On that point, perhaps, sir, you and I may differ."

"Very well, my lord, you will follow your own principles, if it suits your convenience."

"Whether it does or not, sir, I shall abide by my principles."

"Dennis! the letters to the post—When do you go to England, my lord?"

"Immediately, sir," said Lord Colambre: his lordship saw new leases from his father to Mr. Dennis Garraghty, lying on the table, unsigned.

"Immediately!" repeated Messrs. Nicholas and Dennis, with an air of dismay. Nicholas got up, looked out of the window, and whispered something to his brother, who instantly left the room.

Lord Colambre saw the postchaise at the door, which had brought Mrs. Raffarty to the castle, and Larry standing beside it: his lordship instantly threw up the sash, and holding between his finger and thumb a six-shilling piece, cried, "Larry, my friend, let me have the horses!"

"You shall have 'em—your honour," said Larry.

Mr. Dennis Garraghty appeared below, speaking in a magisterial tone. "Larry, my brother must have the horses."

"He can't, *plase* your honour—they're engaged."

"Half a crown!—a crown!—half a guinea!" said Mr. Dennis Garraghty, raising his voice, as he increased his proffered bribe. To each offer Larry replied, "You can't, *plase* your honour, they're engaged;"—and, looking up to the window at Lord Colambre, he said, "As soon as they have ate their oats, you shall have 'em."

No other horses were to be had. The agent was in consternation. Lord Colambre ordered that Larry should have some dinner, and whilst the postilion was eating, and the horses finished their oats, his lordship wrote the fol-

lowing letter to his father, which, to prevent all possibility of accident, he determined to put with his own hand into the post-office at Clonbrony, as he passed through the town.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—“I hope to be with you in a few days. Lest any thing should detain me on the road, I write this, to make an earnest request that you will not sign any papers or transact any farther business with Messrs. Nicholas or Dennis Garraghty before you see—Your affectionate son,

“COLAMBRE.”

The horses came out. Larry sent word he was ready, and Lord Colambre, having first eaten a slice of his own venison, ran down to the carriage, followed by the thanks and blessings of the widow, her son, and daughter, who could hardly make their way after him to the chaise-door, so great was the crowd which had gathered on the report of his lordship's arrival.

"Long life to your honour! Long life to your lordship!" echoed on all sides. "Just come, and going, are you?"

"Good bye to you all, good people!"

"Then *good bye* is the only word we wouldn't wish to hear from your honour."

"For the sake both of landlord and tenant, I must leave you now, my good friends; but I hope to return to you at some future time."

"God bless you! and speed ye! and a safe journey to your honour!—and a happy return to us, and soon!" cried a multitude of voices.

Lord Colambre stopped at the chaise-door, and beckoned to the widow O'Neil, before whom others had pressed. An opening was made for her instantly.

"There! that was the very way his father stood, with his foot on the step. And Miss Nugent was *in it*."

Lord Colambre forgot what he was going to say.—with some difficulty recollected. "This pocket-book," said he, "which your son restored to me—I intend it for your daughter—don't keep it, as your son kept it for me, without opening it. Let what is withinside," added he, as he got into the carriage, "replace the cloak and gown, and let all things necessary for a bride be bought; 'for the bride that has all things to borrow has surely mickle to do.' Shut the door, and drive on."

"Blessings be *wid* you," cried the widow, "and God give you grace!"

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BORN 1775 — DIED 1847.

[Daniel O'Connell belonged to one of the most ancient and purely Celtic families in Kerry. The motto of his house was *Oculus O'Connell salus Hiberniæ*, which was regarded as fulfilled in the person of the famous "Liberator." He was born on the 6th of August, 1775, at Carhen near Cahirciveen, and in due time was sent to be educated in France, as most Irish boys of the better class were in those days. On the breaking out of the French Revolution he was removed for safety from the seminary of St. Omer to Douay, but here too anarchy followed with all its horrors, and he was at once ordered to return home. His liberty and even life were endangered in France, and it was with some difficulty he made his escape. In 1794 he entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student. Shortly afterwards some state trials at which he was present effected a revulsion in his feelings, and from being a Whig and sympathizing with the government, he became a Liberal in his sympathy with the prosecuted. After two years he was called to the bar, but a malignant fever seized him, and so little hope had the physicians of his recovery that his father was sent for. On his arrival the crisis of the disease had been reached, and in agony at seeing his son die without a parting word, the old man exclaimed, "Dan! Dan! don't you know me?" The lad opened his eyes, fixed them on his father's face and slightly pressed the hand which held his own, then fell into a profound and tranquil sleep. This was the turning-point, and his temperate habits and splendid constitution pulled him through an illness from which few would have rallied. On his complete recovery he returned to Ireland, and after a time spent in his favourite sports of hunting and fishing at his Kerry home, he took his place at the bar in the memorable year 1798. He found himself in the midst of rebellion, but with the memory of the French revolutionary policy still before him he proved his loyalty by joining a yeomanry corps got up solely by the lawyers, and was at this time, as ever after, a decided opponent of armed rebellion.

The numerous state trials of the period had no doubt a powerful influence on the mind of young O'Connell, and led him to form those opinions and adopt those measures for the re-

generation of the Irish people from which, during a long life, he never wavered. His policy aimed at the emancipation of the Roman Catholics in the first place; next the restoration of the Irish Parliament, or, as it was called, Repeal of the Union; and lastly, the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland. O'Connell made his first public speech on the 13th of January, 1800, in circumstances sufficient to shake the nerves of even a veteran orator, a party of military being present, under the command of Major Sirr, who was well known to be a lynx-eyed detector of treason. In this speech, modest and short, O'Connell stated his opposition to the union, and concluded by challenging every man who felt with him to proclaim "that if the alternative were offered him of union, or the re-enactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, who had already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners."

The greatest of O'Connell's early triumphs was on the question of the veto. This was a proposal that with the grant of Catholic emancipation, the power of veto in the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops should rest with the government. O'Connell opposed this power being vested in government on any condition; and he was supported by the mass of the people, who were alarmed for the safety of their Church. It seemed, however, as if all the powers were leagued in opposition to him. The bishops themselves declared in favour of the measure. The Protestant Liberals, led by Mr. Butler, Lord Fingal, and Grattan, supported it, and, as the final make-weight, Monsignor Quarantotti, who during the captivity of Pope Pius VII. in France acted in his place, advised the bishops to accept it. But O'Connell's eloquence and persuasion soon caused the bishops to change their mind. The people were with him already, and finally the pope himself signified his disapproval of the edict issued in his name by Quarantotti. Some of the leading men who would not yield formed an opposition society, which soon, however, sunk into nonentity. By this agitation two

important ends were gained by O'Connell: in the first place the clergy now took an interest in the politics of the country, and the people were aroused to action, to earnestness of thought, and to a belief in their own power.

In 1802 O'Connell married Miss Mary O'Connell, a distant relative of his own. To this marriage his uncle Maurice O'Connell of Derrynane objected, and even altered the disposal of some of his property in consequence, because he had set his heart on his nephew marrying a fortune. But a good wife, such as Mrs. O'Connell proved to be, was the best fortune he could have; and thirty-three years after his marriage her husband spoke of her as the comfort of his life, and his solace in all his troubles and trials.

O'Connell's success at the bar was without parallel. Mr. Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, says: "His language was clear, nervous, and fluent, but often incorrect and scarcely ever polished. Having but little of the pride of a rhetorician he subordinated strictly all other considerations to the end he was seeking to achieve, and readily sacrificed every grace of style in order to procure an immediate effect. 'A great speech,' he used to say, 'is a very fine thing, but after all the verdict is the thing.'" His professional income, which in the first year of his legal life amounted to about £58, increased rapidly year by year, till in the year after his marriage it reached £9000. Many anecdotes are related of his wonderful abilities as a pleader and of his powers in cross-examination. In one case, he was defending a man named James indicted for murder, and had up for examination a witness who would stop at nothing to criminate the accused. The witness swore positively that a hat found near the body belonged to the prisoner. O'Connell asked to see the hat, and proceeded to examine its outside, its top, its rim, and finally entered on a careful inspection of the inside. Turning it round slowly, and repeating the letters J-A-M-E-S, he said to the witness: "Now, do you mean to tell the court and jury that this name was in the hat when you found it?"—"I do, on my oath," replied the witness. "Did you see the name there!"—"I did, surely." "This is the same hat; no mistake about it?"—"Och, no mistake; it is his hat." "Now you may go down," said O'Connell, triumphantly. "My lord, there is an end of this case. There is no name whatever in the hat."

While O'Connell attended to the duties of his profession in different parts of the country

he found time to address meetings on the subject of Catholic emancipation, and became the acknowledged leader of the people. In 1806 the Whigs came into power, and as it was known that they looked favourably upon emancipation, a not unreasonable hope began to be entertained as to the ultimate success of the measure. From this time up to 1815 O'Connell was one of the hardest worked men in the kingdom, organizing meetings, keeping his followers within the bounds of the law, and at the same time conducting an enormous and ever-increasing practice. In 1811 he took the house in Merrion Square, Dublin, where he resided for the remainder of his life. In 1813 his greatest forensic speech was made in defence of Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, who was prosecuted for a libel on the Duke of Richmond. In 1815 an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which threw a cloud over O'Connell's life ever after. He had called the Dublin municipal body a "beggarly corporation." Mr. D'Esterre, who was among the poorest of the members, at once construed the speech into a personal insult, and challenged O'Connell. They met, D'Esterre was killed at the first shot, to the intense horror and remorse of his antagonist. In the same year another duel was about to take place. O'Connell in a speech before a monster meeting accused Mr. Peel, afterwards Sir Robert, of traducing him in private, and defied him to do so in public. He also called upon the police agents who were present to report to Mr. Peel, at that time chief secretary to the lord-lieutenant, what he had said. The report was duly made, a challenge followed, and a meeting was arranged through Sir C. Saxton. It was at once put a stop to by the authorities, who promptly placed O'Connell under arrest, and ordered Mr. Peel to leave for England, both being bound in heavy penalties to keep the peace. O'Connell, however, found it impossible to keep the peace with his tongue, and openly accused Mr. Peel of preferring paper war to any other. This his opponent could not tamely endure, and another duel was arranged to come off at Ostend. In consequence of information received, the authorities again interfered and put a stop to the intended meeting.

During the period from 1815 to 1819 the movement for Catholic emancipation became very feeble. There had been agitation, speeches, and promised aid from men in power, but with no result, and the Catholic party were almost in despair. It was entirely owing to O'Connell's



DANIEL O'CONNELL

After the Painting by R. M. HODGETTS

exertions that the movement did not utterly collapse. The first gleam of light through the cloud was a meeting of Protestants in Dublin for the purpose of supporting the claims of their fellow-countrymen to emancipation, and again hope took the place of despair, and the cause began to make itself heard. The visit of George IV. to Ireland in 1821 was also hailed by some as an omen of success; they vainly imagined that, now the king had come among them, their freedom was secured. O'Connell, too, on this occasion proved himself singularly short-sighted, and his flattery and deference to the monarch drew down upon him the stinging reproof of Lord Byron in his poem "The Irish Avatar."

The year 1823 saw the formation of the "Irish Catholic Association." This was organized with great care to avoid infringing the convention act and other restrictions on the expression of public opinion in Ireland. On the 4th of February, 1824, the motion for establishing the "Catholic Rent" was carried at a meeting of the association. It is noteworthy that, to form the quorum of ten necessary to pass this resolution, O'Connell induced two Maynooth students, in whom he recognized ex-officio members of the association, to enter and make up the number. This fund being universal as well as modest in its demands, enabled the poorest peasant to feel himself a helper in the good cause. In 1828 the rent reached the sum of £21,425. The total amount collected amounted to £52,266. This money voluntarily contributed was set apart for parliamentary expenses, for the cost incident upon meetings, services of the press, legal defences of Catholics and rebels, and numerous other outlays connected with the organization of the vast movement. The discipline and regularity with which the association was conducted seemed military in its exactitude, and evidenced the wide grasp of O'Connell's master mind. There were three classes who contributed to the rent—members, volunteers, and associates. The collectors were called repeal wardens, and held office under the supervision of the priests. There were badges and other insignia of office, and repeal reading-rooms and places of meeting were established over the length and breadth of the country.

As might be expected the government took alarm, and Lord Liverpool brought a bill into parliament on February 10, 1825, for the suppression of the association. O'Connell at once set out for London, and attempted to obtain a hearing at the bar of the house. Although

he failed in gaining his end, still he managed to exercise great influence on public opinion, Lord Brougham and the Liberals giving him their support. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel, however, carried the bill by a majority of 146. The act forbade holding meetings continuously for more than fourteen days, but O'Connell had little difficulty, as he said, in "driving a coach and six" through it. The old association was dissolved, and a new one formed, which arranged to hold fourteen days' continuous meetings annually, and these were most successful. The greatest triumph of the cause in 1826 was the defeat of the Beresfords at Waterford, where the people ventured to assert themselves and vote contrary to the desire of their landlords. The same year the political power of the association was shown in a petition, got up at O'Connell's suggestion, praying for the relief of the Protestant Dissenters, who suffered severely from misgovernment, although to a lesser extent than their Catholic brethren. To this document 800,000 names were appended.

In 1828 the former member for Clare, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who had lost his seat for opposing the union, was appointed president of the Board of Trade, and again stood for the county. The association had pledged itself to oppose any member of the government, and consequently refused to assist at his re-election. They even made choice of Major Macnamara, a Protestant, but he refused to contest the county. Under these circumstances O'Connell himself determined to come forward as candidate, and the result of the contest showed that he had not overestimated his influence, the majority in his favour being over a thousand. The Duke of Wellington, one of the greatest opponents of emancipation, now openly declared that matters had come to such a point that the choice of the government lay between civil war or emancipation. Consequently, on the 5th of March, 1829, Sir Robert Peel brought in his bill for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities. The bill passed the second reading in the Commons by a majority of 180, and in the Lords by a majority of 104. It comprises forty sections, and occupies eleven pages in the *Statutes*. Among other clauses it provides that Roman Catholics may sit in the Houses of Lords and Commons, on condition of their taking an oath not to subvert the sovereign, the constitution, the Protestant religion, or the settlement of property. They may hold all civil or military offices except lord-chancellor, lord-lieutenant of Ire-

land, regent, &c.; they must not assume the title of archbishop, bishop, or dean within the United Kingdom; Jesuits and members of religious communities must register their places of abode. Another act disfranchised the forty-shilling freeholders, men by whose votes mainly O'Connell was returned to parliament. On the ground that the Emancipation Act had passed since his election, O'Connell was refused a seat in the house. This was felt by the people as an insult, and because of the rebuff O'Connell afterwards cherished a bitter feeling towards Sir Robert Peel, saying that "his smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Of course he was at once re-elected; but this act of seeming spite served to modify any contented feeling on the part of the people, and induced them to demand and obtain yet more. The higher positions at the bar were now open, and many Roman Catholic barristers received the silk gown. Among these was Sheil, but O'Connell, the most deserving of all, was left out. A temporary suppression of the Catholic Association was accomplished, and power was vested in the hands of the lord-lieutenant to stop by proclamation any meeting that might appear to endanger the peace.

In the general election of 1830 O'Connell was returned for Waterford, and afterwards he represented successively Kerry, Dublin, Kilkenny, and Cork. On the fall of the Wellington ministry he entered upon more friendly relations with the Whigs, and became a power in the British Parliament. While in Ireland, he was constantly evading the proclamations of the viceroy against his associations, by dissolving them, only to be reformed under new and different names. Now it was "Volunteers for Repeal of the Union," now "Friends of Ireland," again "Anti-Union Association." O'Connell was old enough to remember the Irish parliament, which he desired to restore, and he felt that although it may have had its faults, yet it contained more men of genius and real lovers of their country than had ever been engaged, either before or since, in the ordering of Irish affairs. He also knew well that the unbribed members were for the most part opposed to the union. To further his views he established in 1839 a society which he called the "Precursor Society." It was, as its name implied, intended to lead up to the demand for repeal, but its first object was to feel its way by trying how much of "justice to Ireland" could be obtained from the Whigs and Radicals then in power.

In 1841 he was elected Lord-mayor of Dublin, and resided at the mansion-house. In that year the Whigs went out of office, and Sir Robert Peel became minister. All hope of obtaining repeal from government being therefore gone, the Precursor Society was changed into the Repeal Association. For two years this body gained ground, and attracted no particular attention from the authorities; indeed the normal state of the country for years had been agitation in some form. At length, in 1843, O'Connell ceased attending parliament, declaring that the repeal year had now come, and at once set about the work of organizing monster meetings, and getting up petitions from various Irish corporations praying for repeal. He declared the union was false, that it had been obtained by bribery to the amount of two millions and a quarter, and that it had been concluded by the weighty and unanswerable argument of twenty-nine thousand soldiers stationed in the country prepared to quell the slightest show of opposition. He pointed to their ruined trade, absenteeism, the money of the country drained out of it, and the manufactures destroyed. He showed conclusively, to his listeners at least, that Dr. Johnson's words concerning the union had proved prophetic when he said, "Sir, we shall rob you;" and above all he stated truly that five-sixths of the people desired repeal. Sir Robert Peel at the same time declared that no power or authority which the laws gave him should be neglected for maintaining the union; and Canning had declared before that the demand for repeal was as reasonable as would be a demand for the restoration of the Heptarchy. Notwithstanding this opposition the Liberator determined to proceed. He had gained one victory, and why not another? At this time the great temperance movement was occupying the minds of the people, and repeal went hand in hand with it. O'Connell himself declared he would never have dared to bring such monster meetings together without the co-operation of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

The most imposing of these meetings, perhaps the largest that has ever congregated in Ireland, was held at the Hill of Tara. This spot, associated in the minds of the people with their ancient greatness, and venerated as once the source of the poetry, the chivalry, and the royalty of the country, was peculiarly well chosen. Many of these meetings were held on Sundays. Mr. Lecky in his graphic description of them says: "At daybreak the mighty throng might be seen, broken into

detached groups and kneeling on the green sward round their priests, while the incense rose from a hundred rude altars, and the solemn music of the mass floated upon the gale, and seemed to add a consecration to the cause."

Another great meeting was held at the fatal Mullaghmast near Dublin, a place chosen for its associations in the minds of the people. Here it was that the English Lords of the Pale invited a number of Irish chiefs to a banquet; and while the feast was in progress had the hall surrounded by a body of troops, who, on a given signal, rushed in and massacred the over-confiding Irish guests. Here the people crowned the Liberator with a cap made like an ancient Irish crown. The government took the alarm, and notice of a bill for disarming the people of Ireland was given. Ships of war lay near the coast, the barracks were fortified, the military strength increased, and O'Connell was deprived of his commission as magistrate. A cabinet council was held, of which O'Connell said they were "consulting whether they would deprive us of our rights, and I know not what the result of that council may be; but this I know, there was not an Irishman in the council. I may be told the Duke of Wellington was there. Who calls him an Irishman? If a tiger's cub was dropped in a fold, would it be a lamb? . . . The council sat for an entire day, and even then did not conclude its deliberations, but adjourned till next day, while the business of the country was allowed to stand over. What had they to deliberate about? The repealers were peaceable, loyal, and attached—affectionately attached—to the queen, and determined to stand between her and her enemies. If they assailed us to-morrow, and we conquered them—as conquer them we will one day—the first use of the victory which we would make would be to place the sceptre in the hands of her who has ever shown us favour, and whose conduct has been full of sympathy and emotion for our sufferings." A monster meeting was arranged for the 8th of October, 1843, at Clontarf, and on the preceding Saturday evening a government proclamation was issued forbidding it. It has often been hinted that the government had a sinister purpose in view in thus delaying the proclamation, as the meeting had been announced a fortnight previously; it is also said that the cannon of the Pigeon House were turned upon Clontarf. The roads were already thronged with multitudes on their way to the meeting. O'Connell, with the aid of active members of the associa-

tion, took immediate measures, and by herculean efforts they managed to stay the influx of the people and send them back peaceably to their homes. The government, however, now that the first step had been taken, determined to crush the movement, and on the 14th of October warrants were issued for the arrest of O'Connell, his son, and seven of his associates, on the charge of exciting discontent and disaffection among the queen's subjects. Bail was accepted for their appearance, and in the meantime O'Connell opened Conciliation Hall for the purpose of holding meetings during the ensuing winter. This open defiance determined the government to proceed rigorously, and he was put upon his trial with the others at the Queen's Bench, Dublin, 16th January, 1844. The jury was notoriously packed, all Roman Catholics being excluded by the government prosecutor. O'Connell was found guilty and condemned to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £2000, besides giving security to keep the peace for seven years. He was conveyed to Richmond the same day, 30th of May, guarded by mounted police, and followed by crowds of sympathizers. He wrote to the people desiring them to conduct themselves quietly, and make no effort for his release. An appeal against the sentence was brought before the House of Lords in September of the same year, and although O'Connell by his strong language had given many of the members cause to treat him as an enemy, yet their sense of justice and feeling of honour rose superior to mere personal prejudice, and on the ground of a packed jury the sentence was reversed. The people of Ireland received the decision with delight, and signal-fires blazed all over the country to spread the joyful news. On 7th September O'Connell was released, and was conducted by a monster procession to his own house. While passing the old House of Parliament in College Green, he rose up in his carriage and pointed to it silently. The people felt how much that action expressed, and greeted it with loud cheers.

After his imprisonment O'Connell never again recovered his former buoyancy of spirits. He was no longer young, and mind and body were both worn down by the continuous excitement of his life. The "Young Ireland" party, or the "rash young men of the nation" as he called them, the advocates of armed rebellion, were now a power in the land, and he dreaded the misery which their extreme proceedings might bring upon his country. Blighted hopes and gloomy anticipations did their work:

he saw the great agitation for repeal slackened,—the fearful famine and pestilence of 1845–46 deeply affected his mind,—and his naturally fine constitution became completely broken down. In January, 1847, he left Ireland for the last time, and on the 8th of February he made his last speech in parliament, when his altered appearance excited sympathy even in his bitterest opponents. His had been a massive and imposing figure, his features, although not handsome, were full of good-nature and unmistakable genius; his eyes bright and piercing, and his voice deep and musical, with its brogue so melodious to Irish ears. Now his figure was shrunken, his face thin, and his head hanging upon his breast; and the once powerful voice sunk almost to a whisper, so that it was with difficulty his words could be heard. He implored the aid of parliament for his famine-stricken country: “She is in your hands,” he said, “in your power. If you do not save her she cannot save herself.” He was listened to with deep respect. Statesmen of all parties expressed their sympathy with him and the cause which he was so earnestly pleading; and her Majesty, with true goodness of heart, sent to inquire after his health.

He had been ordered by his physicians to the Continent, and having a strong desire to visit the Eternal City before his end, and possibly to die there, he set out on his journey. Even his last wish was doomed to disappointment, for he had only reached Genoa when he died, May 15, 1847. His heart, at his own request, was sent to Rome, and his body rests in the cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin. Some years later a lofty monument, in the form of an Irish round tower, was erected over his grave. On this occasion an eloquent speaker declared: “O’Connell had ever sighed to be able to extend to his Protestant fellow-countrymen the hand of perfect friendship, which only exists where there is perfect equality, and to enter with them into the compact of true peace, which is founded in justice. Time, which buries in utter oblivion so many names and so many memories, will exalt him in his work. The day has already dawned, and is ripening to its perfect noon, when Irishmen of every creed will remember O’Connell, and celebrate him as the common friend and the greatest benefactor of their country.” These words seem to have been prophetic, for in 1875 O’Connell’s centenary was celebrated throughout Ireland with the greatest enthusiasm.]

CATHOLIC ASCENDENCY.¹

They accuse us of a wish for Catholic ascendancy. Their inconsistency in the accusation is glaring and ridiculous. They first blame us for asking emancipation as a right, and they then say that we are desirous of a Catholic ascendancy. Does not the demanding emancipation as a right imply that an equality of privileges is the right of every citizen, be his religion what it may? And does not the wish for a Catholic ascendancy imply that we think no man ought to be on an equal footing with the Catholic? The absurdity is manifest: they accuse us of saying that an equality of civil privileges is the right of every citizen, of whatever persuasion; then they accuse us of saying that there should be no such thing as an equality of privileges; and they condemn us for both.

But their absurdities shall not be the ground on which we shall defend ourselves. The accusation is contrary to our feelings—to our opinions; we have already expressed our disapprobation of any connection subsisting between government and the Catholic prelates; and I am free to say that there is no event which I should consider more fatal to the liberties of Ireland than what they have called a Catholic ascendancy. Our prelates would no longer be the respectable characters in which we now revere everything that is virtuous or respectable; they would, at least, have more temptations to become otherwise; and whenever they should degenerate into the tool or the minister, then should I consider the doom of Ireland as sealed for ever.

There is, I am sure, no man of education who hears me that does not join in the opinion that I have offered; and there is none who, even in the warmest moments of enthusiasm for the prosperity of those professing the same religion with himself, that can be charged with having ever uttered a word inconsistent with it. I do not refer our enemies to the resolutions of our meetings; but let them go to the most incautious speech that ever was delivered at any of them—let them scrape together words uttered in the heat of debate—even then I defy them to find a sentence that will bear them out in their accusations. It is not necessary for them, after being foiled in the search, to betake themselves to conjecture, and to build a conclusion on their own sup-

¹ From a speech at an aggregate meeting held in Fishamble Street Theatre on 15th December, 1812.

positions of our wishes; for well they know that we have too much of Irishmen about us to conceal them, did we entertain them?

So far, indeed, from wishing for ascendancy, we do not desire that we shall be necessarily taken into any office or political employment whatever; all that we insist upon is, an enlargement of the prerogative of the crown, by which his Majesty may be allowed a wider range in search of virtue, talent, and respectability among his subjects in selecting the officers necessary in his government.

There is another circumstance of much importance, which I think it necessary to call your attention to. Everybody recollects that the last parliament was pledged—solemnly pledged—to the serious and immediate consideration of our claims. The present parliament is completely bound by the promise of the former; it is still the imperial parliament, though a few, and very few indeed, of the persons composing it have been changed. I should hope it will recollect this; it would be a most truly gross and miserable chicanery if it were to attempt a recantation, knowing as we do that not even the whole of the new members amount to near the majority which had the wisdom to decide on giving us a hearing. There is a solemn and deliberate treaty—a direct and unequivocal pledge. It is true we have known treaties violated; and it is, unfortunately, full as well attested, and that to our own knowledge, that pledges have been left unredeemed. Let them recollect the terrible confusion that ensued when a former pledge was revoked. I shall quote an authority for them, and one which they will be likely to respect, that of Sir Lawrence Parsons, now Lord Ross, as to the probable consequences which he thought were likely to result from retracting that pledge—consequences far more dreadful than I shall either look for or suppose.

When Lord Fitzwilliam came over to this country as chief governor he gave a pledge for the repeal of the Penal Laws, when, by one of those changes not unfrequent in the Pitt administration, the pledge was left unredeemed, and that patriotic earl was recalled. When the subject, however, came before the House of Commons, Sir Lawrence Parsons delivered his sentiments, and we have those remarkable expressions in the report of his speech. It is impossible to assert that it gives precisely his words; but if any report be correct I should suppose this to be, for it seems to bear great marks of care and attention.

The report states that Sir Lawrence Parsons said in the House of Commons, "If a resistance to anything would be productive of evil consequences, it was that against the wishes of the people, and the prospects which have been held out to them; that if the demon of darkness should come from the infernal regions upon earth, and throw a firebrand among the people, he could not do more to promote mischief." I hope some one will remind him of this part of his speech at the King's County meeting, which I hear he is to attend to-morrow. He continues, "He had never heard of a parallel to the infatuation of the minister;" he may see one now; "and if he persisted, every man must have five or six dragoons in his house."

And it was true; for in many houses it was necessary for the owners to have five or six dragoons, and the whole country was thrown into confusion. I hope and trust that no such consequence will ever again occur, though sure I am that such is the desire of the British minister. He wishes (to make use of the words of Christopher Hely Hutchinson) that *you should draw the sword, to afford him an opportunity of throwing away the scabbard*. Certain he was that at this very moment there was a foul conspiracy to draw the warm-hearted but unthinking people of Ireland into a sham plot, to give an opportunity of wreaking vengeance on her dearest sons.

Here he must warn his countrymen to abstain and shun, with the greatest caution, every inducement which might be held out to them for disturbances similar to these he had alluded to. Nothing would more thwart the progress of their cause; nothing, he suspected, could, for that reason, be more satisfactory to the ministry than just so much of it as would give a pretence for a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and some other violences of the same description, together with a total refusal of the claims of the Catholics. Ireland had already been taught to beware; her lesson had been stamped in letters of the best blood of her children, and assuredly now she would avoid the snare which was intended for her.

That such was the wish of certain persons in power he could not doubt. Keegan's plot was not yet to be forgotten; occurrences of the same kind had been discovered in Kilkenny and Limerick. What, too, was the reason that the garrison of Dublin was under orders to be in immediate readiness to march? Why were the matches kept lighted? Why preparations made for attack or defence? Was

it not to inspire credulous people with the idea that there was danger of an insurrection, and to induce others, who thought their wrongs almost called for it, to believe that they might soon hope to be joined by others as injured and more determined than themselves: keeping alive, on the one side, the fire of hatred, and on the other, the desire and hope of revenge.

But the people of Ireland have too much good sense to be misled by such phantoms, by such paltry contrivances. They see that a pretext is only wanting to crush them and their claims for ever, and cancel the bond in the best blood of their country; and they despise the nefarious attempts that are made upon them. They feel, too, that their cause is advancing; nothing can prevent its progress. Ireland in the meantime is tranquil, and awaits the result with confidence and hope.

The Prince Regent, in his speech from the throne, alluded to the disturbances in England. What a pity that he had not a Professor Von Feinaigle to recall to his recollection that he had five millions of peaceable subjects in Ireland, who bore their oppressions with fortitude, and who could not be goaded into disloyalty even by the foul and false calumnies which were heaped upon them. No; they had proved, and they would continue to prove, that the depraved and contemptible fabricators of those tales had mistaken their aim, and that they could no longer practise upon the credulity of their intended victims. How much it is to be lamented that his royal highness had not some person to remind him of Ireland, and to point out the contrast which so strikingly exists between the quiet and profound peace which reigns in it and that tumult in the other island which he thought it proper to notice in his speech.

I shall now conclude, entreating your pardon for having trespassed so long upon your time, and returning you my grateful thanks for the many marks of your favour which you have been pleased to confer upon me, and particularly for the attention and kindness with which you have heard me this day. I also express my most entire concurrence in the resolutions which you are about to adopt.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.¹

Your enemies say—and let them say it—that I wish for a separation between England

and Ireland. The charge is false; it is, to use a modern quotation, as “false as hell!” And the men who originated, and those who seek to inculcate it, know it to be a falsehood. There lives not a man less desirous of a separation between the two countries—there lives not a man more deeply convinced that the connection between them, established upon the basis of one king and separate parliaments, would be of the utmost value to the peace and happiness of both countries, and to the liberties of the civilized world.

Next, your enemies accuse me of a desire for the independence of Ireland. I admit the charge, and let them make the most of it. I *have* seen Ireland a kingdom; I reproach myself with having lived to behold her a province! Yes, I confess it—I will ever be candid upon the subject—I *have* an ulterior object—**THE REPEAL OF THE UNION, and THE RESTORATION TO OLD IRELAND OF HER INDEPENDENCE.** I am told that it is indiscreet to avow this intention. It may be so, but in public affairs discretion may easily pass into dissimulation, and I will not be guilty of it. And if to repeal the union be the first service that can be rendered to Ireland, as it clearly is, I for one most readily and heartily offer to postpone our emancipation, in order to promote the cause of our country.

But let me not be mistaken. It is true, as I declare, that I desire the restoration of our Irish parliament; I would sacrifice my existence to restore to Ireland her independent legislature, but I do *not* desire to restore precisely such a parliament as she had before. No: the act of restoration necessarily implies a reformation which would for ever abolish the ridiculous but most criminal traffic in the representative privileges. The new Irish legislature would, of course, be purged of all the close boroughs. The right to nominate to parliament should no longer be a matter of traffic or of family arrangement; it should not be, as it is at present, private property—so much so that I could name to you a borough in which a seat in parliament is vested by regular marriage settlement.—I could tell you the date and number of the registry in which a judge of the land and a country gentleman are trustees to raise money upon it for the benefit of the younger children of a baronet; this traffic—this most odious and disgusting traffic—should be abolished at once and for ever were our parliament restored to us.

¹ From speech delivered at a meeting held on June 29, 1813. O'Connell repudiates the accusation that he desires

separation from England, and urges upon the people the wearing of their own manufactures.

Desiring as I do the repeal of the union, I rejoice to see how our enemies promote that great object. Yes, they promote its inevitable success by their very hostility to Ireland; they delay the liberties of the Catholic, but they compensate us most amply, because they advance the restoration of Ireland; by leaving one cause of agitation they have created and they will embody and give shape and form to a public mind and a public spirit. Ireland lay in torpor till roused by the call for religious liberty. She would, I fear and I am convinced, have relapsed into apathy if liberty of conscience had been speedily conceded. Let them delay emancipation but yet a little while, and they will find that they have roused the sleeping lion of Ireland to awaking activity, which will not permit our further slumber till Ireland is herself again. They may still, perchance, think of administering the narcotic of religious freedom, which may tend to re-establish political lethargy; but only let them allow our discussions to continue, let them suffer our agitators to proceed—let the love of country and even the desire of notoriety be permitted to excite fresh agitators, and, above all, let the popular mind become accustomed to the consideration of public subjects and to the vehemence of political contest, and they know nothing of human nature who imagine that they can with a breath still the tempest that they shall have thus excited, or be able to quiet a people whom they shall have roused to a sense of their wrongs, and to a knowledge of their own strength and importance! I repeat it! The delay of emancipation I hear with pleasure, because in that delay is included the only prospect of obtaining my great, my ultimate object—the legislative independence of my native land!

I have wandered from my subject, but I have not forsaken your cause. The very calumnies of your enemies and mine lead us to the discussion of topics which it is for their own interest to bury, if they can, in eternal oblivion! The manner in which I shall refute their calumnies is by endeavouring to serve you. I cannot do that better than by tendering to you my humble but my honest advice. The present period peculiarly calls for that advice. Emissaries are abroad, agents have been employed, abundance of money and great encouragements are held out to those who may seduce you from your allegiance. Your enemies cannot put you down unless you yourselves lend them assistance. Your cause must

triumph unless you yourselves crush it. You have the fate of Ireland in your hands—upon you, and upon you alone, does it depend.

I am deeply anxious to impress upon those who hear me or may chance to read a report of what I utter—I am most deeply anxious to impress upon the minds and understandings of every true Irishman that disloyalty to his sovereign would be double treason to his country; it would be perjury, aggravated by folly, and followed by the eternal extinction of the liberties of Ireland. And what prospect could there possibly be of aught besides destruction? You would have no friends—no supporters. We, who now join you in bearing down upon our oppressors—we, who expose the hypocrites that cover their bigotry in the stolen garments of religion—we, who are ready to run every danger, to sustain every calumny and every loss and personal inconvenience in your cause, so long as you conduct that cause within the limits of the constitution—we, in whom you confide would, and *must* be found, if you violate the law, in the ranks of your enemies, and in arms!

For myself, I will tell you honestly, that if ever that fatal day arrive, you will find me arrayed against you. There will not be so heavy a heart, but there will not be a more ready hand to sustain the constitution against every enemy! . . .

I have, I own, been tedious in the advice I have given you for the regulation of your conduct, but think not that I recommend to you to submit to Orange outrage and insult. Let them go to war with you, do you content yourself with going to *law* with them. If they dare to attack the wealthy Catholic—a proceeding they are generally much too prudent to adopt, the wealthy Catholic can protect himself. If they attack the poor we are bound, and willing, to procure protection for him; on his behalf the protection of the law shall be exerted. I am able to promise it, because the Catholic Board has the rich treasury of the Irish heart to draw upon in order to procure the funds necessary to afford this protection. I repeat it, no illegal outrage shall be committed with impunity by the Orange banditti upon the poor or the hitherto unprotected. This is the first duty that we owe to the patient people.

We owe them another. We owe them the home-market; we owe them the consumption of Irish manufactures—the consumption of *nothing but Irish manufactures*.

Yes, it is a solemn duty imposed upon the Irish Catholics to give to their own countrymen the priority of their custom. One would imagine that it ought to require no argument to enforce this duty; but the melancholy fact is, that Ireland is debased and degraded, first, and principally, because Irishmen have given a perverse preference to everything that was *not* Irish. We enrich the bigots of England, and we leave our own manufacturers starving, and then we talk of our patriotism! In fact, the clothing districts in England are the most bigoted portions of it. The no-Popery cry commenced last year in the very centre of the cloth manufactory. It commenced with the dealers in cloth at Pontefract in Yorkshire, and I need only appeal to the Leeds newspaper for the absurd virulence with which persecution is advocated in that town.

Why, in that very paper I read about a fortnight ago an account of a fresh rebellion in Ireland—nay, in Dublin! As none of you heard of it, let me inform you that it actually took place. I forget the day, but that is not material. It took place in Exchequer Street. The Nottingham regiment covered it with glory! They fought the Popish rebels for two hours; the rebels ascended the houses, fired out of the windows, threw brickbats and large stones from the roofs! Two regiments of horse, three regiments of foot, the flying-artillery from Island Bridge, and the regiment of artillery from Chapelizod, all shared in the honour of the day! and, at length, the main body of the rebels retired to the Wicklow Mountains, and the residue of them went to bed in town; fortunately no person was killed or wounded, and tranquillity was restored by a miracle. Do you imagine I jest with you? No; I solemnly assure you that the story is gravely told in the Leeds newspaper. Some of the London journals have copied it, even to the scrap of bad Latin with which Yorkshire dulness has adorned it; and there is not a maker of woollen cloth at Leeds that would not swear to the truth of every sentence and every word of it.

And are these the men for whom you are making fortunes? Are there not, perhaps, hundreds that have been clothed in the “fabric of these dullest of all malignant bigots?” Probably the wretch who fabricated the lie is himself engaged in the woollen trade, and that Irish Catholics are his customers and consumers. Let us teach these drivellers and dotards that they cannot insult us with impunity. The most sensitive part of an English-

man is his purse; let us apply ourselves to this his organ of sensitiveness, and make him feel in his tenderest part the absurdity of rousing an anti-Anglican spirit amongst us; by this will you punish your enemies; but what is still more delightful, by this will you encourage and stimulate the industry of your own poor countrymen.

Let us leave to the Orangeman the produce of England. The Orangemen are the sworn enemies of Ireland, and naturally enough have ratified their alliance with England. But let us recollect that our own tradesmen are starving; that it is in vain to preach loyalty and obedience to the laws if we leave our people without employment, if we encourage English industry and thereby promote idleness in Ireland. For my own part, I have long made it a scrupulous duty not to wear anything that was not Irish; and if you will sanction so humble an example by your imitation, you will confer wealth and content upon those who, in their turn, will powerfully aid you in the pursuit of your liberties. I shall move, and I am confident you will adopt, a resolution to this effect.

I have also one resolution more to propose. I mean to move—“That the board should prepare a second petition to the legislature to take into consideration the judicial system in Ireland—the administration of the law amongst us”. We all know—and by sad experience we feel—how it is administered. It has been more than once said, quaintly and not untruly, that voting for the union did not make a man a good lawyer. We all know that it did not, but it made many men judges; and some it made judges who had never held a brief. But this is not what I complain of at present; it is something more immediately injurious; it is the profligacy that is induced by the present state of the law in the mode of selecting *juries*! I need not remind you of the care with which every Catholic is excluded from the panel—or at least from the jury—when any question interesting to us is to be tried. How carefully every envenomed bigot is congregated to pronounce a verdict of conviction by anticipation. Our petition must state these facts, and we will offer to prove them in their details. For example, we will offer to prove that a man in the class of bank director has been heard to declare in public company that he wanted no money from government; all he asked was that when they had a Papist to try they should put him on the jury.

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

BORN 1794 — DIED 1842.

[Dr. Maginn was born in Cork, July, 1794. He was almost brought up in his father's school in Marlborough Street, at that time considered a leading educational establishment in the south of Ireland. At the age of ten young Maginn was a prodigy of learning, but unlike many precocious children he never seemed to come to the limit of his mental powers—every year of his life only added to their strength. At a very early age he entered Trinity College, and after passing through his classes with distinction he graduated in 1811. In the same year he returned to Cork for the purpose of assisting his father in the duties of the school. When Maginn was little over twenty his father died, and for some years subsequently he filled his place as principal of the school. He was school-mastering at Cork when he began contributing to *Blackwood* those sketches of too much verisimilitude, in which Cork people were not slow to recognize themselves. To Mr. Blackwood he was only "Mr. Scott"; and in that name cheques were sent to him. At last he made up his mind to visit the famous publisher of *Maga*. One day he presented himself at the office of the magazine and desired in a broad Irish brogue to see Mr. Blackwood. Dr. Moir gives a very amusing account of the interview, which we quote: "On being closeted together Mr. Blackwood thought to himself, as he afterwards informed me, 'Here at last is one of the wild Irishmen, and come for no good purpose, doubtless.' 'You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume,' said the stranger. 'I am,' answered that gentleman. 'I have rather unpleasant business with you, regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are—so-and-so. Would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?' 'That requires consideration,' said Mr. Blackwood, 'and I must first be satisfied that—' 'Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that.' 'I decline at present,' said Mr. B., 'giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—of your purpose—and who you are.' 'You are very shy, sir,' said the stranger. 'I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork,' men-

tioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine. 'I beg to decline giving any information on that subject,' was the response of Mr. Blackwood. 'If you don't know him, then,' sputtered out the stranger, 'perhaps—perhaps you could know your own handwriting,' at the same time producing a packet of letters from his pocket. 'You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman.' Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr. Maginn to Mr. Blackwood, and after a cordial shake of the hand and a hearty laugh the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship."

In 1823 Dr. Maginn married, and shortly afterwards gave up his school for the purpose of devoting his time solely to literature. With this end in view he removed to London, and soon obtained employment, his first engagement being with Theodore Hook on the *John Bull* newspaper. In the latter part of 1824 he was sent to Paris in the capacity of foreign editor of *The Representative*, a daily paper published by Mr. Murray. During his residence in Paris he wrote a political novel entitled *Whitehall, or the Days of George the Fourth*, afterwards published in 1827. *The Representative* was short-lived, and on its demise the doctor returned to London, where his contributions to periodical literature were legion. Among the most admired of these were his "Vision of Purgatory," which appeared in *The Literary Souvenir* for 1828, and "The City of Demons," an enchanting tale. In the following year, in conjunction with Mr. Hugh Fraser, he projected *Fraser's Magazine*, and the first three or four numbers, which insured the success of the periodical, were entirely written by the doctor and his friend. At this time too Maginn was joint editor of *The Standard* with Dr. Gifford, and a frequent contributor to the pages of *Punch*. The gallery of literary portraits drawn by Maclise, with witty and sarcastic notices attached to each by Maginn, attracted general admiration, and created a great sensation in literary circles.

Dr. Maginn unhappily began to give way to habits of dissipation and extravagance, but these for a time did not impair his intellect,

although his biographer states that his famous "Fraserian Papers" were written in the publisher's back parlour "over such supplies of liquor as would totally incapacitate all other men from work." In 1837 his pecuniary affairs became more and more complicated, but this, instead of acting as a warning and forcing him to retrenchment, seemed to take effect in a different manner. His home lost all attraction for him, and he plunged more recklessly than ever into convivial society. The death of Miss Landon (L. E. L.), for whom he had conceived a strong friendship, seemed to affect him deeply, and for two days he was almost bereft of reason. Some of the best poems in *The Drawing-room Scrap-book*, edited by this lady, were contributed by Dr. Maginn anonymously. He now resumed his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, which a misunderstanding had for a time interrupted, and his excellent "Story without a Tail" appeared in its pages, followed by the scarcely less excellent "Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady." For the same magazine he produced the clever "Tobias' Correspondence," which was written while he was in hiding from the bailiffs. It is remarkable as containing the literary experience of his life. As may be supposed, this was both wide and varied, and he himself said it contained "the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper."

In 1837 his *Shakespeare Papers* appeared, containing criticisms on the character of the great dramatist; perhaps the most appreciative and searching that have ever been written. In 1838 the first of his *Homeric Ballads* was published, and he continued them till they numbered sixteen, the last being dictated on his death-bed to his friend Dr. Kenealy. From this year till 1840 Maginn was thrown into prison several times for debt, and his health began to fail. Notwithstanding this his serenity never deserted him, and when too ill to leave his bed he could write as clearly and vigorously as when in high health and prosperous circumstances.

In the latter part of 1840 he issued the prospectus of a work to be published in weekly numbers. It was to contain the best of his articles, poems, &c., from the different magazines, and to be entitled *Magazine Miscellanies*. But the project proved a failure, and owing to the expenses incurred by it and other pecuniary embarrassments he was again thrown into the Fleet Prison. Here his disease, consumption of the lungs, assumed a formidable character, and at length he was

prevailed upon, for the sake of his children, to take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and thus obtain his release. He frequently said he could never survive this disgrace. In the early part of 1842 he was liberated from prison, but now felt entirely broken in health, and deserted by those friends who had enjoyed his prosperity. He resided with his family at Walton-on-Thames, and continued to dictate to his daughter articles for the magazines and newspapers. Even at this stage his physician believed change to a warmer climate might have saved his life, but Maginn had not the means to obtain it. His friend Kenealy wrote a touching letter to Sir Robert Peel explaining the doctor's state. The appeal was generously responded to, and in a few days a letter arrived stating that Sir Robert had taken measures for his relief. But it came too late, for the amiable and talented Irishman died on the 21st of August, 1842. He was buried in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames.

Dr. Maginn's learning was almost past belief. German, Italian, French, and Spanish he could speak and write fluently, and he rhymed in Greek and Latin as easily as in English. "Every English periodical of mark owed somewhat of its influence and its interest to the prompt, copious, erudite, and funny pen of Maginn," says H. T. Tuckerman. "Now it was a parody and now a translation, to-day a critique, to-morrow a letter from Paris; one month a novel, and the next a political essay. Versatile, learned, apt, and facile, the genial Irish doctor made wisdom and mirth wherever he went. Too convivial for his own good, too improvident for his prosperity, he was yet a benefactor to the public, a delight to scholars, and an idol to his friends."

His personal appearance shortly before the time of his death is thus described by a friend: "He is about five feet nine inches in height, of a slender make; his hair is very gray, and he has a gentle stoop. He is quite careless about his appearance—has a gay, good-humoured look, and is as simple in his manners as a child. He behaved to me with the most perfect friendliness, just as if he and I were of the same age, and all our lives acquainted. He has a slight stutter, and is rather thick in his delivery. He is completely and perfectly an Irishman in every look, and word, and movement. Occasionally in the middle of a conversation he breaks into a tune, or hums an air of some sort. He is full of anecdote, and possesses none of that dictatorial

style which prevails with so many learned men, and renders their conversation and company tiresome."

Maginn's Miscellanies were published in New York (1855-57) in five volumes, as follows: vols. i. and ii. contain *The O'Doherty Papers*, vol. iii. *The Shakespeare Papers*, vol. iv. *The Homeric Ballads*, vol. v. *The Fraserian Papers*, with a life of the author prefixed.]

A STORY WITHOUT A TAIL.

CHAP. I.—HOW WE WENT TO DINE AT JACK GINGER'S.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex Court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison, and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit, we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candle, tables, chairs, table-cloth, napkins—no, not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons (which he borrowed from the wig-maker), tumblers, lemons, sugar, water, glasses, decanters—by-the-by, I am not sure that there were decanters—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, bread, butter (plain and melted), cheese, radishes, potatoes, and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match—Joe Macgillicuddy a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding—Humpy Harlow a sirloin of beef roast, with horse-radish—Bob Burke a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whisky of prime quality ("Potteen," wrote the whiskyman, "I say, by Jupiter, but of which many-facture *He* alone knows")—Antony Harrison half-a-dozen of port, he having tick to that extent at some unfortunate wine-merchant's—and I supplied cigars *à discrétion*, and a bottle of rum which I borrowed from a West Indian friend of mine as I passed by. So that on the whole we were in no danger of suffering from any of the extremes of hunger and thirst for the course of that evening.

We met at five o'clock—*sharp*—and very sharp. Not a man was missing when the clock of the Inner Temple struck the last stroke. Jack Ginger had done everything to admiration. Nothing could be more splen-

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did than his turn-out. He had superintended the cooking himself of every individual dish with his own eyes—or rather eye—he having but one, the other having been lost in a skirmish when he was midshipman on board a pirate in the Brazilian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days—Gad—did I ever think when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue, and study the law." All was accurate to the utmost degree. The table-cloth, to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection of the plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of delf. We were not of the silver-fork school of poetry, but steel is not to be despised. If the table was somewhat rickety, the inequality in the legs was supplied by clapping a volume of Vesey under the short one. As for the chairs—but why weary about details?—chairs being made to be sat upon, it is sufficient to say that they answered their purposes, and whether they had backs or not—whether they were cane-bottomed, or hair-bottomed, or rush-bottomed, is nothing to the present inquiry.

Jack's habits of discipline made him punctual, and dinner was on the table in less than three minutes after five. Down we sat, hungry as hunters, and eager for the prey.

"Is there a parson in company?" said Jack Ginger, from the head of the table.

"No," responded I, from the foot.

"Then, thank God," said Jack, and proceeded, after this pious grace, to distribute the cod's head and shoulders to the hungry multitude.

CHAP. II.—HOW WE DINED AT JACK GINGER'S.

The history of that cod's head and shoulders would occupy but little space to write. Its flakes, like the snow-flakes on a river, were for one moment bright, then gone for ever; it perished unpitifully. "Bring hither," said Jack, with a firm voice, "the leg of pork." It appeared, but soon to disappear again. Not a man of the company but showed his abhorrence of the Judaical practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine. Equally clear in a few moments was it that we were truly British in our devotion to beef. The sirloin was impartially destroyed on both sides, upper and under. Dire was the clatter of the knives, but deep the silence of the guests. Jerry Gallagher, Jack's valet-de-chambre, footman, cook, clerk, shoeblack, aide-de-camp, scout,

confidant, dun-chaser, bum-defier, and many other offices *in commendam*, toiled like a hero. He covered himself with glory and gravy every moment. In a short time a vociferation arose for fluid, and the half-and-half—Whitbread quartered upon Chamytton—beautiful heraldry!—was inhaled with the most savage satisfaction.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Bob Burke," said Joe Macgillicuddy, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"With pleasure, Joe," replied Bob. "What wine do you choose? You may as well say port, for there is no other; but attention to manners always becomes a gentleman."

"Port, then, if you please," cried Joe, "as the ladies of Limerick say when a man looks at them across the table."

"Hobnobbing wastes time," said Jack Ginger, laying down the pot out of which he had been drinking for the last few minutes; "and besides, it is not customary now in genteel society—so pass the bottle about."

(I here pause in my narrative to state, on more accurate recollection, that we had not decanters; we drank from the black bottle, which Jack declared was according to the fashion of the Continent.)

So the port was passed round, and declared to be superb. Antony Harrison received the unanimous applause of the company; and if he did not blush at all the fine things that were said in his favour, it was because his countenance was of that peculiar hue that no addition of red could be visible upon it. A blush on Antony's face would be like gilding refined gold.

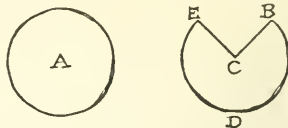
Whether cheese is prohibited or not in the higher circles of the west end I cannot tell; but I know it was not prohibited in the very highest chambers of the Temple.

"It's double Gloucester," said Jack Ginger; "prime, bought at the corner—Heaven pay the cheesemonger, for I sha'n't—but, as he is a gentleman, I give you his health."

"I don't think," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "that I ought to demean myself to drink the health of a cheesemonger; but I'll not stop the bottle."

And, to do Joe justice, he did not. Then we attacked the cheese, and in an incredibly short period we battered in a breach of an angle of 45 degrees, in a manner that would have done honour to any engineer that directed the guns at San Sebastian. The cheese, which on its first entry on the table presented the appearance of a plain circle, was soon made to

exhibit a very different shape, as may be understood by the subjoined diagram:—



(A, original cheese; EBD, cheese after five minutes' standing on the table; EBC, angle of 45° .)

With cheese came, and with cheese went, celery. It is unnecessary to repeat what a number of puns were made on that most pun-provoking of plants.

"Clear the decks," said Jack Ginger to Jerry Gallagher. "Gentlemen, I did not think of getting pastry, or puddings, or dessert, or ices, or jellies, or blanchmange, or anything of the sort, for men of sense like you."

We all unanimously expressed our indignation at being supposed even for a moment guilty of any such weakness; but a general suspicion seemed to arise among us that a dram might not be rejected with the same marked scorn. Jack Ginger accordingly uncorked one of Bob Burke's bottles. Whop! went the cork, and the potten soon was seen meandering round the table.

"For my part," said Antony Harrison, "I take this dram because I ate pork, and fear it might disagree with me."

"I take it," said Bob Burke, "chiefly by reason of the fish."

"I take it," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "because the day was warm, and it is very close in these chambers."

"I take it," said Tom Meggot, "because I have been very chilly all the day."

"I take it," said Humpty Harlow, "because it is such strange weather that one does not know what to do."

"I take it," said Jack Ginger, "because the rest of the company takes it."

"And I take it," said I, winding up the conversation, "because I like a dram."

So we all took it for one reason or another—and there was an end of that.

"Be off, Jerry Gallagher," said Jack—"I give to you, your heirs and assigns, all that and those which remains in the pots of half-and-half—item for your own dinners what is left of the solids—and when you have pared the bones clean you may give them to the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Brush away like a shoeblack—and levant."

"Why, thin, God bless your honour," said

Jerry Gallagher, "it's a small liggacy he would have that would dippind for his daily bread for what is left behind any of ye in the way of drink—and this blessed hour there's not as much as would blind the left eye of a midge in one of them pots—and may it do you all good, if it a'n't the blessing of heaven to see you eating. By my sowl, he that has to pick a bone after you won't be much troubled with the mate. Howsomever"—

"No more prate," said Jack Ginger. "Here's twopence for you to buy some beer—but, no," he continued, drawing his empty hand from that breeches pocket into which he had most needlessly put it—"no," said he, "Jerry—get it on credit wherever you can, and bid them score it to me."

"If they will"—said Jerry.

"Shut the door," said Jack Ginger, in a peremptory tone, and Jerry retreated.

"That Jerry," said Jack, "is an uncommonly honest fellow, only he is the d——dest rogue in London. But all this is wasting time—and time is life. Dinner is over, and the business of the evening is about to begin. So, bumpers, gentlemen, and get rid of this wine as fast as we can. Mr. Vice, look to your bottles."

And on this Jack Ginger gave a bumper toast.

CHAP. III.—HOW WE CONVERSED AT JACK GINGER'S.

This being done, every man pulled in his chair close to the table and prepared for serious action. It was plain that we all, like Nelson's sailors at Trafalgar, felt called upon to do our duty. The wine circulated with considerable rapidity, and there was no flinching on the part of any individual of the company. It was quite needless for our president to remind us of the necessity of bumpers, or the impropriety of leaving heel-taps. We were all too well trained to require the admonition, or to fall into the error. On the other hand, the chance of any man obtaining more than his share in the round was infinitesimally small. The sergeant himself, celebrated as he is, could not have succeeded in obtaining a glass more than his neighbours. Just to our friends, we were also just to ourselves; and a more rigid circle of philosophers never surrounded a board.

The wine was really good, and its merits did not appear the less striking from the fact that we were not habitually wine-bibbers, our devotion generally being paid to fluids more

potent or more heavy than the juice of the grape, and it soon excited our powers of conversation. Heavens! what a flow of soul! More good things were said in Jack Ginger's chambers that evening than in the Houses of Lords and Commons in a month. We talked of everything—politics, literature, the fine arts, drama, high life, low life, the opera, the cockpit—everything from the heavens above to the hells in St. James's Street. There was not an article in a morning, evening, or weekly paper for the week before, which we did not repeat. It was clear that our knowledge of things in general was drawn in a vast degree from these recondite sources. In politics we were harmonious—we were Tories to a man, and defied the Radicals of all classes, ranks, and conditions. We deplored the ruin of our country, and breathed a sigh over the depression of the agricultural interest. We gave it as our opinion that Don Miguel should be king of Portugal—and that Don Carlos, if he had the pluck of the most nameless of insects, could ascend the throne of Spain. We pitched Louis Philippe to that place which is never mentioned to ears polite, and drank the health of the Duchess of Berri. Opinions differed somewhat about the Emperor of Russia—some thinking that he was too hard on the Poles—others gently blaming him for not squeezing them much tighter. Antony Harrison, who had seen the Grand-duke Constantine when he was campaigning, spoke with tears in his eyes of that illustrious prince, declaring him, with an oath, to have been a d——d good fellow. As for Leopold, we unanimously voted him to be a scurvy hound; and Joe Macgillicuddy was pleased to say something complimentary of the Prince of Orange, which would have, no doubt, much gratified his royal highness if it had been communicated to him, but I fear it never reached his ears.

Turning to domestic policy—we gave it to the Whigs in high style. If Lord Grey had been within hearing he must have instantly resigned—he never could have resisted the thunders of our eloquence. All the hundred and one Greys would have been forgotten—he must have sunk before us. Had Brougham been there he would have been converted to Toryism long before he could have got to the state of tipsification in which he sometimes addresses the House of Lords. There was not a topic left undiscussed. With one hand we arranged Ireland—with another put the colonies in order. Catholic emancipation was severely condemned, and Bob Burke gave the

glorious, pious, and immortal memory. The vote of £20,000,000 to the greasy blacks was much reprobated, and the opening of the China trade declared a humbug. We spoke, in fact, articles that would have made the fortunes of half a hundred magazines, if the editors of those works would have had the perspicacity to insert them—and this we did with such ease to ourselves that we never for a moment stopped the circulation of the bottle, which kept running on its round rejoicing, while we settled the affairs of the nation.

Then Antony Harrison told us all his campaigns in the Peninsula, and that capital story how he bilked the tavern-keeper in Portsmouth. Jack Ginger entertained us with an account of his transactions in the Brazils; and as Jack's imagination far outruns his attention to matters of fact, we had them considerably improved. Bob Burke gave us all the particulars of his duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, and how he hit him on the waistcoat pocket, which, fortunately for the ensign, contained a five-shilling piece (how he got it was never accounted for), which saved him from grim death. From Joe Macgillicuddy we heard multifarious narrations of steeple-chases in Tipperary, and of his hunting with the Blazers in Galway. Tom Meggot expatiated on his college adventures in Edinburgh, which he maintained to be a far superior city to London, and repeated sundry witty sayings of the advocates in the Parliament House, who seem to be gentlemen of great facetiousness. As for me, I emptied out all Joe Miller on the company; and if old Joe could have burst his cerements in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Clement Danes, he would have been infinitely delighted with the reception which the contents of his agreeable miscellany met with. To tell the truth, my jokes were not more known to my companions than their stories were to me. Harrison's campaigns, Ginger's cruises, Burke's duel, Macgillicuddy's steeple-chases, and Tom Meggot's rows in the High Street had been told over and over—so often, indeed, that the several relators begin to believe that there is some foundation in fact for the wonders which they are continually repeating.

"I perceive this is the last bottle of port," said Jack Ginger; "so I suppose that there cannot be any harm in drinking bad luck to Antony Harrison's wine-merchant, who did not make it the dozen."

"Yes," said Harrison, "the skin-flint thief would not stand more than the half, for which

he merits the most infinite certainty of non-payment."

(You may depend upon it that Harrison was as good as his word, and treated the man of bottles according to his deserts.)

The port was gathered to its fathers, and potteen reigned in its stead. A most interesting discussion took place as to what was to be done with it. No doubt, indeed, existed as to its final destination, but various opinions were broached as to the manner in which it was to make its way to its appointed end. Some wished that every man should make for himself, but that Jack Ginger strenuously opposed, because he said it would render the drinking unsteady. The company divided into two parties on the great questions of bowl or jug. The Irishmen maintained the cause of the latter. Tom Meggot, who had been reared in Glasgow, and Jack Ginger, who did not forget his sailor propensities, were in favour of the former. Much erudition was displayed on both sides, and I believe I may safely say that every topic that either learning or experience could suggest was exhausted. At length we called for a division, when there appeared—

For the jug.

Bob Burke,
Joe Macgillicuddy,
Antony Harrison,
Myself.

For the bowl.

Jack Ginger,
Humpty Harlow,
Tom Meggot.

Majority 1 in favour of the jug. I was principally moved to vote as I did because I deferred to the Irishmen as persons who were best acquainted with the nature of potteen; and Antony Harrison was on the same side from former recollections of his quarterings in Ireland. Humpty Harlow said that he made it a point always to side with the man of the house.

"It is settled," said Jack Ginger, "and, as we said of parliamentary reform, though we opposed it it is now law, and must be obeyed. I'll clear away these marines, and do you, Bob Burke, make the punch. I think you will find the lemons good, the sugar superb, and the water of the Temple has been famous for centuries."

"And I'll back the potteen against any that ever came from the Island of Saints," said Bob, proceeding to his duty, which all who have the honour of his acquaintance will admit him to be well qualified to perform. He made it in a couple of big blue water-jugs, observing that making punch in small jugs was nearly as great a bother as ladling from a bowl—and

as he tossed the steamy fluid from jug to jug to mix it kindly, he sang the pathetic ballad of Hugger-mo-fane.

"I wish I had a red herring's tail," &c.

It was an agreeable picture of continued use and ornament, and reminded us strongly of the Abyssinian maid of the Platonic poetry of Coleridge.

CHAP. IV.—HOW HUMPY HARLOW BROKE
SILENCE AT JACK GINGER'S.

The punch being made and the jug revolving, the conversation continued as before. But it may have been observed that I have not taken any notice of the share which one of the party, Humpy Harlow, took in it. The fact is, that he had been silent for almost all the evening, being outblazed and overborne by the brilliancy of the conversation of his companions. We were all acknowledged wits in our respective lines, whereas he had not been endowed with the same talents. How he came among us I forget; nor did any of us know well who or what he was. Some maintained he was a drysalter in the city, others surmised that he might be a pawnbroker at the west end. Certain it is that he had some money, which perhaps might have recommended him to us, for there was not a man in the company who had not occasionally borrowed from him a sum, too trifling in general to permit any of us to think of repaying it. He was a broken-backed little fellow, as vain of his person as a peacock, and accordingly we always called him Humpy Harlow, with the spirit of gentlemanlike candour which characterized all our conversation. With a kind feeling towards him, we in general permitted him to pay our bills for us whenever we dined together at tavern or chop-house, merely to gratify the little fellow's vanity, which I have already hinted to be excessive.

He had this evening made many ineffectual attempts to shine, but was at last obliged to content himself with opening his mouth for the admission, not for the utterance, of good things. He was evidently unhappy, and a rightly constituted mind could not avoid pitying his condition. As jug, however, succeeded jug he began to recover his self-possession; and it was clear, about eleven o'clock, when the fourth bottle of potteen was converting into punch, that he had a desire to speak. We had been for some time busily employed

in smoking cigars, when, all on a sudden, a shrill and sharp voice was heard from the midst of a cloud, exclaiming, in a high treble key,—

"Humphries told me"—

We all puffed our Havannahs with the utmost silence, as if we were so many Sachems at a palaver, listening to the narration which issued from the misty tabernacle in which Humpy Harlow was enveloped. He unfolded a tale of wondrous length, which we never interrupted. No sound was heard save that of the voice of Harlow narrating the story which had to him been confided by the unknown Humphries, or the gentle gliding of the jug, an occasional tingle of a glass, and the soft suspiration of the cigar. On moved the story in its length, breadth, and thickness, for Harlow gave it to us in its full dimensions. He abated it not a jot. The firmness which we displayed was unequalled since the battle of Waterloo. We sat with determined countenances, exhaling smoke and inhaling punch, while the voice still rolled onward. At last Harlow came to an end, and a Babel of conversation burst from lips in which it had been so long imprisoned. Harlow looked proud of his feat, and obtained the thanks of the company, grateful that he had come to a conclusion. How we finished the potteen—converted my bottle of rum into a bowl (for here Jack Ginger prevailed)—how Jerry Gallagher, by superhuman exertions, succeeded in raising a couple of hundred of oysters for supper—how the company separated, each to get to his domicile as he could—how I found, in the morning, my personal liberty outraged by the hands of that unconstitutional band of gens-d'armes created for the direct purposes of tyranny, and held up to the indignation of all England by the weekly eloquence of the *Despatch*—how I was introduced to the attention of a magistrate, and recorded in the diurnal page of the newspaper—all this must be left to other historians to narrate.

BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN
BRADY.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER CONSULTATION WITH
WOODEN-LEG WADDY, FOUGHT THE DUEL WITH
ENSIGN BRADY FOR THE SAKE OF MISS THEO-
DOSIA MACNAMARA.

"At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but

with the morrow, cool reflection came—made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but unless I was quick about it he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was as flammable as tinder, that even my shooting him might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, &c., and turned out. 'I think,' said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"I remember it well during the war," said Antony Harrison, "we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst;—but it did its duty on a pinch nevertheless."

"No matter," continued Burke, "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland a *judgmatical* sort of man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good morning, to which salutation he answered by a nod, and a more prolonged whiff."

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which I received another nod, and another whiff in reply."

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me by interfering between me and the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'But the difficulty is this—he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect—we have no quarrel whatever—and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'But then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.'

"'Do not fight him then, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'Yet as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not be overlooked without disgrace.'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'But then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th, but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop where you may buy everything from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father's retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgos themselves—and when I think of that I really do not like to meet this Mr. Brady.'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"'This advice of your friend Waddy to you,'" said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, "much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy of Gray's Inn, reading to me the other day."

"I do not know the people you speak of," continued Bob, "but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

"'Why,' said I, 'Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.'

"'Well,' said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, '*in dubiis suspice*, &c. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down *head*, you fight—if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.'

"I assented.

"'Which,' said he, 'is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide!'

"'Sudden death,' said I, 'and there will soon be an end of it.'

"Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry bush.

"'I don't like that,' said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'for it's a token of bad luck. But here goes again.'

"Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came—*head*.

"'I wish you joy, my friend,' said Waddy, 'you are to fight. That was my opinion all along, though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful duelling pistols ever put into a man's hand—Wogden's, I swear. The last time they were out they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.'

"'Will you be my second?' said I.

"'Why, no,' replied Wooden-leg, 'I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days' visit, and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving himself.'

"In a short time the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout—not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection—his boots shone in the jetty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and,

as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

"'I differ,' said Major Mug, 'decidedly—the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?'

"'He certainly,' said I, 'gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.'

"'It matters nothing,' observed Major Mug, 'what you may think or she may think. The business is now in *my* hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper—let it be gilt-edged, Waddy—that we may do the thing genteelly. I'll dictate, Mr. Burke, if you please.'

"And so he did. As well as I can recollect the note was as follows:—

"'Spa Walk, Mallow, June 3, 18—.

"'Eight o'clock in the morning.

"'SIR,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d—d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"'ROBERT BURKE.

"'P.S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.'

"'That, I think, is neat,' said the Major. 'Now, seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax—and let the seal be your arms. That's right. Now, direct it.'

“‘Ensign Brady?’

“‘No—no—the right thing would be, ‘Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th Foot,’ but custom allows ‘Esquire.’ That will do.—‘Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow.’ He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.’

“The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off on the ground that he had meant no offence, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying anything but what was complimentary to her.

“‘In fact,’ said the Major, ‘he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. Sir,’ said I, ‘you either consent to fight or refuse to fight. In the first case the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman’s request is, of itself, an offence for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative.’ This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd, of his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Felmouth, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honourable a man as ever paced a ground; and I am sure that he will no more let his man off the field until business is done than I would myself.’

“‘I owe,’ continued Burke, ‘I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase at such an expense, but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; ‘but,’ added he, ‘at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed *seven*. In the meantime, you may as well divert yourself with a

little pistol practice, but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.’

“Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half-a-dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you; and at five the Major and Wooden-leg Waddy arrived in high spirits.

“‘Here, my boy,’ said Waddy, handing me the pistols, ‘here are the flutes; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.’

“‘As for dinner,’ said Major Mug, ‘I do not much care; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we come off with flying colours we may crack a bottle together by-and-by; in case you shoot Brady, I have everything arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over—if he shoot you, I’ll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend anything so ungentee as a prosecution. No. I’ll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.’

“‘I must tell you,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy, ‘it’s all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted—she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and drive five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.’

“I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathize much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying

on the table before him from the beginning of dinner—started up—clapped me on the shoulder, and declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action—a field close by the castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like game-cocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One betted on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humoured joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favourite for being shot; and I heard one fellow near me say, 'Three to two on Burke, that he's shot first—I bet in ten-pennies.'

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentlemanlike mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals—the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"'What do you propose,' said he to my second—'What do you propose to do, Major?'

"'As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,' said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"'I agree with you,' said Captain Codd.

"'If your party will apologize,' said Major Mug, 'I'll take my man off the ground.'

"'Certainly,' said Captain Codd, 'you are

quite right, Major, in asking the apology, but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"'You are correct, Captain,' said the Major. 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologize to Mr. Burke.'

"'I as formally refuse it,' said Captain Codd.

"'We must have another shot, then,' said the Major.

"'Another shot, by all means,' said the Captain.

"'Captain Codd,' said the Major, 'you have shown yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"'He who would dare to say,' replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service, would speak what is untrue.'

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin, Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out—

"'I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.'

"'The thing is impossible, sir,' said Major Mug.

"'Perfectly impossible, sir,' said Captain Codd.

"'Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,' shouted Purdon; 'Bob, I *must* speak to you.'

"'It is contrary to all regulation,' said the Major.

"'Quite contrary,' said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. 'Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?' said he to me in a whisper.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'And she is to marry the survivor, I understand.

"'So I am told,' said I.

"'Back out, Bob, then; back out, at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.'

"'Married!' I exclaimed.

"'Poz,' said he, 'I drew the articles my-

¹ Mick Macnamara was an old bachelor uncle of the lady's, whose wealth she expected to inherit.

self. He married his house-maid, a girl of eighteen; and"—here he whispered.

"What," I cried, 'six months!'

"Six months," said he, 'and no mistake.'

"Ensign Brady," said I, immediately coming forward, 'there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honourable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honour and a gentleman, and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.'

"Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

"My dear Burke," said he, 'it must have been a mistake; let us swear eternal friendship.'

"For ever," said I, 'I resign you Miss Theodosia.'

"You are too generous," he said, 'but I cannot abuse your generosity.'

"It is unprecedented conduct," growled Major Mug. 'I'll never be a second to a *Pekin* again.'

"My principal leaves the ground with honour," said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

"Humph!" grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

"The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valour did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael's and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dossy's. His renown for valour won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac. opposed, but the red-coat prevailed.

"He may rise to be a general," said Dossy, 'and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.'

"Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady," said the ensign.

"Beautiful prospect!" cried Dossy, 'Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!'

"But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dossy and the Ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they were not happy, why, then you and I may. They have had eleven children, and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland Basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th."

THE BEATEN BEGGARMAN.

ODYSSEY, XVIII. 1-116.

FROM "HOMERIC BALLADS."

[Ulysses (Odysseus), after an absence of twenty years, comes to the gate of his royal residence at Ithaca disguised as a mendicant. Irus a town-beggar resents the intrusion, and seeks to drive him off. A fight ensues, in which Irus is defeated, in the presence of the suitors of Penelope the wife of Ulysses.]

There came the public beggarman, who all through the town

Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged up and down;

Huge was his stomach, without cease for meat and drink craved he;

No strength, no force his body had, tho' vast it was to see.

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus, at his birth;

But Irus was the nickname given by gallants in their mirth,

For he, where'er they chose to send, their speedy errands bore,

And now he thought to drive away Odysseus from his door.

"Depart, old man! and quit the porch," he cried, with insult coarse,

"Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be dragged away by force:

Dost thou not see, how here on me, their eyes are turned by all,

In sign to bid me stay no more, but drag me from the hall?

"'Tis only shame that holds me back; so get thee up and go!

Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat blow for blow."

Odysseus said, as stern he looked, with angry glance, "My friend,

Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to thee intend.

"I grudge not whatsoe'er is given, how great may be the dole,

The threshold is full large for both; be not of envious soul.

It seems 'tis thine, as well as mine, a wanderer's life to live,

And to the gods alone belongs a store of wealth to give.

"But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse my angry mood;—

Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain my hands with blood.

To-morrow free I then from thee the day in peace
would spend,
For never more to gain these walls thy beaten
limbs would bend."

"Heavens! how this glutton glibly talks," the
vagrant Irus cried;

"Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked at the
chimney side.

If I should smite him, from his mouth the shattered
teeth were torn,

As from the jaws of plundering swine, caught
rooting up the corn.

"Come, gird thee for the fight, that they our con-
test may behold,

If thou'lt expose to younger arms thy body frail
and old."

So in debate engaged they sate upon the threshold
stone,

Before the palace' lofty gate wrangling in angry
tone.

Antinous marked, and with a laugh the suitors he
addressed:

"Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay a
cause of jest;

Some god, intent on sport, has sent this stranger
to our hall,

And he and Irus mean to fight: so set we on the
brawl."

Gay laughed the guests and straight arose, on
frolic errand bound,

About the ragged beggarmen a ring they made
around.

Antinous cries, "A fitting prize for the combat I
require,

Paunches of goat you see are here now lying on
the fire;

"This dainty food all full of blood, and fat of
savoury taste,

Intended for our evening's meal there to be
cooked we placed.

Whichever of these champions bold may chance
to win the day,

Be he allowed which paunch he will to choose and
bear away.

And he shall at our board henceforth partake our
genial cheer,

No other beggarman allowed the table to come
near."

They all agreed, and then upspoke the chief of
many a wile:

"Hard is it when ye match with youth age over-
run with toil;

The belly, counsellor of ill, constrains me now
to go,

Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a heavy
blow.

"But plight your troth with solemn oath, that
none will raise his hand

My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before him
stand."

They took the covenant it had pleased Odysseus
to propose;

And his word to plight the sacred might of Tele-
machus arose.

"If," he exclaimed, "thy spirit bold, and thy
courageous heart

Should urge thee from the palace gate to force this
man to part,

Thou needst not fear that any here will strike a
fraudful blow;

Who thus would dare his hand to rear must fight
with many a foe.

"Upon me falls within these halls the stranger's
help to be;

Antinous and Eurymachus, both wise, will join
with me."

All gave assent, and round his loins his rags
Odysseus tied:

Then was displayed each shoulder-blade of ample
form and wide.

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to sight
confessed,

So were his arms of muscle strong, so was his
brawny breast;

Athene close at hand each limb to nobler stature
swelled;

In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when they
his form beheld.

"Irus un-Irused now," they said, "will catch his
sought-for woe;

Judge by the hips which from his rags this old
man stripped can show."

And Irus trembled in his soul; but soon the ser-
vants came,

Girt him by force, and to the fight dragged on his
quivering frame.

There as he shook in every limb, Antinous spoke
in scorn:

"'Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that thou
hadst ne'er been born,

If thus thou quake and trembling shake, o'ercome
with coward fear,

Of meeting with this aged man, worn down with
toil severe.

"I warn thee thus, and shall perform full surely
what I say,

If, conqueror in the fight, his arm shall chance to
win the day,

Epirus-ward thou hence shalt sail, in sable bark
consigned

To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all man-
kind.

"He'll soon deface all manly trace with unrelenting steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for hungry dogs a meal."

He spoke, and with those threatening words filled Irus with fresh dread;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the midst was led.

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt passed through Odysseus' brain
Should he strike him so, that a single blow would lay him with the slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate upon the ground:
On pondering well, this latter course the wiser one he found.

For if his strength was fully shown, he knew that all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despite his mean disguise.

Irus the king's right shoulder hit, then he with smashing stroke
Returned a blow beneath the ear, and every bone was broke.

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood; down to the dust he dashed,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his teeth to pieces crashed.

There lay he, kicking on the earth; meanwhile the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in laughter loud.

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him through the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against the boundary wall.

He placed a wand within his hand, and said,
"The task is thine,
There seated with this staff, to drive away the dogs and swine;

"But on the stranger and the poor never again presume
To act as lord, else, villain base, thine may be heavier doom."

So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak, to tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back to his seat he went.

Back to the threshold, while within uprose the laughter gay,
And with kind words was hailed the man who conquered in the fray.

"May Zeus and all the other gods, O stranger! grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, whatever suits thy will.

"Thy hand has checked the beggar bold, ne'er to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across the main,

Epirus-ward, to Echetus, terror of all mankind,"
So spoke they, and the king received the omen glad of mind.

THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY: A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"The Jolly Miller."

Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum?—HOR.

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
So often his favourite theme;
If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic
And Falernian to gulp in a stream;
If Falstaff's vagaries 'bout Sack and Canaries
Have pleased us again and again;
Shall we not make merry on Port, Claret, or Sherry,
Madeira, and sparkling Champagne?

First Port, that potation preferred by our nation
To all the small drink of the French;
'Tis the best standing liquor for layman or vicar,
The army, the navy, the bench;
'Tis strong and substantial, believe me, no man
Good Port from my dining-room send; [shall
In your soup—after cheese—every way it will
But most, tête-à-tête with a friend. [please,

TOPORIS GLORIA: A LATIN MELODY.

To a tune for itself, lately discovered in Herculeaneum
—being an ancient Roman air—or, if not, quite
as good.

Cum jollificatione boisterosâ, *i.e.* with boisterous
jollification.

Si Horatio Flacco de hilari Baccho
Mos carmina esset cantare,
Si Massica vina vocaret divina,
Falernaque sciret potarc;
Si nos juvat mirè Falstaffium audire
Laudentum Hispanicum merum,
Cor nostrum sit lætum, ob Portum Claretum,
Xerense, Campanum, Maderum.

Est Portum potatio quam Anglica natio
Vinis Gallicæ prætulit lautis:—
Sacerdote amator—et laicis potatur
Consultis, militibus, nautis.
Si meum conclave hoc forte et suave
Vitaverit, essem iniquus,
Post casum—in jure—placebit secure
Præsertim cum adsit amicus.

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they dismissed
 To the kitchen to flavour the jellies— [her
 There long she was banish'd, and well nigh had van-
 To comfort the kitchen maids' bellies; [ished
 Till his Majesty fixt, he thought Sherry when sixty
 Years old like himself quite the thing;
 So I think it but proper, to fill a tip-topper
 Of Sherry to drink to the king.

Though your delicate Claret, by no means goes
 Is famed for its exquisite flavour; [far, it
 'Tis a nice provocation to *wise* conversation,
 Queer blarney, or harmless palaver;
 'Tis the bond of society—no inebriety
 Follows a swig of the Blue;
 One may drink a whole ocean, but ne'er feel com-
 Or headache from Chateau Margoux. [motion

But though Claret is pleasant, to taste for the pre-
 On the stomach it sometimes feels cold; [sent
 So to keep it all clever, and comfort your liver,
 Take a glass of Madeira that's old;
 When 't has sailed for the Indies, a cure for all
 And cholic 'twill put to the rout; [wind 'tis,
 All doctors declare a good glass of Madeira
 The best of all things for the gout.

Then Champagne! dear Champagne! ah! how glad-
 Whole bottle of Oeil de Perdrix; [ly I drain a
 To the eye of my charmer, to make my love war-
 If cool that love ever could be. [mer,
 I could toast her for ever—but never, oh, never
 Would I her dear name so profane;
 So, if e'er when I'm tipsy, it slips to my lips, I
 Wash it back to my heart with Champagne!

Huic quamvis cognatum, Xerense damnatum,
 Gelatû culinâ tingebat,
 Vinum exul ibique dum coquo cuique
 Generosum liquorem præbebat.
 Sed a rege probatum est valdè pergratum
 Cum (ut ipse) sexagenarium—
 Largè ergo implendum, regiæ bibendum
 Opinor est nunc necessarium.

Claretum, oh! quamvis haud forte (deest nam vis)
 Divina sapore notatur;
 Hinc dulcia dicuntur—faceta nascuntur—
 Leniterque philosophizatur.
 Socialis potatio! te haud fregit ratio
 Purpureo decoram colore!
 Tui maximum mare liceret potare
 Sine mentis frontisvé dolore.

Etsi vero in præsentî Claretum bibenti
 Videatur imprimis jucundum,
 Cito venter frigescat—quod ut statim decrescat
 Vetus vinum Maderum adeundum.
 Indos si navigârît, vento corpus levârît,
 Colicamquè fugârît hoc merum;
 Podâgrâ cruciato "Vinum optimum dato
 Clamant medici docti Maderum."

Campanum! Campanum! quo gaudio lagenam
 Ocelli *Perdricis* sorberem!
 Ad dominæ oculum exhauriam poculum
 Tali philtro si unquam egerem—
 Propinarem divinam—sed peream si sinam
 Nomen carum ut sic profanatur,
 Et si cum Bacchus urget, ad labia surgit
 Campano ad cor revoletur.

JOHN BANIM.

BORN 1798—DIED 1844.

[This popular delineator of Irish character, whose name is best known as joint-author with his brother Michael of *Tales by the O'Hara Family*, was born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798. His father was a respectable farmer and trader, in sufficiently easy circumstances to afford his sons a good education. Instances of John's precocity are numerous, and when only ten years old he had written a romance and some poetry. His progress at the school of Mr. Buchanan of Kilkenny was marked and rapid, and at thirteen he was sufficiently advanced to enter the college of his native town. Here his decided talent as a sketcher and painter first developed itself, and when his father gave him a choice of professions he determined to become an artist. In 1814 he

proceeded to Dublin, and there entered the Royal Academy, where he made excellent progress in his art studies. After two years he returned to Kilkenny, and began life as a teacher of drawing. At the same time his early taste for literature manifested itself in his frequent contributions of poems and sketches to the local periodicals.

Mr. Banim's life has been called unfortunate, and no doubt vicissitudes which would but slightly affect a less sensitive nature fell heavily upon him. His first serious trouble was the death of a young lady—one of his pupils—to whom he was engaged. This blow affected his mind so deeply that his health was permanently injured, and he passed some years in an aimless and hopeless manner nearly akin

to despair. At length, by the advice of his friends, he resolved to try both change of scene and employment, and in 1820 he removed to Dublin, and relinquished his profession of art for that of literature. At this time his contributions to periodical literature became very numerous, and were continued throughout his whole career. Were it now possible to identify these, many of them would probably add little to his fame as an author, as they were for the most part written hurriedly as a means of gaining a living. But, among the sketches a few on theatrical topics, written over the signature of "A Traveller," and appearing in a Limerick journal, were remarked as particularly clever. In 1821 he published *The Celt's Paradise*, a poem now almost forgotten; but at the time it gained recognition of the talents of the young author, and the friendship of Sheil and other literary men. Banim now attempted dramatic composition, and the tragedy *Turgesius* was written and offered in succession to the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, but was rejected by both. Not deterred by this failure, the author once more composed a tragedy entitled *Damon and Pythias*, which through the recommendation of his friend Sheil was produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1821, and met with a reception which amply consoled him for his former disappointment.

In the summer of 1822 Banim revisited his home in Kilkenny, and during his stay he and his brother Michael planned and commenced writing the first series of the *O'Hara Tales*. He also married Miss Ellen Ruth, and subsequently removed to London, where he continued to reside for several years. Here he resumed his necessary labour as a periodical writer, and became a valued contributor to *The Literary Register*. He also produced another tragedy entitled *The Prodigal*, which, however, was never produced on the stage. In the autumn of 1823 Gerald Griffin came to London, and sought out Banim, who was delighted to see him, and able to assist him by his experience and friendship. A series of clever essays entitled *Revelations of the Dead Alive*, appeared in 1824, and from their severe ridicule of the follies and affectations of the period attracted much attention. In the April of the following year the first series of the celebrated *O'Hara Tales* was published, and commanded immediate success. *John Doe* or *The Peep o' Day* and *The Fetches* were John Banim's sole work in this first series. His next work, *The Boyne Water*, a political novel,

the scenes of which are laid in the time of William of Orange and James II., depicts the siege of Limerick and other stirring events of that troubled period. The second series of the *Tales* appeared in 1826, and included *The Nowlans*, which was severely handled by the critics; we have good authority for stating that the author regretted having written it, and his brother prevented its being reprinted in the new edition of the *O'Hara Tales*, published by Messrs. Duffy and Son in 1865. In 1828 *The Anglo-Irish* was published. It was of a different character from the *Tales*, and not so well received. In 1829 the concluding series of the *Tales* appeared, commencing with *The Disowned* the work of John Banim, and ending in 1842 with *Father Connell* the work of Michael. This was the last joint-work of the brothers.

John's health now began to decline rapidly, and the death of a child and the illness of his wife pressed heavily upon his mind. In 1829, by the advice and aid of numerous friends he went on a visit to France for change of scene, but still continued his contributions to the journals, and wrote besides several small pieces for the English opera-house. In 1835 he returned home, but his health did not seem to have improved. While passing through Dublin, he met with an enthusiastic reception, and a performance was given at the Theatre Royal for his benefit. In Kilkenny the affection of his fellow-townsmen was shown by an address and a handsome presentation. He took up his residence in the little cottage of Windgap just outside the town, but soon became too feeble to walk about, and could only be moved through his garden in a bath-chair. About a year after settling here a pension was granted him of £150 from the civil list, and £40 for the education of his only child Mary, then twelve years of age. In his solitude and decline he was cheered by the attention of an affectionate brother, and occasional visits from Gerald Griffin and other friends. His health never rallied, and on the 13th of August, 1844, he breathed his last, aged forty-six years. A provision was made for his widow; his daughter died of decline a few years after her father.

The *O'Hara Tales* were a joint production in so far that they were published together, and one brother passed his work to the other for suggestions and criticism. Those written by John Banim were *John Doe* or *The Peep o' Day*, *The Fetches*, *The Smuggler*, *Peter of the Castle*, *The Nowlans*, *The Last Baron of Crana*, and *The Disowned*. We quote from Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature* the

following estimate of Banim's powers as a novelist:—"He seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. . . . The force of the passions and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes; but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects." Notwithstanding the power displayed in his tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*, and the strong liking of the author for this field of literature, we find him, in a letter to Mr. Elliston the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, reluctantly compelled to abandon dramatic authorship, under the belief that some unfair influence was exerted to keep his works from appearing on the stage.¹

¹ For the following unpublished letter we are indebted to the kindness of T. F. Dillon Croker, Esq.:—"13 Brompton Grove, July 13, 1825. Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind note recommending me to persevere in writing tragedies; but under favour of the same feeling in which the advice seems offered, let me remark that, from experience of what we have both observed, I can scarce see the good of my perseverance at present. No complaint is here made against you—you approved three of my tragedies, namely, *The Prodigal*, *Sylla*, and *The Moorish Wife*, and were anxious to get them acted; but, your wishes not succeeding, I withdrew at your instance the two first named, leaving the third which yet remains available, and has so remained two years. I therefore conclude I am shut out from the stage contrary to your wishes, and by causes over which you have no control, and why then—with due consideration for any suggestion of yours—why continue to give time and effort—to say nothing of the result to my feelings—in a pursuit in which, whatever may be your kind wishes, you do not find it easy to obtain me even a trial? Engaged profitably, independent of the stage, I am thus in common prudence and self-respect induced to take leave of a study which I liked, which I clung to as long as there was a chance of getting before the public, and which that public and yourself have done me the honour to admit I might not ultimately have disgraced. This course is adopted in utter despair that the third tragedy of mine approved by you, namely, *The Moorish Wife*, can be presented at your theatre. Meantime, should it be presented, I shall again write with willingness and zeal for Drury Lane, because the grounds of my present objection must then be removed; that is, a public trial would be afforded me, and with it some prospect of advantage, and I need not add that such a prospect is in every pursuit indispensable to prepare the mind even for the effort by which anything good may be expected.—I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

"R. W. Elliston, Esq.

JOHN BANIM."

AN ADVENTURE IN SLIEVENAMON.

(FROM "THE PEEP O' DAY.")

[Lieutenant Howard, pursuing some persons over the mountain, lost his way, and in springing across a chasm alighted on soft turf, which gave way and precipitated him through the roof of an illicit manufactory of spirits, presided over by Jack Mullins.]

The first perception of Howard's restored senses brought him the intelligence of his being in the midst of an almost insufferable atmosphere, oppressive as it was strange and unusual. He breathed with difficulty, and coughed and sneezed himself very nearly back again into the state of unconsciousness out of which, it would seem, coughing and sneezing had just roused him; for he gained his senses while performing such operations as are understood by these words. When a reasonable pause occurred and that reflection had time to come into play, Howard wondered whether he was alive or dead, and whether or no he felt pain. Due consideration having ensued he was able to assure himself that, so far as he could judge, he lived, and without much pain of any kind into the bargain. Next he tried to stir himself, but here he was unsuccessful. Some unseen power paralyzed his legs and arms, feet and hands. He lay, it was evident, upon his back, and the surface he pressed seemed soft and genial enough. While in this position he looked straight upward. The stars, and a patch of deep blue sky, twinkled and smiled upon him through a hole in a low squalid roof overhead. This was a help. He remembered having fallen in through the slope of the hill, and, as an aperture must have been the consequence or the cause of his descent, he ventured to argue accordingly. He had intruded, it would rather seem, upon the private concerns of some person or persons, who, from motives unknown to him, chose to reside in a subterraneous retreat among the very sublimities of Slievenamon. Here the strange scent again filled his nostrils with overpowering effect. There was some part of it he thought he could, or ought to recollect having before experienced, and he sniffed once or twice with the hope of becoming satisfied. But a fresh, and, he conceived, a different effluvia thereupon rushed up into his head, and down his throat, and he had again to sneeze and cough his way into a better comprehension.

When Howard was in this second effort successful, he observed that he dwelt not in absolute darkness. A pandemonium kind of light dimly glared around him, clouded by a dense fog of he knew not what colour or consistency. Was he alone? He listened attentively. The melancholy female voice that he had heard lamenting at the cabin and among the hills came on his ear, though it was now poured forth in a subdued cadence. Still he listened, and a hissing of whispers floated at every side, accompanied by the noise of a fire rapidly blazing, together with an intermittent explosion that very much resembled a human snore.

Again he strove to rise or turn, but could not. "I will just move my head round, at all events," thought he. He did so, very slowly, and his eyes fixed upon those of Jack Mullins, who, bent on one knee at his side, held his left arm tightly down with one hand, while with the other he presented a heavy horseman's pistol. Howard, little cheered by this comforter, turned his head as slowly in the other direction, and encountered the full stare of another ruffianly visage, while with both hands of his attendant he was at this side pinioned. Two other men secured his feet.

"Where am I? and why do you hold me? and how did all this happen?" asked Howard, as he began to comprehend his situation.

"Hould your tongue, and be quiet," said Mullins.

"I know *you* well, Jack Mullins," resumed Howard. "'Tis some time since we met at the Pattern, but I know your voice and face perfectly well."

"Nonsense," said Mullins. "Hould your pace, I tell you."

"You surely would not take away my life for nothing. And it can be no offence to ask you why you hold me down in this strange manner."

"Bother, man. Say your prayers, an' don't vex me."

"Mullins, I have drunk with you out of the same cup, and clasped your hand in good fellowship; and I desire you for the sake of old acquaintance to let me sit up and look about me. I never did you an injury, nor intended one."

"I don't know how that is," observed Mullins.

"Never, by my soul!" repeated Howard with energy. "This unhappy intrusion, whatever place I may have got into, was an accident: I missed my way among the hills and wan-

dered here unconsciously. Let me up, Mullins, and you shall have a handsome recompense."

"The devil a laffina you have about you," said Mullins. "Don't be talkin'."

"As you have *found* my purse, then," rejoined Howard, easily suspecting what had happened, "you are most welcome to it, so you release me for a moment."

"An' who, do you think, is to pay us for the roof of our good, snug house you have tattered down on our heads this blessed night?" asked Mullins.

"I will, to be sure," replied Howard, "who else should? Come, Mullins, bid these men let me go, and you'll never be sorry for it. Is this the way Irishmen treat an old friend?"

"For the sake of that evening we had together at the Pattern you may get up—that is, sit up, an' bless yourself. Let him go, men, bud watch the ladder."

The three other men instantly obeyed Mullins's orders, and, Jack himself loosening his dead gripe, Howard was at last free to sit up.

"Now, never mind what you see," he continued. "An', in troth, the less you look about you, at all, at all, so much the better, I'm thinkin'." And Mullins sat down opposite his prisoner, still holding the cocked pistol on his arm.

This caution seemed in the first instance altogether useless, for Howard could observe nothing through the dense vapour around him, except, now and then, the blank and wavering outline of a human figure, fitting in the remote parts of the recess. The whispers, however, had deepened into rather loud tones; but here he was as much at a loss as ever, for the persons of the drama spoke together in Irish. At length he gained a hint to the mystery. A young man, stripped as if for some laborious work, approaching Mullins, said, somewhat precipitately, "Musha, Jack, the *run* 'ull go for nothin' this time unless you come down an' put your own hand to the still."

Here, then, from all he had previously heard, and could now see, smell, and conceive, Howard found himself in the presence of illicit distillation, at work, though it was Sunday, in all its vigour and glory. He snuffed again, and wondered at his own stupidity, and indeed ingratitude, that he should not at once have recognized the odour of the pottheen atmosphere—a mixture of the effluvia of the liquor and the thick volumes of pent-up smoke, in which for some time he had, under Providence, lived and breathed.

When the young man addressed to Mullins



AN ADVENTURE IN SLIEVENAMON

the words we have just recorded, that person's ill-boding face assumed a cast of more dangerous malignity, and, after a ferocious scowl at the speaker, he said with much vehemence: "Upon my conscience, Tim, a-gra, you're just afther spakin' the most foolish words that your mother's son ever spoke: an' I don't know what bad blood you have to the Sassenach officer, here, that you couldn't lave him a chance for his life when it was likely he had id. Musha, evil end to you, Tim, seed, breed, an' generation!—Mahurp-on-duoul! What matther was it if the whole *shot* went to Ould Nick this blessed evenin', providin' we didn't let strangers into our sacrets? Couldn't you let him sit here awhile in pace? But since the murther's out take this, you ballour [babbler] o' the divil," giving the pistol, "while I go down to the pot. An', Tim, lave well enough alone now, an' if you can't mend what's done try not to do any more. Don't be talkin' at all, I say; you needn't pull the trigger on him for spakin' a little, if it isn't too much entirely. Bud take care o' your own self, Tim, an' hould your gab 'till I come to you agin."

After this speech, the longest that Mullins was ever known to deliver, he strode away from Howard's side towards the most remote end of the place, where the fire was blazing. Howard comprehending that Jack's indignation was aroused because of the revealing summons of the young man, and that his own life might probably be sacrificed to his innocent advancement in knowledge, very prudently resolved to avail himself of the hints contained in the harangue he had heard, by observing, in Mullins's absence, the most religious silence, and withal the most natural unconsciousness. The latter part of his resolve was, however, soon rendered superfluous and unavailing. The wind rose high abroad, and entering at the recent aperture, attributable to Howard, took an angry circuit round the cavern, agitated the mass of smoke that filled it, and compelled the greater portion to evaporate through another vent at the opposite side. In about five minutes, therefore, the whole details of the apartment became visible to any observer, nor could Howard refuse to his curiosity the easy investigation thus afforded. . . .

He was, however, little pleased on the whole with the scene revealed by the partial expulsion of the smoke. Mullins's late hints still rang in his ears, and, while contemplating the faces of those round the fire, the unintentional visitant thought he looked on men who would

have little hesitation, all circumstances of prejudice and relative place duly weighed, to assist the master-ruffian in any designs upon an Englishman and a red-coat. Then he recollected his untimely absence from his men; the intelligence Sullivan had given him; the disastrous consequences that to them might ensue; and his cheek and brow flamed with impatience. While, the next moment, a recurrence to his own immediate peril corrected, if it did not change, their courageous glow.

The young man who had relieved guard over Howard well obeyed the parting orders of Mullins, for he did not open his lips to the prisoner, contenting himself with watching his every motion, and keeping fast hold of the pistol. Utter silence, therefore, reigned between both, as Howard also strictly observed his own resolution.

After he had fully investigated every thing and person around him, and when thought and apprehension found no relief from curiosity, this blank pause disagreeably affected him. It was uncertainty and suspense; fear for others and for himself; or, even if he escaped present danger, the unhappy accident might influence his future character and prospects. Under the pressure of these feelings Howard most ardently desired the return of Mullins, in order that his fate might be at once decided.

And in his own due time Mullins at length came. Everything about the pot seemed prosperous, for, with a joyous clatter of uncouth sounds, the men now gathered near the worm, and, one by one, held under it the large shell of a turkey-egg, which was subsequently conveyed to their mouths. Mullins himself took a serious, loving draught, and, refilling his shell, strode towards Howard, bumper in hand.

"First," he said, as he came up, "since you know more than you ought about us, taste that."

"Excuse me, Mullins," said Howard, "I should not be able to drink it."

"Nonsense," resumed Jack, "dhrink the Queen's health, good loock to her, in the right stuff, that is made out o' love to her, an' no one else. Dhrink, till you see how you'd like it."

"I cannot, indeed," said Howard, wavering.

"Musha, you'd better," growled Mullins. Howard drank some.

"So you won't finish it?—Well, what brought you here?"

"Ill luck," answered Howard, "I knew of no such place—had heard of no such place;

but, as I told you, lost my way, and—and—in truth I tumbled into it.”

“And well you looked, didn’t you, flyin’ down through an ould hill’s side among paccable people!—An’ this is all throe? no one tould you?”

“Upon my honour, all true, and no one tould me.”

“By the vartch o’ your oath, now?—Will you swear it?”

“I am ready for your satisfaction to do so.”

“Well. Where’s our own Soggarth, Tim?” continued Mullins, turning to the young guardsman.

“In the corner beyant, readin’ his breviary,” replied Tim.

A loud snore from the corner seemed, however, to belie the latter part of the assertion.

“Och, I hear him,” said Mullins. “Run, Peg,” he continued, speaking off to the girl, “run to the corner an’ tell Father Tack’em we want him.”

The girl obeyed, and with some difficulty called into imperfect existence a little bundle of a man, who there lay rolled up among bundles of straw.

“What’s the matter now?” cried he, as, badly balancing himself, with the girl’s assistance, he endeavoured to resume his legs, and then waddle towards Mullins at a short dubious pace.

“What’s the matter at all, that a poor priest can’t read his breviary once a day without being disturbed by you, you pack of—”

“Don’t be talkin’,” interrupted Mullins, “but look afore you, an’ give him the Buke.”

“The Book,” echoed Father Tack’em, “the Book for him! Why, then, happy death to me, what brings the like of him among us?”

“You’d betther not be talkin’, I say, bud give him the Buke at once,” said Mullins, authoritatively; and he was obeyed. Howard received from Tack’em a clasped volume, “much the worse of the wear,” as its proprietor described it; and, at the dictation of Mullins, swore upon it to the truth of the statement he had already made.

“So far, so good,” resumed Mullins, “an’ bould your tongue still, plase your reverence, it’s betther fur you. Now, Captain Howard—”

“I only want to ask, is the *shot* come off?” interrupted Tack’em, “for, happy death to me, I’m thirsty. And,” he mumbled to himself, with a momentary expression that showed the wretched man to be not unconscious of the sin and shame of his degradation; “it is the only thing to make me forget—” the rest of

his words were muttered too low to be audible even to Howard, beside whom he stood.

“Here, Tim,” said Mullins, giving the shell to the young man, and taking the pistol, “go down to the worm and get a dhrop for the Soggarth.”

The shell returned top-full, and Tack’em, seizing it eagerly, was about to swallow its contents when, glancing at Howard, he stopped short, and offered him “a taste.” The politeness was declined, and Tack’em observed, with fresh assumption of utter flippancy:

“Ah, you haven’t the grace to like it yet. But wait awhile. I thought like yourself at first, remembering my poor old Horace’s aversion to garlic—which, between ourselves, à-vich, is a wholesome herb after all:” and he repeated the beginning of the ode—

“Parentis olim si quis impia manu,
Senile guttur fregerit—”

“Bother,” interrupted Mullins, “ould Hurish, whoever he is, an’ barrin’ he’s no friend o’ your reverence, could never be an honest man to talk o’ ‘gutter’ and the pottheen in one breath.”

“Och, God help you, you poor ignoramus,” replied Tack’em, draining his shell: “What a blessed ignorant crew I have around me! Do *you* know humanity, à-vich?” he continued, addressing himself to Howard.

“Nonsense,” interposed Mullins, “we all know *that* in our turns, and when we can help it. Don’t be talkin’, bud let me do my duty. I was a-sayin’, à-roon,” he went on, turning to Howard, “that all was well enough so far. Bud, somehow or other, I’m thinkin’ you will have to do a thing or two more. ‘Tisn’t clear to myself, a-gra, but you must kiss the Primer agin, in the regard of never sayin’ a word to a Christhen sowl of your happening to stray down through that hole over your head, or about any one of us, or anything else you saw while you were stayin’ wid us.”

Howard, remembering that part of his duty was to render assistance at all times to the civil power of the country in putting down illicit distillation, hesitated at this proposition, doubtful but he should be guilty of an indirect compromise of principle in concealing his knowledge of the existence and situation of such a place. He therefore made no immediate answer, and Mullins went on:

“There’s another little matter, too. Some poor gossip of ours that have to do with this Captain John—God help ‘em!—are all this time in the bog, we hear, in regard o’ the

small misanderstandin' betwixt you and them. Well, à-vich. You could just let 'em out, couldn't you?"

"I can engage to do neither of the things you have last mentioned," said Howard, who, assured that concession to the first would not avail him unless he also agreed to the second, thus saved his conscience by boldly resisting both.

"Don't be talkin'," rejoined Mullins, "throth you'll be just afther promisin' us to do what we ax you, an' on the Buke, too;" and his eye glanced to the pistol.

"It is impossible," said Howard, "my honour, my character, and my duty forbid it. If those unfortunate persons yet remain within my lines, they must stay there, or else surrender themselves, unconditionally, as our prisoners."

"I don't think you're sarious," resumed Mullins. "Suppose a body said—you *must* do this."

"I should give the same answer."

"Thonomon duoul! don't vex me too well. Do you see what I have in my hand?"

"I see you can murder me if you like, but you have heard my answer."

"Stop, you bloodhound, stop!" screamed Tack'em. "Happy death to me, what would you be about? Don't you know there's wiser heads than yours settling that matter? Isn't it in the hands of Father O'Clery by this time? An' who gave you leave to take the law into your own hands?"

"Bother," said Mullins, "who'll suffer most by lettin' him go? Who bud myself, that gets the little bit I ate, an' the dlirop I taste, by showin' you all how to manage the still through the counthry? An' wouldn't it be betther to do two things at once, an' get him to kiss the Buke fur all I ax him?"

"You don't understand it," rejoined Tack'em, "you were never born to understand it. You can do nothin' but pull your trigger or keep the stone in your sleeve. Let better people's business alone, I say, and wait awhile."

Mullins, looking as if, despite previous arrangements, he considered himself called on, in consequence of a lucky accident, to settle matters his own way, slowly resumed:

"Then I'll tell you how it'll be. Let the Sassenach kneel down in his straw, an' do you kneel at his side, plase your reverence, an' give him a betther preparation nor his mother, poor lady, ever thought he'd get. Just say six Patterin'-Aavees, an' let no one be talking. Sure we'll give him a little time to thiuk of it."

"Murderous dog!" exclaimed Howard, with the tremulous energy of a despairing man; "recollect what you are about to do. If I fall in this manner there's not a pit or nook of your barren hills shall serve to screen you from the consequences! Nor is there a man who now hears me, yet refuses to interfere, but shall become an accessory, equally guilty and punishable with yourself, if indeed you dare proceed to an extremity!"

"Don't be talkin'," said Mullins, determinedly, "bud kneel down."

"I'll give you my curse on my two bended knees if you touch a hair of his head!" Tack'em cried, with as much energy as his muddled brain would allow. "And then see how you'll look, going about on a short leg, and your elbow scratching your ear, and your shins making war on each other, while all the world is at peace."

"An' don't *you* be talkin', ayther," resumed Mullins, who seemed pertinacious in his objection to the prolonged sound of the human voice; "bud kneel by his side an' hear what he has to tell you first. An' then say your Patterin'-Aavees."

Evidently in fear for himself Tack'em at last obeyed. The other men, with the old hag and the girl, gathered round, and Howard also mechanically knelt. He was barely conscious, and no more, of the plunging gallop in which he hastened into eternity. He grew, despite of all his resolutions to die bravely, pale as a sheet; cold perspiration rushed down his face; his jaw dropped, and his eyes fixed. Strange notions of strange sounds filled his ears and brain. The roaring of the turf fire, predominantly heard in the dead silence, he confusedly construed into the break of angry waters about his head; and the muttering voice of Tack'em as he rehearsed his prayers echoed like the growl of advancing thunder. The last prayer was said—Mullins was extending his arm—when a stone descended from the aperture under which he stood, and at the same time Flinn's well-known voice exclaimed from the roof: "Take that, an' bloody end to you, for a meddling, murtherin' rap!" Mullins fell senseless.

"Bounce up, à-vich; you're safe!" said Tack'em, while, kneeling himself, he clasped his hands, and continued, as if finishing a private prayer that had previously engaged him—"in *secula seculorum—Amen!*—Jump, I say—jump!—*O festus dies hominis!*—*vix sum apud me!*—jump!" but Howard did not rise till after he had returned ardent thanks

for his deliverance; and he was still on his knees when Flinn rushed down the ladder, crying out: "Tundher-un-ouns!—it's the greatest shame ever came on the counthry!—a burnin' shame! Och! captain, à-vourneen, are you safe an' sound every inch o' you? And they were goin' to trate you in that manner? Are you in a whole skin, à-vich?" he continued, raising Howard, and clasping his hand.

"Quite safe, thank you, only a little frightened," said Howard, with a reassured, though faint smile.

SOGGARTH AROON!¹

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon.

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon,
Try to do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon;
Her commands to fulfil,
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still?
Soggarth Aroon.

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon;
Nor out of fear of you,
Stand up so near to you.
Och! Out of fear of *you*!
Soggarth Aroon!

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And on my earthen floor.
Knelt by me sick and poor?
Soggarth Aroon.

Who on the marriage day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay?
Soggarth Aroon;
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring.
At the poor christening?
Soggarth Aroon.

Who as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon;
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon;
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him?
Soggarth Aroon.

Och, you and only you,
Soggarth Aroon;
So was I true to you,
Soggarth Aroon;
In love they'd never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part will take,
Soggarth Aroon.

AILEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Though fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Aileen;
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Aileen;
And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go: for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young faithful smile,
Aileen;
Of thy young faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave and try a fate,
Upon a stranger shore,
Aileen;
Upon a stranger shore.

Oh, when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care,
Oh, when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Aileen;
I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me then,
And a hand will welcome me,
Aileen;
A hand will welcome me.

¹ Priest dear!

JAMES KENNEY.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1849.

[This able and prolific dramatist, whose pen was seldom idle for nearly half a century, and whose works were highly successful at the time of their appearance, was born in Ireland in 1780. His first production was a farce entitled *Raising the Wind*, which is still a favourite on the stage for its character of Jeremy Diddler, who never fails to amuse an audience. It was followed by *Love, Law, and Physic*, which was also a successful work. These were followed in rapid succession by *The Boy*, a melodrama, which had in some respects little to recommend it; *Matrimony*, a comedy; *The World*; the well known *Illustrious Stranger*; *Sweethearts and Wives*; and his second melodrama, *Ella Rosenberg*, which was highly successful, and is still frequently played.

In addition to his plays Kenney wrote several poems, one of which, entitled "Society," in two parts, created quite a stir in the fashionable world of the period. Its object was to "exhibit the causes and evils of solitude, in contrast with the manifold advantages of society." The poem extends to upwards of a thousand lines, and is of very considerable merit. Of his miscellaneous poems, "The Merchant and the Philosopher," a really wise piece of reasoning clothed in pure simple words, is, we think, one of the best.

Notwithstanding the considerable sums received for some of his works, Kenney in old age fell into poverty, and on the 25th of July, 1849, a number of eminent performers mustered at Drury Lane as volunteers in aid of a benefit to the veteran dramatist who had catered so long for the amusement of playgoers. But the testimonial came too late, for on the morning of that very day he died, after a short illness. During his lifetime he had suffered from a nervous affection which gave him a somewhat eccentric appearance. Of Mr. Kenney the *Athenæum* says: "As a farce-writer he was one of the happiest and most popular artists of his time. In efforts of a higher character he depended greatly on French originals—but his skill in adaptation was first-rate. As a man he took high rank, being a cultivated gentleman, and as such conversant with some of the best minds of his day. He will be gratefully remembered too for his kindness to aspirants in dramatic authorship."]

MARRIED TO A PRINCESS.

(FROM "THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.")

[The scene is laid in an island off the coast of Malabar, in which the strange law exists that when a husband or wife dies the survivor is to be buried alive with the corpse. King Aboulifar wants a husband for his daughter, in whom he hopes to find a leader for his armies against the King of Japan. Her lover has been exiled in consequence of his objection to the marriage law, and her grief is so great as to threaten her life. No husband can be found, although the king has promised to give a dozen lacs of rupees to any suitor who will offer himself. Gimbo, formerly an Englishman, now embalmer to his majesty, discovers Benjamin Bowbell, who has escaped from the wreck of *The Polly* of London in a hencoop. They recognize each other. The idea strikes Gimbo that this is the very husband for the princess, and without knowing the marriage law the unfortunate Bowbell offers himself at the instigation of Gimbo, and is joyfully accepted by King Aboulifar as a son-in-law.]

Enter BOWBELL.

Bow. Here's a pretty business! my wife, I mean her royal highness Princess Bowbell, is in a fit—I suppose that, being of royal blood, it's fitting that she should. Well, well, who would have thought it, when I left Lunnion, with a cargo of tripe and butter, that I should have been wrecked upon a princess. Poor father! how delighted he'll be! How his old heart will chuckle when he sees the pearls as big as potatoes I'm going to send him.

Enter GIMBO.

Gim. (*Aside.*) Now to open all our batteries, my noble prince!

Bow. Mummy-maker! keep your distance.

Gim. I come to announce to your royal highness that the Japan army is already in the field.

Bow. Well, if it's our field, show 'em out again; threaten 'em with an action for trespass.

Gim. His majesty, prince, expects you at your post.

Bow. His majesty may expect me long

enough, then! Ar'n't her royal highness indisposed?—Besides, now the wedding's over, I begin to perceive that the war department won't suit me. Mummy-maker! I suppose you'll expect promotion?

Gim. I trust I may be allowed to bask in the sunshine of your royal pleasure.

Bow. Embalmer! you may bask all day, and all night, and be as lazy as Ludlam's dog when he leaned against a wall to bark. I'll make you first lord of the bed-chamber, master of the revels, master of the rolls. If you ar'n't married, Tom, you shall be lord and master everywhere; only let me dub you, in my place, commander-in-chief and generalissimo.

Gim. Oh! I couldn't deprive you of that honour.

Bow. Not a bit of it! I don't value it a button.

Gim. As to me, my dear friend, I'm perfectly satisfied with my present station.

Bow. What! mummy-maker and undertaker-general?

Gim. See—this bag of gold I received for the funeral of the wife of one of our ministers, and her husband is going to give me double the sum for burying him.

Bow. How? Oh! I suppose to build a monument for him?

Gim. No, no; for interring him with her.

Bow. When he dies?

Gim. No, immediately.

Bow. How do you mean—alive?

Gim. To be sure! it's one of the fundamental laws of this kingdom.

Bow. What! has he committed some crime?

Gim. He! he's the most virtuous man in the country.

Bow. Then why bury his virtue alive?

Gim. Such is the law—when a wife dies—

Bow. (*With anxiety.*) Well—

Gim. Her husband is to be buried with her.

Bow. Alive!

Gim. Of course—otherwise what necessity for a law?

Bow. (*With increasing uneasiness.*) What—how—stop a bit—say that again—you say that—

Gim. By our laws, husbands are to be buried with their wives, and wives with their husbands.

Bow. (*With great alarm.*) What—my dear boy—then if Princess Bowbell should die—

Gim. You must accompany her to the vault of her ancestors.

Bow. I accompany her to the vault! what do you mean?

Gim. You must abide with her in the silent tomb.

Bow. Silent! I shall bellow like a bull there—you're joking—what are your laws to me? I'm an alien! I'm an alien!

Gim. But, married in this country, you must obey the laws.

Bow. No such thing. I'm an Englishman—a brave, true-born Briton—bury me alive!—Parliament would take it up—you'd have a war, to a certainty; and who'd command your army then?

Gim. I can't pretend to say; but depend upon it the thing will be insisted on.

Bow. The thing! what do you mean by the thing? Let me tell you, burying gentlemen alive is not the thing. Oh, Tom! my darling boy, what a business this is! What a devil of a hobble you've got me in? Why didn't you tell me? Oh, misery! that I ever came to this man-trap of a place!

Gim. But, my dear fellow, why alarm yourself?

Bow. Alarm myself! Why, ar'n't her royal highness in a fit?

Gim. In a fit!

Bow. Oh, Tom! as pale as a parsnip, and bathed in her salt tears like a pickled herring. Oh, Cripple-gate, sweet Cripple-gate! never more shall I enter your happy streets.

Gim. Don't say so. Only leave it in your will, and I'll send you home to your friends in the highest preservation.

Bow. Preservation! I shall have nothing left to preserve; I shall go out like a rushlight, and leave not a snuff behind.

Enter FATIMA, an attendant of the Princess.

Fat. Most noble prince—

Bow. Don't prince me.

Fat. The princess—alas!—

Bow. Murder! what of her?

Fat. Is dangerously ill.

Bow. I knew it. What's her complaint?

Fat. The physician says a rush of blood to the head, prince.

Bow. Shave it—shave it directly! Bleed and blister her—send for all the doctors and apothecaries in the island. Oh, why did I live to see this day!

Fat. He's distracted! haste to the palace, sir; your royal father awaits you.

Bow. Oh! what had I to do with a royal father—wasn't my own dear dad enough for me? Ah! how often has he said, when I was a wickedly philandering, that he wished I was

married and settled—and now I'm married and settled with a vengeance! [*Exit.*]

[The princess, in accordance with a plot arranged by the embalmer Gimbo and her old lover Prince Azan, who secretly returns, pretends to die. Bowbell is in despair and begs for a substitute, no one appears till the last moment, when the prince offers himself and enters the tomb in his stead. Suddenly the gates of the mausoleum open and the prince and princess appear, throw themselves at the feet of the king, confess the plot, and not only obtain forgiveness, but an abolition of the barbarous marriage law from the king. They are married, and Bowbell says:]

And I'll back to Cripple-gate as soon as possible; and if ever your majesty, or any of the royal family, should be cast ashore on the coast of Middlesex, I hope you'll take pot-luck with the "Illustrious Stranger."

MR. DIDDLE'S WAYS.

(FROM "RAISING THE WIND.")

[The public room of an inn frequented by Jeremy Diddler. Old waiter warns Sam, the new waiter from Yorkshire, against the wiles of Mr. Diddler.]

[*A laugh without.*]

Sam. What's all that about?

Wai. (*Looking out.*) Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well.—By the by, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

Sam. What, him with that spy-glass?

Wai. Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

Sam. Why, what for not?

Wai. Why, because he'll never pay you.—The fellow lives byspunging—gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon-mots.

Sam. Bon-mots, what be they?

Wai. Why, saying smart witty things. At some of the squires' tables he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

Sam. Come, that's an odd line to go into, however.

Wai. Then he borrows money of everybody he meets.

Sam. Nay, but will anybody lend it him?

Wai. Why, he asks for so little at a time that people are ashamed to refuse him; and then he generally asks for an odd sum to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

Sam. Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

Wai. Here he comes! mind you take care of him.

Sam. Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun to be done by Mr. Diddler, I know.

Enter DIDDLE.

Did. Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! (*Looking through a glass at Sam.*) The new waiter, a very clod, by my hopes! an untutor'd clod.—My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?—A novice, I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

Sam. Why, very well, thank ye. How do you like your old one?

Did. (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshireman! (*To him.*) What is your name, my fine fellow?

Sam. Sam.—You needn't tell me yours, I know you, my—fine fellow.

Did. (*Aside.*) Oh Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip!—but *nil desperandum*—at him again. (*To him.*) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

Sam. Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

Did. (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

Sam. Yes. (*They look at each other—Diddler expecting to receive it.*) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

Did. Oh—ay—certainly. I only ask'd for information.

Sam. Hark! there's the stage-coach com'd in. I must go and wait upon the passengers—You'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gie you a little better information.

Did. Stop! Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast, first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come a long walk from over the hills and—

Sam. Ay, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

Did. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honour you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

Sam. Ay; well; what will you have?

Did. Anything!—tea, coffee, and egg, and so forth.

Sam. Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast.—Now, as you're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

Did. What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

Sam. Or, mayhap, you'll say me a bon-mot.

Did. Sir, you're getting impertinent.

Sam. Oh, what—you don't like the terms.—Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see; he! he! he! [*Exit.*]

MASTER LACKADAY.

(FROM "SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.")

Scene, the Garden of an Inn. BILLY LACKADAY discovered, reading—

"The moment Anna Maria entered the room, the Captain started—the blood rushed into his face—his eyes swam in his head—his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth—his knees quivered—his heart palpitated, and his whole frame was in a state of unaccountable confusion."—Oh!—"He approached and knelt before her; Anna Maria sighed, and, with a flood of tears, rushed into his arms!" I can't bear to read any more. Oh, if ever I should be in such a condition with Miss Fanny!

Enter CURTIS.

Thus it is, at any time, to serve a young master; though mine, certainly, till within these few days, united all the steadiness of threescore with the good-humour of five-and-twenty; now, 'tis quite another thing; I guess what ails him; he has fallen in love with this young lady, the Admiral's niece, and there is some great objection to his paying his addresses; however, if we are to take our departure, the sooner I light on Mrs. Bell the better. There's that blockhead greasing the leaves of some novel, as usual, instead of minding his business; and when the circulating library puts him out of spirits, he flies to the cellar for consolation: an odd compound of grief and grog. Hollo, Billy!

Bil. Oh! I'll trouble you not to—Be gentle, old gentleman, my nerves are delicate.

Cur. Delicate! Your mistress spoils you; you want a good master to set you to rights, Mr. Billy.—What business have you to read?

Bil. Because Miss Biddy Bell says it humanizes one—this here corresponds with my situation.

Cur. Yes, and a lively correspondence it seems to be; and poor Mrs. Bell pays the postage, I suppose.

Bil. Ah! Mr. Curtis, Mr. Curtis! Human nature, human nature, Mr. Curtis!

Cur. Well!

Bil. When spring comes in all its wernal beauty, and the primroses peep out, and the birds begin to sing, don't you feel all over I don't know how like?

Cur. I used to feel very loving; but now I've learnt to mind my business.

Bil. Why, true, it's nigh time you did; you're in the wale o' years.

Cur. What!

Bil. You're in the wale o' years—winter's a-spreading her charms a-top o' your head.

Cur. What do you mean? Where do you see any signs of snow?

Bil. (*Examining.*) No, no, it's but a sort of sleet,—half white, and half black.

Cur. You're an impudent fellow!

Bil. You does me wrong! sure, love is always modest: Fanny, that 'ere black-eyed beauty, the moment I set eyes on her, the blood rushes into my face—my eyes begin a-swimming in my head—my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth—my knees totter—my nerves quiver—my heart palpitates—

Cur. Heyday! what the devil!

Bil. And my whole frame is in a state of uncountable confusion!

Cur. Enough to confuse any one's frame.

Bil. Ah! Mr. Curtis, sometimes I sits in the laylock bower, and sighs by the hour together.

Cur. Ah! that's when you're muzzy, I suppose.

Bil. Muzzy! Ah! Mr. Curtis, don't think that I am ever intoxicated. It's all grief and melancholy; I'm very, very unhappy, and your features tell me you're a man of feeling.

Cur. Not I.

Bil. Ah, yes! I'm sure you're a pitiful person—a moral and ineffectual character, and looks upon a wretch like me as your brother.

Cur. Heaven forbid!

Bil. I'll tell you my story.

Cur. No; I won't trouble you.

Bil. I'll pour out all my sorrows, and expose myself before you.

Cur. You've done that quite enough already. Where's your mistress?

Bil. I don't keep none, Mr. Curtis.

Cur. Mrs. Bell, I mean.

Bil. (*Significantly.*) Mrs. Bell! Oh! ay, Mrs. Bell!

Cur. Ay, Mrs. Bell.

Bil. You're as deep an old jockey as I know, in spite of them black and white locks; you've got a *vernal* touch upon you—you haven't lost your liquorish tooth yet, Mr. Curtis.

Cur. You foolish fellow, what do you mean?

Bil. Oh! my *venerable* friend, you know som'at of the *laylock* as well as I do.

Cur. I?

Bil. Yes, you *insinivating* chap; who was you whispering to last night?—I'm up to snuff—Mrs. Bell's the *hobject*—you was *unfolding* to her your interior secrets, I suppose?

Cur. Why, you stupid hound!

Bil. Law! what of it? I give you credit for it; if I could only *catch* Miss Fanny in one of them *tett-a-tetts*. (*Bell rings.*)

Cur. Don't you hear the bell?

Bil. To be sure I do.

Cur. And don't you mean to go?

Bil. If they perseveres; but sometimes, after once or twice, they come down, and that saves a deal of trouble.

Cur. Well, you're a pleasant fellow.

Bil. Besides, that's the Admiral's bell, and he and I don't gee together. Miss Fanny always goes to him; and, what is very odd, she never lets nobody else. She's like you, Mr. Curtis, one of the fancy, and knows the length of his gouty toe. (*Bell rings.*)

Cur. There's another; you had better be going.

Bil. Yes, I *ham* a-going—going out of a world I'd better have never have come to. Miss Fanny's a-settling my business—she's a-killing me by *hitches*; and, may be, she'll never drop a tear for me!

Cur. Likely enough.

Bil. Nor plant a daisy on my grave!

Cur. Nor pluck a buttercup off it, I warrant.

Bil. My days are numbered, like my napkins—I languishes and pines away. Fate calls, and—(*bell rings*)—I'm coming!

[*Exit Billy into pavilion.*]

Cur. Mr. Billy, with all his nonsense, is more knave than fool. He has seen through my design on little Mrs. Bell. Well, let all the world know it—it's a fair match. Here's my master, come to scold, I'm afraid. Well, he's grown amorous too, and I must expect to feel the consequences.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

Why are you wandering here, I pray?

An old man asked a maid one day.

Looking for poppies, so bright and red,

Father, said she, I'm hither led.

Fie! fie! she heard him cry,

Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,

Grow in the field, and not in the grove—

Grow in the field, and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,

Why are you loitering here, fair maid?

The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,

Father, said she, I come to hear.

Fie! fie! she heard him cry,

Nightingales all, so people say,

Warble by night, and not by day—

Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,

When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by;

The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,

Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

Fie! fie! the old man's cry;

Poppies like these, I own, are rare,

And of such nightingales' songs beware.—

And of such nightingales' songs beware.

GREEN LEAVES.

A sage once to a maiden sung,

While summer leaves were growing;

Experience dwelt upon his tongue,

With love her heart was glowing:

“The summer bloom will fade away,

And will no more be seen;

These flowers, that look so fresh and gay,

Will not be ever green—

For the green leaves all turn yellow.

“’Tis thus with the delights of love,

The youthful heart beguiling;

Believe me, you will find them prove,

As transient—though as smiling:

Not long they flourish, ere they fade;

As sadly I have seen;

Yes, like the summer flowers, fair maid,

Oh! none are ever green—

For the green leaves all turn yellow.”

I WAS THE BOY.

I was the boy for bewitching them,

Whether good-humour'd or coy;

All cried when I was beseeching them,

“Do what you will with me, joy.”

"Daughters, be cautious and steady,"
 Mothers would cry out for fear—
 "Won't you take care now of Teddy,
 Och! he's the divil, my dear."

For I was the boy for bewitching them,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy;
 All cried when I was beseeching them,
 "Do what you will with me, joy."

From every quarter I gather'd them,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any I leathered them,
 And that made them look mighty shy.
 Pat Mooney, my Shelah once meeting,

I twigg'd him beginning his clack—
 Says he, "At my heart I've a beating,"
 Says I, "Then have one at your back."
 For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I looked her a die-away
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd crost,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 They melted like mud in the frost.
 For I was the boy, &c.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1849.

[Marguerite Power, afterwards Countess of Blessington, long known and admired in the world of fashion and light literature, was born in Knockbrit, county Tipperary, on the 1st of September, 1789. She was the second daughter of Edmund Power, a country gentleman in somewhat reduced circumstances. On the mother's side she was descended from the Sheehys, an ancient Irish family. As a child she displayed remarkable intellectual powers, and was noted for great beauty. When scarcely fifteen she married Captain Farmer of the 47th Regiment. The marriage proved unfortunate; her husband's violent temper and cruelty led to a separation, and the wife of three months returned to her father's house for protection. In 1816 she went to London, and took up her residence with a brother. In the following year her husband was killed in a drunken brawl in the Fleet Prison, and she was once more free. Her great beauty and accomplishments soon attracted a husband worthy of her, and in 1818 she became the wife of Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. After their marriage the earl and countess lived on the Continent for several years, moving in a brilliant circle of rank, fashion, and genius. The observation and clear penetration of Lady Blessington during her residence abroad are abundantly evident in her two delightful works, *The Idler in Italy* and *The Idler in France*.

In 1829 her husband died, and in the following year she returned to London, where for a short time she resided at Leamore Place, Mayfair, and subsequently settled at Gore

House, Kensington. It was here Lady Blessington first devoted herself to literature. "For fourteen years," says a writer in the *London Examiner*, her house was "the resort of the most distinguished men of wit and genius of every country and opinion, where all classes of intellect and art were represented, and where everything was welcome but exclusive or illiberal prejudice. Some of the most genial and delightful associations of the time belong to that house." Lord Byron was a friend and admirer of Lady Blessington and her frequent visitor. In 1832 her *Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron* was published, and became one of the most popular books of the day. *The Repealers* next appeared, followed by *The Victims of Society*, *The Two Friends*, *Meredith*, and *The Governess*. The last has been pronounced by some critics as among the best of the author's works. Then came *The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*, deemed by *The Athenæum* the best of Lady Blessington's fictions, and containing incident sufficient for several ordinary three-volume novels. The "elderly gentleman" has been in love six times, and relates his story so frankly and truthfully that the reader experiences a genuine fellow-feeling for the narrator. *Country Quarters*, *Marmaduke Herbert*, and *The Confessions of an Elderly Lady* followed in quick succession. The last was intended as a companion to *Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*, and in 1853 they were issued in one volume as *Confessions of an Elderly Lady and Gentleman*. By some critics the lady's confessions are considered superior to those



MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

After a Drawing by A. E. CHALON

of the gentleman, and a reviewer in *The Morning Post* gives the following estimate of their value:—"A more perfect moral anatomization of the female heart has seldom been exhibited in any work of fiction. The serious passages are agreeably relieved by some amusing sketches of the aristocracy of bygone times." *The Idler in Italy* and *The Idler in France*, published from 1839-41, were well received and universally praised by the critics. In the latter Lady Blessington introduces to her readers the leading representatives of art, literature, politics, and ton, whom she has received as friends or met in society. The anecdotes with which the work abounds are told with a charming frankness and piquancy. She afterwards wrote *Desultory Thoughts and Reflections*, a collection of terse and well-digested aphorisms of great moral value; *The Belle of the Season, Tour through the Netherlands to Paris, Strathren, Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre, The Lottery of Life*, and other tales.

All these works added to Lady Blessington's reputation as an agreeable, graceful, and acute writer. Notwithstanding the time devoted to society and her numerous literary productions, she edited *The Keepsake* and *The Book of Beauty* for several years, and also contributed articles and sketches to the periodicals of the day. Count d'Orsay the sculptor, who had married her step-daughter, the only child of the Earl of Blessington, was separated from his wife, and took up his abode with Lady Blessington. His presence no doubt increased the expenses of her establishment, already too great, and in 1849 she removed with the count to Paris, where she trusted her jointure of £2000 a year would enable her to live more easily, and hoping again to gather around her the society in which she delighted. On the 3d of June she dined with her old friend the Duchess of Grammont, and on her return home was seized with apoplexy, of which she died on the following morning, June 4th, 1849. Her remains were laid in a mausoleum designed by the Count d'Orsay near the village of Chamboury.

Mr. N. P. Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*, thus describes the personal appearance of Lady Blessington:—"She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded into a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might be looked for in vain, and her complexion (an unusually fair skin with very dark hair and

eyebrows) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. . . . Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good humour." The character of this once popular lady is thus drawn in the epitaph written for her tomb by Mr. Proctor ("Barry Cornwall"): "In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, help, and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest." *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, compiled and edited by Dr. R. R. Madden, appeared in 1855.]

THE PRINCESS TALLEYRAND AS A CRITIC.

(FROM "THE IDLER IN FRANCE.")

Met the Princesse de Talleyrand last night at Madame C——'s. I felt curious to see this lady, of whom I had heard such various reports; and, as usual, found her very different to the descriptions I had received.

She comes *en princesse*, attended by two *dames de compagnie*, and a gentleman who acted as *chambellan*. Though her *embonpoint* has not only destroyed her shape but has also deteriorated her face, the small features of which seem imbued in a mask much too fleshy for their proportions, it is easy to see that in her youth she must have been handsome. Her complexion is fair; her hair, judging from the eye-brows and eye-lashes, must have been very light; her eyes are blue; her nose, *re-troussé*; her mouth small, with full lips; and the expression of her countenance is agreeable, though not intellectual.

In her demeanour there is an evident assumption of dignity, which, falling short of the aim, gives an ungraceful stiffness to her appearance. Her dress was rich but suited to her age, which I should pronounce to be about sixty. Her manner has the formality

peculiar to those conscious of occupying a higher station than their birth or education entitles them to hold; and this consciousness gives an air of constraint and reserve that curiously contrasts with the natural good-humour and *naïveté* that are frequently perceptible in her.

If ignorant—as is asserted—there is no symptom of it in her language. To be sure, she says little; but that little is expressed with propriety: and if reserved, she is scrupulously polite. Her *dames de compagnie* and *chambellan* treat her with profound respect, and she acknowledges their attentions with civility. To sum up all, the impression made upon me by the Princesse Talleyrand was, that she differed in no way from any other princess I had ever met, except by a greater degree of reserve and formality than were in general evinced by them.

I could not help smiling inwardly when looking at her, as I remembered Baron Denon's amusing story of the mistake she once made. When the baron's work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hôtel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the prince wished the princess to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately, at the same time also commanded that a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* should be sent to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hôtel. The Baron Denon's work, through mistake, was given to mademoiselle, and *Robinson Crusoe* was delivered to the princess, who rapidly looked through its pages.

The seat of honour at table being assigned to the baron, the princess, mindful of her husband's wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased, and told her how much he felt honoured; but judge of his astonishment, and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the princess exclaimed, "Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poor man Friday, about whom I feel such an interest!"

Denon used to recount this anecdote with

great spirit, confessing at the same time that his *amour propre* as an author had been for a moment flattered by the commendation, even of a person universally known to be incompetent to pronounce on the merit of his book. The Emperor Napoleon heard this story, and made Baron Denon repeat it to him, laughing immoderately all the time, and frequently after he would, when he saw Denon, inquire "how was poor Friday?"

BORES AND TOADIES.

(FROM "CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY LADY.")

The first visit we paid was to the seat of the Marquis of Doncaster, in the eyes of whose fastidious Marchioness I had been so fortunate as to find favour; a distinction rarely accorded even to the most meritorious, and consequently sought with greater avidity by those who valued it, as many other worthless objects are valued, for its rarity.

The Marquis was a dull, pompous, but not an ill-tempered man. Naturally disposed to entertain a very high opinion of himself and his possessions, this feeling had been encouraged by the partner he had selected to share them; until he had arrived at that happy, though not unfrequent state of mind, in which people are so wholly engrossed by self as to become totally oblivious of others, except in relation to themselves. The Marchioness of Doncaster never for a moment forgot that she was of ancient descent, possessed immense wealth, and arrogated great importance; neither was she disposed to permit any one else to forget these distinctions. The slightest symptom of a want of recollection on these points produced an increase of *hauteur* on her part, and not unseldom a sententious diatribe on the respectful deference which she considered to be her due.

Such is the weakness or meanness of the generality of people, that she found no lack of persons willing to propitiate her favour by a system of subservieney that served to render her still more dictatorial; falsely attributing to her own acknowledged superiority that which was but the proof of the unworthiness of her flatterers. She and her lord lived in a state of complete illusion, and this illusion constituted their happiness. They continually quoted each other's opinions, as if they considered them worthy of forming a code to regulate the conduct of their acquaintance; but

never were they kind enough to defer, or refer to the sentiments of any other person. If by chance some individual, not versed in the peculiarities of the noble host and hostess, ventured to state the *on dits* of some other magnet of the land, *they* instantly drew up to the utmost extent of their stateliness, and silenced the speaker by saying, "Lord Doncaster and I am of a totally different opinion," or "the Marchioness and I think otherwise."

These sentences were considered to be conclusive; and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, to admit of no appeal. I was not a person likely to propitiate the Marchioness by any undue deference to her opinions, as I had long indulged in nearly as erroneous a belief in the infallibility of my own; but the antiquity of my family, or as she was pleased to term it, my illustrious descent, aided perhaps by my large possessions, and an occasional and unamiable display of *fiercé* in my manner, had won her regard.

To Lady Walsingham she was condescendingly polite; but the condescension was so ostentatiously manifested, as not unfrequently to render the politeness more disagreeable and offensive than the most studied negligence would have been.

The house bore undeniable demonstrations of the character of the owners—magnificence had banished comfort; and the very chairs seemed to have been designed with a reference to the peculiarities of the Marquis and the Marchioness; the backs being so unusually perpendicular, that the slightest approach to a reclining posture was rendered impracticable. The sofas were so far removed from the formal circle in which the chairs were placed, that they were useless; and these last were so cumbrous, that to move one of them out of its accustomed station was a herculean task. The dimensions of the furniture were of Brobdingnagian proportions, totally defying any effort of ordinary strength to displace them; and I have seen the Marchioness compelled to require the assistance of two of her footmen to draw the ponderous fire-screen to protect her visage from the effects of the fire. . . .

The first day of our arrival the only guests assembled to meet us were the rector of the parish and the doctor, with their respective wives. The appearance of both these worthies might have served to convince even the most incredulous person of the superior advantages enjoyed by him to whom was delegated the care of souls, over him to whom was intrusted the cure of bodies. The reverend doctor was

a man of extraordinary obesity and rubicund countenance; while the medical doctor looked as if he had swallowed half the physic he had prescribed for others, so thin was his frame and so pallid his face. Their helpmates resembled their liege lords in a remarkable degree, Mrs. Warburton being almost as fat as the reverend doctor, while Mrs. Hollingford looked in a state of advanced atrophy.

Never had I witnessed such extreme obsequiousness as that exhibited by these four individuals to the Marquis and Marchioness of Doncaster. They assented to every observation uttered by either, generally adding, "your ladyship is always right," or "your lordship is perfectly correct." They did ample justice to the dinner, which was more remarkable for its copiousness than for the talents of the cook. The reverend doctor united the fastidiousness of an epicure, in his entreaties for the most delicate morsels, with the gluttony of the gourmand in the rapidity with which he caused their disappearance; while the M.D. positively devoured like a famished man determined to make the best use of his time.

"What is the news, Doctor Hollingford?" demanded Lord Doncaster, when the removal of the soup and fish allowed a few brief minutes of repose to that gentleman.

"No news, my Lord Marquis, the country never was so dull; scarcely a patient amongst the gentry. But among the poor nothing but coughs and sore throats; the apothecary of the county dispensary declares he never furnished so much medicine before; and for my part I do nothing but ride all over the parish and write prescriptions."

"How very strange," said Lady Doncaster, "that while the upper classes are so well the lower ones should be so unhealthy, notwithstanding they live in the same climate! Such a circumstance justifies my hypothesis, that the upper class are as superior in physical as they are in mental powers to the lower orders."

"That's just what I say, your ladyship," observed Mrs. Hollingford; "the wealthy are rarely ill. Now, there's Mr. Goldsworthy, the retired brewer, who is as rich as a Jew; he has now been two whole years in the parish, and never once sent for the doctor. Why, it's a perfect shame! How does he think doctors are to live?"

A look of unutterable contempt from Lady Doncaster was all the notice taken of this remark; but the reverend divine continued the subject, saying, "I don't quite know what to make of this same Mr. Goldsworthy. He has

never been once to my church since he came here, which I hold to be very indecorous and disrespectful to me."

"The two sins of omission you have both related explains the cause of Mr. Goldsworthy's uninterrupted health," replied the Marquis of Doncaster, with a species of laugh vulgarly denominated a chuckle. "By not going into your damp church, reverend sir, he escapes cold; and by not sending for the doctor he avoids the necessity of taking physic. Eh, gentlemen, eh, eh, what do you say to that?"

"Your lordship is so very droll," uttered one; and, "Your lordship is pleased to banter," said the other.

At this moment a portion of a glass of wine which Dr. Warburton was gulping down rather too rapidly, went wrong, and produced all the symptoms of strangulation. His rubicund face became of a dark purple hue, his eyes appeared starting from their orbits, and a convulsive noise was heard to issue from his throat. Doctor Hollingford started from his seat, drew a case of lancets from his pocket, and prepared to remove Dr. Warburton's coat for the purpose of trying the effects of phlebotomy; but Mrs. Warburton rushed to the defence of her husband, and placing herself between him and the doctor, exclaimed that he should not be bled. The *maitre d'hôtel*, more judicious than the doctor or the suffering man's angry wife, untied his cravat; and Mrs. Warburton, having now succeeded in sending back the mortified and disappointed Dr. Hollingford to his seat, applied her finger and thumb to the snuff-box which she took from her husband's pocket, and conveyed a large pinch of the pungent powder into his nostrils.

"Have a care, madam, what you do," said the angry and baffled doctor, "the consequences may be attended with great danger; the already overcharged vessels of the head may not be capable of resisting the undue excitement of sternutation at such a moment."

This reasonable remonstrance produced no other effect on the enlightened Mrs. Warburton than to induce her to administer a still larger pinch of snuff to the nostrils of her convulsed husband, who now, in addition to the hiccup, began sneezing repeatedly and violently, sending forth, at each effort, most unseemly aspersions over the dishes. Lady Doncaster ordered the *entrées* within reach of the undesirable irrigation to be forthwith removed, and looked the very incarnation of dismay and anger at this untimely interruption of the repast. Her lord seemed more disposed to

smile at than sympathize with Dr. Warburton's painful situation, who still continued to sneeze, though he with one hand manfully resisted his wife's efforts to force on him another pinch of snuff.

Doctor Hollingford kept his eyes fixed on the reverend divine with a glance of such intense curiosity that I was uncharitable enough to think that he would not have been sorry had his prediction of the danger to which Mrs. Warburton's treatment exposed the life of her husband been verified, and thus established a proof of his prescience and skill. But he was doomed to be disappointed; for after a quarter of an hour's suffering Dr. Warburton was restored to his usual state of composure. But not so his wife; who, holding the snuff-box open, while the doctor struggled against her administering another pinch, his hand came in contact with the box and sent its contents into her eyes, as she in a recumbent posture approached him. She bore not this accident patiently, but uttered piercing cries, closing her eyes tenaciously as if to retain all the pungent powder that they had received. Dr. Hollingford again approached her to offer his advice, and again was repulsed, with less of urbanity than decorum warranted.

"Yes, yes, you want to make a job of me," exclaimed the fat lady, "I know you do, but you shall have no fee from me, I can tell you."

"For the matter of that, ma'am," replied Mrs. Hollingford, "I'd have you to know that my husband Dr. Hollingford is not a man to think of fees when a fellow-creature is in peril, as all the poor in the parish can vouch. But *some* people are so very suspicious and stingy that it is difficult for other people to escape their censures."

"If by some people you mean me, ma'am," answered Mrs. Warburton, still wiping her eyes and horribly distorting her countenance, "I can assure you that—"

"Ladies, I beg," said Lady Doncaster, "that you will remember that Lady Walsingham, Lady Arabella Walsingham, Lord Doncaster, and myself can feel very little interest in your local differences, and therefore I request that you will restrain the expression of them for a more fitting occasion."

This was said with the Marchioness's most stern and dignified air, and produced the desired effect; for Mrs. Warburton "hoped her ladyship would have the goodness to excuse her warmth;" and Mrs. Hollingford humbly "begged her ladyship's pardon."

Peace being restored, though it was evident

that the angry feelings of the ladies of the D.D. and M.D. were by no means appeased, notwithstanding that a fear of offending the noble host and hostess induced them to subdue every external symptom of irritation, Lady Doncaster announced that, by letters received that morning from London, she was informed that their friend Lord Westonsville was shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar the Lady Theodosia Fitz Hamilton.

"A very suitable and proper marriage," replied Lord Doncaster, "unobjectionable in every point of view."

"Yes," said the Marchioness, "Lady Theodosia is a most dignified and high-bred young woman; one who has a proper consciousness of her own elevated position, and who will never permit others to forget it."

"Lady Doncaster is in this instance, as in all others, perfectly correct," observed the Marquis; "Lady Theodosia is precisely the model I should select to represent the female aristocracy of England. No weak condescension about her; no undignified desire to please."

"I am highly gratified by the match," resumed Lady Doncaster, graciously, "for, as my Lord observes, Lady Theodosia is indeed a model for all women, and a union with her must insure the happiness of Lord Westonsville."

"I am strongly disposed to disbelieve the report," said I, somewhat maliciously.

"And pray why, Lady Arabella?" demanded Lady Doncaster, with her most stately air.

Lady Walsingham cast an imploring glance at me; but I could not resist adding, "Simply because I happen to know that Lord Westonsville has proposed to, and been accepted by, another, and I think more eligible person."

"But you will excuse me, Lady Arabella, if I say that ladies are sometimes prone to insinuate that gentlemen have proposed to them who never entertain any such intention."

"In the present instance there can be no mistake," replied I, "for Lord Westonsville himself talked to me of his approaching nuptials with the lady to whom I referred."

"You astonish me," answered the Marchioness, with an expression that more plainly expressed, "You enrage me."

"Yes, you really surprise me, as Lady Doncaster justly observed," said her sapient lord; "and had you not mentioned that you heard Lord Westonsville himself confirm his intention of wedding another lady, I should hardly have permitted myself to credit the assertion; for the Dowager Duchess of Wilmington, who

wrote the other statement to Lady Doncaster, is extremely accurate in the intelligence she conveys."

"I hope the lady in question is of ancient descent, for I cannot bear the thought of a *mésalliance*; and I trust she possesses the same dignified manners that characterize Lady Theodosia!"

Poor Lady Walsingham blushed to her very temples; but luckily no one observed this betrayal of her keen sense of the illiberal remark of her haughty hostess.

"The lady is of high rank," answered I, "and her manners I have always considered very distinguished and agreeable. To be sure she does condescend to please; and never fails to succeed."

"Then," retorted the hostess angrily, "she must be, in my opinion, deficient in the dignity that ought to appertain to a high-born woman. I never could tolerate the idea of a lady of rank so far forgetting what is due to herself and sex as to seek to obtain, by propitiation, the homage and the suffrage which her station ought to command."

"Lady Doncaster speaks my sentiments on this point," said her lord, looking pompously and half angrily; "I must say I never could tolerate the modern system which, if it degenerates not into vulgar familiarity, is at least too much calculated to make people forget the line of demarcation which should ever subsist between a lady of ancient and noble lineage and the mere pretenders to fashion; who, by the influence of wealth, force themselves into a society they are so little fitted to adorn."

"Lord Doncaster's notions on this subject are well worth attention and adoption," observed his lady wife, smiling complacently on him.

"Your ladyship and his lordship's notions on *all* subjects must ever be worth attending to," remarked the reverend doctor; "and happy are those who have an opportunity of being edified by them."

"Happy, indeed," ejaculated Dr. Hollingford, in a tone partaking of a groan and a thanksgiving. "Why, no later than yesterday Sir Gregory Tomkinson observed to me that affairs would never go right until the Marquis of Doncaster was at their head."

"What signifies the opinion of a city knight?" retorted Dr. Warburton, "when Sir John Haverstoke, one of the most ancient baronets in England, ay, and a man possessing a clear estate of twelve thousand pounds a year, told me last Sunday, after church (for he makes it a point never to omit attending divine worship),

that his lordship was the nobleman on whom all eyes were turned to be prime minister."

"Though the opinions of Sir John Havestoke are certainly worth attending to, as representing those of the landed interest in the county, still those of Sir Gregory Tomkinson are not to be despised; for I have observed, on more occasions than one, that he is a sensible and discriminating man."

This speech was uttered by the noble host with an affectation of humility and condescension that was highly amusing; and the approval of Sir Gregory from so high a quarter carried balm to the wound inflicted by Dr. Warburton on the feelings of the worthy M.D.

"But, for my part," resumed Lord Doncaster, "nothing would be more disagreeable to me than finding myself compelled to accept office. Indeed, nothing short of a royal command would induce me to do so; for, as Lady Doncaster very properly observed, when we talked the matter over, a person of my high rank and fortune can gain no accession of dignity by holding office; and the fatigue and trouble present an insuperable objection, as I stated in a certain influential—indeed, I may say, illustrious quarter, when certain propositions were more than hinted at."

"Yes," said the Marchioness, "my lord and I are placed in a position that precludes us from experiencing the temptations of ambition; and I never could submit to be, as prime minister's wife, compelled to receive a heterogeneous mass of people, to whom it would be necessary to enact the gracious."

The D.D., M.D., and their respective wives, looked with increased awe and reverence at the noble host and hostess; but fortunately, a signal from the latter led us to the drawing-room, and released us from the prosy flatteries of the toad-eating doctors, and the self-complacent replies of the gratified host.

We found our *séjour* at Doncaster Castle so irksome that we abridged it and proceeded towards home, judging by this specimen of country houses that our own was preferable to any we might encounter.

FOUND OUT.

(FROM "CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.")

I had been to Rundle and Bridges' one day selecting jewels, and had far exceeded the sum I intended to expend there; incited to this extravagance, I frankly own, much more by

the broad hints of the aunt, and implied rather than expressed desires of her niece, than by any spontaneous generosity. Lured by the beauty of the trinkets, and their "appropriateness to each other," as the bowing shopman observed, I was rash enough to conclude my purchases by a necklace of rubies, set in diamonds, requiring ear-rings, brooches, head ornaments, and bracelets, *en suite*.

Thus instead of the few hundreds I had intended to disburse I found, on a hasty and reluctant retrospect of my expenditure, that I must have dissipated some thousands; and I consequently returned from Ludgate Hill feeling that species of self-dissatisfaction and ill-humour which a man who is not quite a fool never fails to experience when he has consciously committed a folly. In this state of mind I entered my club to dine; when, not wishing to encounter any of my acquaintances, I ensconced myself in a corner of the large room, and had an Indian screen of vast dimensions so placed that I was isolated from the general mass, and could not be seen by any new-comers.

While I was discussing my solitary repast I heard voices familiar to my ear command dinner to be brought to them at the table next to mine, and only divided from me by the screen. When I recognized the tones of Lord Henry and Sir John, for whose vicinity at that period I felt no peculiar desire, I congratulated myself on the precaution which had induced me to use this barrier.

"When did you come to town?" asked Lord Henry.

"I only arrived an hour ago," was the reply.

"I came late last night, and am on my way to Avonmore's."

"Have you heard that our pretty friend, Arabella Wilton, is going to be married? and to Lyster too?"

"*Est-il possible?*"

"Yes, positively to Lyster, whom we have heard her abuse and ridicule a thousand times."

I felt my ears begin to tingle, and verified the truth of the old proverb, "Listeners never hear good of themselves."

"By-the-bye, *you* were a little smitten there, and at one time I began to think you had serious intentions, as they call it—Eh! Sir John?"

"Why, so Arabella took it into her wise head to fancy too; but I was not quite so young as all that. No, no, Arabella is a devilish nice girl to flirt with, but the last, the very last, I would think of as a wife."

"Now, there I differ from you; for she is

precisely the sort of person I should think of as a wife."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do; but then it must be as the wife of another; and, when she is so, I intend to be—one of her most assiduous admirers."

I felt my blood boil with indignation, and was on the point of discovering my proximity to the speakers when Sir John resumed.

"What a flat Lyster must be to be gulled into marrying her! I never thought they could have succeeded in deceiving him to such an extent, though I saw they were playing us off against the poor devil."

"Oh! by Jove, so did I too, and if our *supposed* matrimonial projects led to this *real* one I don't regret it for poor Arabella's sake, for she was most impatient to change her name."

"Only think of the aunt's sending me Lyster's letter of proposal."

"Capital, capital, the plot thickens; for she also sent it to me."

"You don't say so?"

"I swear she did; and what is more, I can give you chapter and verse, for Lyster was so matter-of-fact in detailing his readiness to make liberal settlements, and liberal they certainly were, that I remember nearly the words of his letter to *Madame la tante*."

"And what reason did the old she-fox assign for consulting you on the subject?"

"The old one, to be sure, of considering me as a friend to the family."

"Exactly the same reason she gave for consulting me."

"She stated to me that Arabella had a positive dislike to Mr. Lyster, and she feared (mark the cunning of the old woman) that this dislike to so unexceptionable a *parti* originated in her having a preference elsewhere; and, therefore, *she* had determined to ask my opinion whether she ought to influence her niece to accept Lyster."

"In short, a roundabout way of soliciting you to propose for Arabella yourself. The exact sense of her letter to me."

"I dare be sworn they were fac-similes. *Madame la tante* added that her niece was by no means committed with Mr. Lyster, for that she had been so guarded when he asked her (on observing her coldness) if his proposal was disagreeable to her, as merely to repeat, with a shudder, the word he had uttered—disagreeable."

Well did I recollect this circumstance, trifling as it was; and overpowering were the sensations of anger and mortified vanity that oppressed me on recalling it to memory!

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"Well," resumed Lord Henry, "so you wrote, as did I, to advise by all means that Mr. Lyster should be accepted?"

"Yes, precisely; for I thought it the most prudent advice from 'a friend of the family'—ha! ha! ha!—for the soul of me I can't help laughing!"

"Ha! ha! ha! nor I neither. Both of us consulted, and from the same motive."

"It's capital, and worthy of the old lady, who has as much cunning, and as little heart, as any dowager in the purlieus of St. James's."

"I'll lay an even wager that we twain were not the only single men consulted on the occasion."

"For my part I should not wonder if the letters had been circular: ha! ha!"

"And how simple Lyster must be; for while the aunt was sending round his proposal to all the admirers of her niece, *he* must have been impatiently waiting for her answer."

"Luckless devil! how I pity him!" (Oh, how I writhed!) "he has been atrociously taken in: yet I am glad that poor Arabella has at last secured a good establishment; for, I confess, I have a *faiblesse* for her. Indeed, to say the truth, I should have been ungrateful if I had not; for I believe—in fact I have reason to know—that the preference to which the old aunt alluded had more truth in it than *she* imagined."

"So I suspect, too; for, without vanity I may own that I believe the poor girl had a *penchant* for your humble servant."

"For you?"

"Yes, for me. Is there anything so *very* extraordinary in her liking me that you look so surprised and incredulous?"

"Why, yes, there is something devilishly extraordinary; for if I might credit Arabella's own assertion, her *penchant* was quite in a different quarter."

"You don't mean to say it was for *you*?"

"And what if I did? Is there anything more astonishing in her feeling a preference for *me* than for *you*?"

"I merely suppose that she could not have a *penchant* for us both at the same time, and I have had reason, and very satisfactory reason too, to be satisfied that she liked me."

"And I can swear that I have heard her ridicule you in your absence until I have been compelled to take your part; though she often made me laugh, the dear creature did it so cleverly. Ha! ha! ha! the recollection makes me laugh even now."

"And I have heard her attack you with

such acrimony that even an enemy must have allowed that her portrait of you was caricatured; and yet there was so much drollery in her manner of showing you up, that it was impossible to resist laughing. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Lord Henry, I beg to inform you that I allow no man to laugh at my expense."

"Permit me to tell you, Sir John, that I ask no man's permission to laugh when I am so disposed."

"Am I to consider that you mean to be personal?"

"You are perfectly at liberty to consider what you please."

"My friend shall call on you to-morrow morning to name a place for our meeting."

"I shall be quite ready to receive him."

And *exit* Lord Henry, followed in a few minutes by Sir John.

"And so," thought I, "here are two vain fools about to try to blow each other's brains out for a heartless coquette, and a third, perhaps the greatest fool of the three, was on the point of making her his wife. What an escape have I had! No, no, never will I marry her. She may bring an action against me for breach of promise—and she and her aunt are quite capable of such a proceeding—but be united to her I never will. Ridicule and abuse *me*, indeed! Oh, the hypocrite! And to think of all the tender speeches and loving insinuations she has lavished on me; the delicate flattery and implied deference to my opinions! Oh, woman, woman! all that has ever been said, written, or imagined against you is not half severe enough. You are all alike, worthless and designing." . . .

I set out at an unusually early hour for Richmond, determined to come to an explanation with both aunt and niece; and, shall I own it, anticipating with a childish pleasure their rage and disappointment at my breaking off the marriage. On arriving at the villa I was informed that Mrs. Spencer had not yet left her chamber, and that Miss Wilton was in the garden. To the garden then I hied me, anxious to overwhelm her with the sarcastic reproaches I had conned over in my mind.

While advancing along a gravel walk, divided by a hedge from a sequestered lane, I heard the neighing and tramping of a horse; and on looking over the hedge, discovered the lean steed on which I had so frequently encountered the good-looking Unknown on the road to Richmond. The poor animal was voraciously devouring the leaves of the hedge, his bridle being fastened to the stem of an old

tree. A vague notion that the owner, who could not be far off, was now holding a parley with my deceitful mistress instantly occurred to me, and seemed to account for his frequent visits to Richmond. I moved on with stealthy steps towards a small pavilion at the far end of the garden, where I correctly concluded Arabella to be, and whence I soon heard the sound of voices, as I concealed myself beneath the spreading branches of a large laurestinas close to the window. I will not attempt to defend my listening, because I admit the action to be on all occasions indefensible, but the impulse to it was irresistible.

"Is it not enough," exclaimed Arabella, "that I am compelled to marry a man who is hateful to me, while my whole soul is devoted to you, but that you thus torment me with your ill-founded jealousy?"

"How can I refrain from being jealous," was the rejoinder, "when I know that you will soon be another's? Oh, Arabella! if I were indeed convinced that you hated him I should be less wretched."

"How amiable and unselfish!" thought I. "He wishes the woman he professes to love to be that most miserable of human beings, the wife of a man who is hateful to her, that *he*, forsooth, may be less unhappy; and he has the unblushing effrontery to avow the detestable sentiment."

"How can you doubt my hating him?" asked my siren, in a wheedling tone. "Can you *look at him* and then regard *yourself* in a mirror without being convinced that no one who has eyes to see or a heart to feel could ever behold the one without disgust, or the other without admiration?"

"Oh, the cockatrice!" thought I; "and *this* after all the flatteries she poured into my too credulous ear."

Listeners, beware, for ye are doomed never to hear good of yourselves. So certain is the crime of listening to carry its own punishment that there is no positive prohibition against it: we are commanded not to commit other sins, but this one draws down its own correction, and woe be to him that infringes it!

The speech of Arabella, which, I acknowledge, enraged me exceedingly, had a most soothing effect on my rival, for I heard sundry kisses bestowed, as I hope, for propriety's sake, on the hand of the fair flatterer.

"Yes," resumed she, "Lyster is a perfect fright, and so *gauche*, that positively he can neither sit, stand, nor walk like anybody else."

Oh! the traitress! how often had she com-

mended my air *degagé*, and the manly grace, as she styled it, of my movements. After this who ought ever to believe in the honied adulation of a woman?

"Now I must disagree with you, Arabella," replied my rival (and I felt a sudden liking to him as I listened), "Lyster is a devilish good-looking fellow (I thought as much); one whom any woman whose affections were not previously engaged might fancy."

"Let us not talk or think of him, I entreat you," said Arabella; "it is quite punishment enough for me to be obliged to *see* and *hear* him half the day without your occupying the short time we are together in a conversation respecting a person so wholly uninteresting. Have I not refused Lord Henry and Sir John to please you? yet you will not be content, do what I will."

"Oh, Arabella! how can you expect me to be otherwise than discontented, than wretched, when I reflect that your destiny depends not on me, and that another will be the master of your fate. *He* may be harsh, unkind, and *I*, who love, who adore you, cannot shield you from many hours of recrimination when he discovers, and discover he must, that in wedding him you gave not your heart with your hand."

"Oh! leave all that to me to manage," said the crafty creature. "*He* is so vain and so *bête* that it requires no artifice on my part to make him believe that I married him from motives of pure preference. He is persuaded of it: for what will not vanity like his believe?"

"By flattery; yes, by deception and flattery—I see it all, Arabella—you have acquired an empire over Lyster by that well-known road to a man's heart, the making him believe that you love him. Had you loved *me* you would not, you could not, have been guilty of this deception; and in thus deceiving him you have" (and the poor young man's voice trembled with emotion) "wounded me to the soul."

"You really are the most wrong-headed person in the world," said his deceitful companion. "Here am I, ready to sacrifice myself to a rich marriage to save *you*, Edward, from a poor one, for to marry a portionless girl like me would be your ruin, and I love you too well, ungrateful as you are, to bring this misery upon you. When you come as a visitor to my house, and see me in the possession of comforts and luxuries *you* could not give me, you will rejoice in the prudence, ay, and generosity too, that gave me courage to save you from a poor and wretched home, for wretched all poverty-stricken homes must be."

"And could you think my affection so light, Arabella," replied her lover, impatiently, "as to believe that I could go to *his* house and see *him* in possession of the only woman I ever loved? No! I am neither heartless nor *philosophical* enough to bear this. Such a position would drive me mad."

"Then what am I to think, what am I to make of you?"

"Not a villain! a mean, base villain, who betrays hospitality, and consents that the woman he loves shall pursue a conduct at once the most vile, deceitful, and dishonourable!" and he positively wept. His passionate grief seemed to touch even the marble heart of his callous mistress, for she gently asked him why he had ever appeared to agree to her wedding another.

"Can you ask me?" replied he. "I knew you to be fond of luxury and display, which, alas! my limited fortune could never bestow. I feared, trembled at the idea of beholding you pining for the enjoyments *I* could not afford; and it seemed to me less wretched to know you in the full possession of them with another than lamenting their privation with me. It was for *you*, Arabella, conscious as you are how fondly, how madly I dote on you, to offer to share my poverty, and not for me to compel you to it. Had you really loved me, this course you would have pursued."

"But, I tell you, I do love you; and will prove my truth by following your wishes, if you will but express them," said Arabella, melted by his grief and tenderness.

"If you really *do* love me, why may not a modest competence content you? I would have you break off this hateful marriage and accept love in a cottage with me. My grandmother would soon forgive our stolen union, for she likes me so well that she would quickly learn to like *her* who made my happiness. But, alas! even she, good and indulgent as she is, has often told me that *you* were as little disposed to marry a poor man as your aunt could be to give you to such a husband."

"It was very uncivil of your grandmother to say so, and still more so of you to repeat it. But, bless me (touching a repeater I had given her a few days before), how late it is! Lyster will be here almost immediately, and if he should find you—"

"Your marriage with him would be broken off. Yes, I will leave you, Arabella; and meet this unhappy man whose wealth has won you from me. Oh! how I have loathed his face of contentment as I have passed him

on the road and thought that *he* was privileged to approach you, while *I* must seek you by stealth, and leave you to make room for him. I can bear this no longer, Arabella; you see me now for the last time, unless you accept me for your husband."

And, so saying, he rushed from her presence, mounted his lean steed, and was heard galloping along with a speed that indicated the troubled state of his mind.

"Poor Edward!" exclaimed Arabella, "heigh-ho! I wish he were rich, for I *do* like him better than I ever liked any one else. And *he*, too, is the only one of all my admirers who loves me for myself; the *rest* but love me for my flattery. Lord Henry, Sir John, ay, even this dolt who is about to wed me, all have been fascinated, not by my beauty (and for this I loathed them), but by my flattery. By *this* I have charmed, by *this* I have won a husband. Poor Edward, it was not so with him; but love in a cottage—I hate cottages—and then (in a few years) to see it filled with a set of little troublesome brats, and hear them screaming for bread and butter! No, no, these hands (looking at them) were never formed to cut bread and butter, like Werter's *Lolotte*; or to make pinafores, like good Mrs. Herbert, the wife of the half-pay captain, in the little cottage down the lane."

"And yet they might be worse employed, fair lady," exclaimed I, vaulting into the room.

Arabella uttered a faint shriek, turned to a deathlike paleness, and then became suffused with the crimson blushes of shame.

"I have witnessed your stolen interview with my favoured rival; rival no longer, for here I resign all pretensions to your hand."

She attempted to utter some defence, but I was not in a humour to listen to what lengths her duplicity and desire for a rich husband might lead her; so, *sans cérémonie*, I interrupted her by saying, that what I had witnessed and heard had produced no change in my previously formed resolution of breaking off the marriage. She sank into a chair; and even I pitied her confusion and chagrin, until I recollected her comments on my "*gaucherie*," and the polite epithet of "a perfect fright," with which she had only a few minutes before honoured me. I can *now* smile at the mortification my vanity *then* suffered; but, at the time, it was no laughing matter with me.

I left Arabella to her meditations, which, I dare be sworn, were none of the most agreeable; and returned to the house to seek an interview with her aunt. That sapient lady

met me, as was her wont, with smiles on her lips, and soft words falling from them.

"Look here, *dear* Mr. Lyster," said she, holding out an *écrin* towards me, "did you ever see anything so beautiful as these rubies set in diamonds? Are they not the very things for our beloved Arabella? How well they would show in her dark hair; and how perfectly they would suit the rich, warm tint of her cheeks and lips. None but brilliant brunettes should ever wear rubies. Are you not of my opinion? and do you not think that this *parure* seems made for our sweet Arabella?"

I mastered myself sufficiently to assent with calmness to her observations, when she immediately resumed:—"Oh, I *knew* you would agree with me, our tastes are so exactly alike. I was sure, my *dear* Mr. Lyster, you would at once select this in preference to emeralds or sapphires, which suit *fade*, blonde beauties better; but for our sparkling Arabella, rubies and diamonds are the thing. Yet, how grave you look;—bless me! what is the matter? Perhaps, after all, *you* do not like rubies and diamonds; and in that case, though (*entre nous*) I *know* that our darling Arabella dotes on them, I am sure she would prefer having only the ornaments which *you* like, for she is the most tractable creature in the world, as you must have observed. So, confess the truth, you do *not* admire this *parure*?"

"Why, the truth is," said I, taking a spiteful pleasure in raising her expectations, that her disappointment might be the greater, "I yesterday bought at Rundle and Bridges' a *parure* of rubies and diamonds more than twice the size of the one before me, and set in the best taste"—alluding to the very purchase for which I had been blaming myself when I overheard the dialogue between Lord Henry and Sir John.

"Oh! you dear, kind, generous creature, how good of you! How delighted our sweet Arabella will be! Have you brought it with you? I am positively dying with impatience to see it."

"Then I fear, madam," replied I, with sternness, "that your curiosity will never be gratified."

"Why, what a strange humour *you* are in, my *dear* Mr. Lyster—nephew, I was going to call you; but I sha'n't give you that affectionate appellation while you are so odd and so cross. And why am I not to see them, pray? Surely you do not intend to prevent my associating with my sweet child when she becomes

your wife? No, you never could be so cruel." And the old hypocrite laid her hand on my arm in her most fawning manner.

"I have no intention, madam, of separating two persons who seem so peculiarly formed for each other."

"Good creature! How kind of you, *dear* Mr. Lyster; how happy you have made me; I felt so wretched at the thoughts of our sweet Arabella's being taken from me, for I have ever looked on her as if she were my own child. How considerate of you not to separate us. I am sure *she* will be delighted; and *I* shall be the happiest person in the world to give up the cares and trouble of an establishment of my own, which, at my advanced age, and deprived of Arabella, would be insupportable. Believe me, most cheerfully, nay, gladly, shall I avail myself of your kind offer, and fix myself with you and my affectionate child."

The old lady was so delighted at the thought of this plan, that she made more than one attempt to embrace her dear nephew, as she now called me, and it was some minutes before I could silence her joyful loquacity; during which time, I will candidly own, I had a malicious pleasure in anticipating the bitter disappointment that awaited her. When, at length, she had exhausted her ejaculations of delight, I thus sternly addressed her:—

"When I declared my intention, madam, of not separating you and your niece, I did not mean to ask *you* to become a member of my family. I simply meant to state that I did not intend depriving you of the advantage of *her* society, as I have determined on not marrying her."

"Good heavens! what do I hear?" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. "What *do* you, what *can* you mean, Mr. Lyster? It is cruel thus to try my feelings; you have quite shocked me; I—I—am far from well."

And her changeful hue denoted the truth of the assertion.

"Let it suffice to say, madam, that I last evening heard Lord Henry and Sir John declare the extraordinary confidence you had reposed in them; that you had not only sent to each my letter of proposal to your niece, but betrayed to them her more than indifference towards me, and the very words in which she expressed herself when I made her the offer of my hand."

"How base, how unworthy of Lord Henry and Sir John!" said Mrs. Spencer, forgetting all her usual craft in the surprise and irritation

caused by this information. "Never was there such shameful conduct."

"You are right, madam," replied I, "the conduct practised on this occasion has been indeed shameful; luckily for *me* the discovery of it has not been too late."

"If you are so dishonourable as not to fulfil your engagement," said the old lady, her cheeks glowing with anger and her eyes flashing fury, "be assured that I will instruct my lawyer to commence proceedings against you for a breach of promise of marriage; for I have no notion of letting my injured niece sit quietly down a victim to such monstrous conduct."

"I leave you, madam," replied I, "to pursue whatever plan you deem most fitting to redress *her* grievances, and blazen forth to the world your own *delicate* part in the Comedy of Errors; the *dénouement* of which is not precisely what you could have wished. However, as comedies should always end in a marriage, let me advise you to seek a substitute for your humble servant."

Then, bowing low to my intended aunt, I left her presence for ever: and returned to London with a sense of redeemed freedom that gave a lightness to my spirits, to which they had been a stranger ever since the ill-omened hour of my proposal to Arabella.

Of all the presents that had found their way to the villa, and they were not, "like angel visits, few and far between," but many and costly, not one, except my portrait, was ever returned. I retained that of Arabella; not out of love, heaven knows, but because I wished to preserve a memento of the folly of being caught by mere beauty; and as it had cost me a considerable sum, I thought myself privileged to keep it as a specimen of *art*.

Lord Henry and Sir John fought a duel the day after their altercation at the Club, in which the first was mortally wounded, and the latter consequently compelled to fly to the Continent.

In a week from the period of my last interview with Arabella and her aunt the newspapers were filled with accounts of the elopement of the beautiful and fashionable Miss Wilton with Lieutenant Rodney of the Guards. It was stated that the young lady had been on the eve of marriage with the rich Mr. L. of L. Park, but that Cupid had triumphed over Plutus, and the disinterested beauty had preferred love in a cottage with Lieut. Rodney, to sharing the immense wealth of her rejected suitor, who was said to wear the willow with all due sorrow.

CÆSAR OTWAY.

BORN 1768 — DIED 1842.

[This author began to write late in life, and then for the purpose of advancing the circulation of *The Christian Examiner*, in which he took a deep interest. His graphic and pleasant sketches of tours in different parts of Ireland, which appeared in its pages, were so much admired that he was induced to follow them up, and thus added books of permanent interest and value to his country's literature. He was born in Tipperary, 1768, and although his ancestors had been English settlers, yet he was in feeling and sympathy a thorough Irishman. He was intended for the Church, and graduated in Dublin University, subsequently taking holy orders. For many years he remained curate of a remote country parish, but ultimately was appointed assistant chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum in Dublin, and to an office of minor importance in St. Patrick's Cathedral. His sermons attracted attention for their directness of appeal and originality yet simplicity of thought.

In 1825, in conjunction with Dr. Singer, Mr. Otway started the first religious magazine published in Ireland in connection with the then Established Church. It was entitled *The Christian Examiner*, and besides the lighter sketches by Mr. Otway which appeared in its pages, he contributed numerous articles on biography and history, and a number on controversial subjects. *Sketches in Ireland, Descriptive and Interesting*, was published in Dublin in 1827, under his usual initials, "O. C.," and took its place at once as a popular book. *The Dublin Penny Journal* for the year 1832 was conducted by Dr. Petrie and Mr. Otway. Of this volume the *Dublin University Magazine* says: "Without containing one line that would mark the religious or political partialities of the writers, it contains more matter illustrative of the history and antiquities of Ireland than any previous publication." In 1839 his *Tour in Connaught* appeared, followed by *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley*, 1841. In later life he suffered much from a rheumatic affection, of which he died, March 16, 1842.

For some years Mr. Otway was the centre of the young literature of the Irish capital. Of his character as a writer Professor Butler says: "Among all the panegyrists of Irish natural beauty, none has ever approached him.

You are not indeed to expect much of method or system in his sketches. But he had a higher and rarer gift. He was possessed by what he saw and felt. His imagination seemed to revel in the sublimities he described; his sentences became breathing pictures, better, because more suggestive, than painting itself. With him it is not (as so often with trained essayists) words striving to look like thoughts, but thoughts impatient for words, and rushing upon bold and picturesque metaphors to give themselves utterance."]

HOW TO TREAT A GAUGER.

(FROM "SKETCHES IN IRELAND.")

We proceeded to Glen Veagh, and at length reached it after a very deep descent. We were delighted with the beautiful water winding far between immense mountains, and apparently without end, losing itself in gloom and solitariness amidst the distant gorges and defiles of the hills. On the right-hand side of the lake the mountain rises like a steep wall out of the water, lofty and precipitous, for a thousand feet; and this cliff is the secure eyrie of the eagle and jerfalcon. On the other side the shore was lofty also, and mountainous; but still there was room for the oak and the birch, the rowan and alder, to strike their roots amongst the rock, and clothe the ravines and hollows with ornamental copse wood. The lake was studded with wet woody islands, out of which rose perpendicular columns of smoke, which told full well that in this solitary secluded spot the illicit distiller was at his tempting and hazardous work. . . . My pleasant and most companionable friend told me an anecdote in which this lake was concerned, which may be worth relating, as illustrative of the peculiar position in which the whole north-west of Ireland was placed a few years ago by the operation of the excise laws. I shall relate it as nearly as possible in his own words, only premising that he has a peculiar unction in telling a story which I have been unable to appropriate:—One morning in July, as I was dressing myself to walk out before breakfast, I heard a noise at my back-

door, and observed one of my people remonstrating with a man who was anxiously pressing into the house. I went down and met the man, whose demi-genteel dress and peculiar cut marked him to be a gauger. "O, for mercy's sake," cried the man when he saw me, "let me into your house; lock me up somewhere; hide me, save me, or my life is lost." So I brought him in, begged of him to sit down, and offering him some refreshments, requested him to recover his courage and come to himself, for there was no danger. While I was speaking an immense crowd came up to the house and surrounded it; and one man, more forward than the rest, came up to the door and demanded admission. On my speaking to him out of the window, and inquiring what his business was, he replied, "We find you have got Mr. —, the gauger, in your house; you must deliver him up to us, we want him." "What do you want him for?" "Oh, doctor, that's no business for you to meddle in; we want him, and must have him." "Indeed that I cannot allow; he is under my roof, he has come, claiming my hospitality, and I must and will afford it to him." "Doctor, there are two words to that bargain; you ought to have consulted us before you promised; but to be plain with you, we really respect you very much; you are a quiet and a good man, and mind your own business, and we should make the man sore and sorry that would touch the hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger; to be at a word with you, doctor, we must tear open, or tear down your house, or get him." What was I to do? what could I do?—Nothing. I had not a gun or pistol in my house; "so," says I, "boys, you must, it seems, do as you like, and mind I protest against what you are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play at your hands. The man had ten minutes' law of you when he came to my house; let him have the same law still; let him not be the worse of the shelter he has taken here; do you, therefore, return to the hill at the rear of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let him have his ten minutes' law." I thought that in those ten minutes, as he was young and healthy, he would reach the river Lennan, about a quarter of a mile off, in front of the house, and swimming over it, escape. So they all agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any rate, they promised to abide by it; and the man seeing the necessity of the case, consented to leave the house; I enlarged

him at the hall door, the pursuers, all true to their pledged honour, stood on a hill about two hundred yards in the rear of the house; a hanging lawn sloped down towards a small river that in all places at that season of the year was fordable—about a quarter of a mile further off still, in front of the house, the larger river Lennan ran deep and broad between high and rocky banks. The gauger started off like a buck, and as a hunted deer he ran his best, for he ran for his life. He passed the little river in excellent style, and just as he had ascended its further bank and was rising the hilly ridge that divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers broke loose, all highland men, tall, loose, agile, young; with breath and sinews strong to breast a mountain; men who, many a time and oft, over bog and brae, had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole hunt could be seen—they helter-skelter down the lawn rushing—he toiling up the opposite hill, and straining to crown its summit; at length he got out of sight, he passed the ridge and rushed down to the Lennan; here, out of breath, without time to strip, without time to choose a convenient place, he took the soil in the sporting phrase, and made his plunge. At all times a bad swimmer—now out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark, deep, and rapid amidst surrounding rocks, —through whirls, and currents, and drowning holes the poor man struggled for life; in another minute he would have sunk for ever, when his pursuers came up, and two or three of the most active and best swimmers rushed in and saved him from a watery grave. The whole party immediately got about him, they rolled him about until they got the water out of his stomach, wiped him with their frieze coats; twenty warm hands were employed rubbing him into warmth, they did everything humanity could suggest to bring him to himself. Reader, please to recollect that we are not describing the feats or fortunes of Captain Rock or his myrmidons; we are not about to detail the minutiae of a cold-blooded, long calculated murder; we are not describing the actions of men who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature. No; the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do, but not of death; they were about a deliberate work, but not of murder. The moment the gauger was restored to himself, and in order to contribute to it an ample dose of the *poteen* that he had persecuted was poured down his

throat, they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes, and they mounted him on a *rahery* or mountain pony, and off they set with their captive towards the mountains. For a whole day they paraded him up and down, through glens and defiles, and over mountain sides, and at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the solitary and secluded Glen Veagh; here they embarked him in a curragh or wicker boat, and after rowing him up and down for some hours in the lake they landed him in a little island where was a hut that had often served as shelter for the fowler as he watched his aim at the wild water-birds of the lake, and still oftener as the still house for the manufacture of irrepressible unconquerable poteen; and here under the care of two trusty men was he left, the bandage carefully kept on his eyes, and well fed on trout, grouse, hares, and chickens; plenty of poteen mixed with the pure water of the lake was his portion to drink; and for six weeks was he thus kept cooped in the dark like a fattening fowl; and at the expiration of that time his keepers one morning took him under the arm, and desired him to accompany them; then brought him to a boat, rowed him up and down, wafted him from island to island, conveyed him on shore; mounted him on the pony, brought him as before for the length of a day here and there, through glen and mountain, and towards the close of the night the liberated gauger finds himself alone on the highroad to Letterkenny. The poor man returned that night to his family, who had given him over as either murdered or gone to America. But he stood not as a grim ghost at the door, but as fat and sleek, and as happy as ever.

Now wherefore all this trouble? why all these pains to catch a gauger, fatten him, and let him loose? Oh, it was of much and important consequence to these poor moun-

taineers. A lawless act it surely was, but taking into view that it was an act big with consequences affecting their future ruin or prosperity, it might almost be pardonable. Amidst the numerous parliamentary enactments that the revenue department of the country caused to be passed in order to repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, one was a law as contrary to the spirit of the British legislation as to the common principles of equity and conventional right—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty. This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to a heavy fine, to be levied indiscriminately on all its landholders. The consequence of this law was, that the whole north of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over the landlords and proprietors of the country. They were reaping their harvest of ruin, under a *bonus* offered for avarice, treachery, and perjury. Acting on this anti-social system the gauger of the district in question had informations to the amount of £7000 against the respective townlands of which it was composed. These informations were to be passed or otherwise at the approaching assizes, and there was no doubt but that the gauger could substantiate them according to the existing law—and thus effect the total ruin of the people.

Under these circumstances the plot for the seizure and abduction of the revenue-officer was laid. It was known that on a certain day about a month prior to the assizes he was to pass through the district on his way to the coast. It was known that he kept those informations about his person, and therefore they waylaid him, and succeeded in keeping him out of sight until the assizes were over; and shortly after this imprudent and unconstitutional law was repealed.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

BORN 1788 — DIED 1846.

[Sir Aubrey de Vere, author of the historical drama *Mary Tudor*, is perhaps best known and loved among the people as a good landlord, who resided on his estate and found pleasure in doing his duty to his tenants and dependants. He was born at Curragh Chase

in county Limerick on the 28th of August, 1788, received his education at Harrow, and when very young married Mary, a sister of Lord Monteagle. Unlike many poets, he wrote little till he had reached the age of thirty. His first work was a dramatic poem entitled

Julian the Apostate, which appeared in 1822. He next published *The Duke of Mercia*, a historical drama in verse; *A Lamentation for Ireland*, and other poems; followed in 1842 by *A Song of Faith*, *Devout Exercises and Sonnets*, which he dedicated to Wordsworth. We are told by his son that the "sonnet was with him to the last a favourite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honours of his later life." His last, and by many considered his best work is *Mary Tudor*, published after his death in 1847, and written during the last year of his life in intervals of severe illness. Sir Aubrey died as he had lived, peacefully in the arms of his family at Curragh Chase, on the 28th July, 1846.

The publication of Tennyson's *Queen Mary* attracted renewed attention to the *Mary Tudor* of Sir Aubrey de Vere, and his treatment of the subject will be found to bear favourable comparison with that of the poet-laureate. Love for his native land breathes through every line of his *Lamentation for Ireland*, and his sonnets, such as "The Shannon," "Lismore," "The Soldiers of Sarsfield," and many others, are redolent of the same feeling. Wordsworth regarded his sonnets as among the most perfect of our age. Mr. Hayes, in his *Ballads of Ireland*, says: "He was distinguished for his literary attainments and for his poetic genius. . . . He depicts the tragic passions with power and truthfulness. . . . His poems and songs are instinct with grace and feeling."]

EXTRACT FROM "MARY TUDOR."¹

Richmond Place, Queen's Chamber.

QUEEN *asleep on a couch, with* MARGARET DOUGLAS *near her.* Enter CARDINAL and OXFORD.

Cardinal. I fear I task your friendly aid, my lord;

This fever eats into my bones: I move
Feebly and painfully.

Oxford. Your eminence

Is not so stricken as our mistress yonder.

I do begin to fear her end is nigh.

Cardinal. Our birth is the beginning of our dying!

It matters little when the end shall be.

Oxford. Much to our woful country. Heaven
avert it!

Cardinal. To suit one creature, universal laws
Are not revoked. Swift be thy homeward voyage,
O Mary, to the haven of thy rest!

The providential current, followed out,
Will lead thee onward to the pleasant sea;
From cataract and rock devolving smoothly
To the great symbol of eternity;
Which, seeming to dispart, links all together.

Oxford. Think you, my lord, King Philip will
come back?

Cardinal. I fear me not.

Oxford. Nor guess a cause?

Cardinal. 'Tis clear

He loves her not. Alas! he knows her not,
Thus thrall'd, thus masked, in premature decay,
Sprung from unworthy slight, care, grief, remorse.

Oxford. He may be jealous.

Cardinal. No! he does not love!

Oxford. His natural condition is distrust:
His ear needs but some venomous tongue to sting it,
And he shall be as dangerous as the abyss

Whose smoke makes dark the sun!

Cardinal. Alas! alas!

Behold the end. Here lies a great heart blasted!

(*He kneels at the couch and kisses the
Queen's hand.*)

Queen. The Cardinal—O joy!—How sweet to
waken

Toward a loved face with a smile! Whence come
you?

Why look you sad?

Cardinal. I came to lighten sorrow.

Queen. Is the King well?

Cardinal. The King is well, but comes not.

Queen. Oh me! when I look back on what I have
been;

The strange vicissitudes that marked my way;
I shudder for the future. I have been
As one who saw some vision in the air
Of elemental beauty, which, when grasped at,
Vanished: and left instead a grinning devil.
Too late I find how far from good I've wandered.
Oh! never may you feel the agony
Which weighs a heart down that hath earned de-
spair.

You stare at me as one of sense deprived,
Or a sleep-walker crouching o'er a gulf.

I am no maniac, Pole, but very wretched.

Cardinal. Why will you judge the worst? prog-
nosticate

Nought but disaster? This is no regal spirit!

It is to be a dastard to complain.

Queen. There was a time—O Reginald! our
youth

Was not bound down by frosty forms: pray with
me:

Pray for me!—pray for hope!

Cardinal. There was a time

¹ By permission of Aubrey T. de Vere, Esq.

When all your thoughts were to this heart laid
open:

And then to comfort yours was joy to mine.
Methought God gave you, as I prayed for you—
Now graver state, stern duties interpose;
And reverence chains down favour.

Queen. God! thou knowest
What, under better guidance, I had been.
Marvels perplex; torments, despised while suf-
fered,
Master the spirit; blind forebodings mock us:
And, though the eye marks not, the inner soul,
Trembling, responds to outward influences.
Therefore I deem this shadow on my mind
The skirts of that dark pall which swathes my
fortunes.

Cardinal. This from a Christian?

Enter LORD WENTWORTH, Governor of Calais.

Queen. Hold! if I read aright
A face of woe, this justifies my fear,
Why come you, Wentworth, from your precious
charge?

Wentworth. Woe's me! my charge is lost.
Calais hath yielded.

Queen. What, man—art mad? unsay thy tidings,
traitor!

Calais, the brightest gem of Harry's crown!
Our badge on France's cap—our sallyport
To his rich manors! O dishonoured Queen!
Talk not to me of patience—speak of vengeance,
Or I shall madden.

Wentworth. Hear a little further.
The King hath triumphed nobly at Saint Quentin.
The Spanish infantry there pushed the French
From a fair field; and took their Constable,
The famous Montmorency, and the Rhinegrave,
Montpensier, Longueville and Gonzaga;
Leaving the son of Bourbon, duke of Enghien,
Young Roche du Maine, and others, men of note,
Dead on the field.

Queen. And this, sir, you call comfort:
That Spanish swords are flushed with victory
While ours are doomed to rust, our banners
drooping,
In the aisles of Notre Dame. O shame! where
sleep

The destriers that swept the field of Spurs!
Degenerate daughter, thou shouldst have died
and left
The sceptre to a man!—More grief—more shame?

Enter LORD PAGET.

Paget. My liege, scarce had the late King's
counterfeit
Been captured, when another knave sprang up,
Assuming the false name of Exeter:
Who straight made proclamation, by the style
Of the seventh Edward: daring audaciously

Therein to call your royal sister Queen,
And his affianced wife.

Queen. O heavy day!
The old wound bleeds afresh. Spare me, good
God!

Paget. How wills your grace to deal with these?

Queen. Who knows not
The punishment of traitors? Smite their necks—
As they have smit this heart! Not for myself—
Not for myself, thou knowest, O God, I strike—
But for my country, bleeding through my wounds!

Enter LORD HOWARD of Effingham.

I see disaster couched within thine eye.
Speak on—speak out.

Lord Howard. The Seot hath passed the border,
In swarms, devastating our lands, defiling
Our household honour; slaughtering our babes!

Mary. (*Springing up.*) Bring forth my chariot,
and my battle horses!

Princes should head their armies, and partake
The peril they provoke. The cry of war
Renerves my vigour. From my couch of pain
See, I have leaped, and flung my staff away,
Even as the cripple at the voice of Christ!

Cardinal. He is a God of peace. Link not his
name

With thoughts of strife.

Queen. God is the God of battles!
And rides forth in the vanward of his chosen.
Marvels he wrought in the old time by the hands
Of his anointed. Bring my regal helm—
And panoply of mail: and redcross shield.
I will go forth like Miriam, and hymn
The triumph of the Lord before his people!
Down-trampled treason in the mire shall writhe
Like a crushed adder. We shall spurn the Scots;
And lash the hounds of France back to their ken-
nel—

To horse—I cry aloud!

Oxford. (*Aside.*) Obstruct her not.
This passion must have way. Already, mark you,
Her power collapses.

Cardinal. Fearful 'tis to witness
This conflict of fierce wrath with corporal weak-
ness—
Thus devils rebuked, rend, ere they leave, their
victims.

Queen. I am very faint. Bring me a cup of
water.

Time was—but it is gone: Time is—swift passing:
Time comes—but no reality for me!
I have reigned—I am lost! Let me die!

Cardinal. Break not—break not our hearts—
Better the rage

That nerved you at the first.

Queen. Dear Reginald!
We both are bound for death: which first I know
not.

I shall not see the end: but what that end

I know. The spirit of prophecy is o'er me.
Cloud after cloud, great woes come frowning on:
A nation's wreck—the bloody death of Kings.
Call not, O Reginald, this mood despair.
That I have done with earth, and sigh for peace,
Need waken no man's wonder. Not disease—
Hearts of good cheer might conquer that—but
grief,

Remorse, shame, strike me with stern gauntlets
down:

While daily cares, petty anxieties,
Fret me to madness.

Cardinal. Great of soul wert thou,
And strong of heart, till now. Be so again.

Queen. The strength of England, in my heart
till now

Concentred, melting, leaves me but myself—
Sum up my personal life. You knew me first,

A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—

A princess, shorn of her inheritance—

A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—

A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—

A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—

A rightful queen, hemmed by usurping bands—

A reigning queen, baited by slaves she spared—

A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—

A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won
her—

A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—

And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging

Her people to unprofitable wars;

And from her feeble hold basely resigning

The trophy of long centuries of fame.

I have reigned—I am lost—let me die!

Cardinal. Is Calais worth these pangs? In-
eptitude

Hath lost what valour shall regain.

Queen. 'Tis gone!—

For ever!—England's heritage of glory—

When shall her banner wave in France again?

Cardinal. When France outstrips her in the
race of crime.

Queen. Prophetick be thy words! But I shall
lie

Forgotten in my grave ere then—Forgotten?

Forgotten! no! Shame's never-dying echoes

Shall keep the memory of the bloody Mary

Alive in England. Vampyre calumny

Shall prey on my remains. My name shall last

To fright the children of the race I love.

Cardinal. Daughter, you err; forgetting in this
passion

The justice of your Maker.

Queen. Humbly I own it:

Impugning not the ways of Providence

Because I suffer. Justly the penalty

Of sin is meted to me.

Cardinal. With that thought

Consent to peace were easy.

Queen. Peace? no peace

Till Calais be regained. No peace! my people—

All England shouts upon my dying ear.

No peace—no peace—till Calais be won back!

Cardinal. Peace is God's gift.

Queen. Calais! thy name is graven

Upon my heart—You'll find it when I die!

LISMORE.

A meeting of bright streams and valleys green;

Of heathy precipice; umbrageous glade;

Dark, dimpling eddies, 'neath bird-haunted shade;

White torrents gushing splintered rocks between;

With winding woodland roads; and, dimly seen

Through the deep dell ere hazy sunset fade,

Castle, and spire, and bridge, in gold arrayed;

While o'er the deepening mist of the ravine

The perspective of mountain looms afar.

Such was our Raleigh's home—and here his eye

Drank deep of Nature's wild variety,

Feeding on hopes and dreams! From the world's
war

Retired, he dwelt: nor deemed how soon his star

Should set, dishonoured, in a bloody sea!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1847.

[Richard Henry Wilde, poet and translator, was born in Dublin, 24th September, 1789. When eight years old his parents removed to Baltimore in the United States, where he received his early education. His father died in 1802, and having made choice of the law as a profession, Richard removed with his mother to Augusta in Georgia, for the purpose of completing his studies. In 1815 he was called to

the bar, and from his eloquent oratory and profound knowledge of the law he early attained to the position of attorney-general for the state of Georgia. Mr. Wilde was also an accomplished linguist, and contributed translations from Spanish, French, and Italian poets to the *Southern Review* and other leading American periodicals. His original poems were highly appreciated, one of them, "My

Life is like the Summer Rose," being much praised by Lord Byron.

Between the years 1815 and 1835 Mr. Wilde was three times elected member of Congress for Georgia, and distinguished himself in the senate by his clear views, sound judgment, and eloquence as a speaker. In the latter part of 1835 he left America for a lengthened tour in Europe, chiefly undertaken with a view to literary research and the gratification of his classic tastes. He travelled through England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, but spent the greater portion of his time in the beautiful city of Florence. Here he was engaged in examining the secret archives of the city by permission of the Grand-duke of Tuscany. It was owing to his research that the fresco portrait of Dante, by Giotto, was discovered coated over with whitewash on the wall of the Bargello at Florence. "This discovery," says Washington Irving, "of a veritable portrait of Dante in his prime produced throughout Italy some such sensation as in England would follow the sudden discovery of a perfectly well authenticated likeness of Shakspere, with a difference in intensity proportioned to the superior sensitiveness of the Italians."

Shortly after his return to America in 1840 the fruit of his labours appeared in *Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso*. This work was well received by the critics, and bears the stamp of earnest research and discriminating selection. The poems from Tasso are admirably translated into English, preserving closely the sentiment and expression of the original. In 1844 Mr. Wilde became a member of the New Orleans bar, and in the spring of 1847 he was appointed professor of common law in the Louisiana University. This honourable position he was only spared to adorn for a few months. He died on 10th Sept. of the same year at his residence in New Orleans. He left behind him numerous manuscripts, among which were Law Lectures, the Life of Dante, and various poems from the Italian. From these remains his son in 1867 selected and published a poem entitled "Hesperia."]

TO GOLD.

(FROM THE POEM "HESPERIA.")

Bright sparkling pile! dull earth's most glittering prize,
Of wealth the brief epitome and sign,

The type of worth,—bewitching mortal eyes,
At least I humbly own enehanting mine,—
What fascination in thy glances lies!
What grace, what grandeur, in thy presence shine!
For thy seducing smile what votaries strive,
Crassus, Pizarro, Cortes, Bacon, Clive.

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
Forswore thy worship, and renounced thy name,
Defied thy touch, ay! and blasphemed thy face
For empty Pleasure and still emptier Fame:
What brought thee they? Disappointment and Dis-
grace,

Imputed faults and genius,—pride and shame,—
False friends, that cooled, and summer loves, that
flew

With the first wintry, withering blast that blew.

I do repent me of that early sin,
The folly of my inconsiderate days;
And now, however late, would fain begin
To burn thee incense, and to hymn thy praise;
If all who truly worship thee may win,
I too would offer thee a laureate's lays,—
Haply for ears tuned to sweet chimes unfit,
And yet not worse than have for GOLD been writ.

Most subtle casuist! pure and calm, and sweet,—
Whose sure persuasion, eloquent though dumb,
Ever converted men the most discreet,
Or if it failed, failed only in the sum;
Where shall we find thee rank and title meet,
High-priestess of the kingdom not to come,
Since even now thy rule and reign are seen,
Rock of all faiths, of every realm the queen?

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.¹

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die.
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

¹ These beautiful verses ran the risk of being considered merely a translation from the Greek. Sometime after their publication they appeared in a Georgia newspaper in Greek, and purporting to be an ode written by Alcæus, an early Eolian poet of obscure fame. Mr. Wilde, conscious that the poem was his own, had the matter investigated. It was found that the author was a young Oxford scholar, who had translated the poem into Greek for the purpose of deciding a wager that no one in the university was sufficiently familiar with the style of the early Greek poets to detect the forgery. We believe the student won the wager.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

SONNET

TO THE DUCHESS OF FERRARA, WHO APPEARED
MASKED AT A FÊTE.¹

'Twas night, and underneath her starry vest
The prattling loves were hidden, and their arts
Practised so cunningly on our hearts,
That never felt they sweeter scorn and jest:
Thousands of amorous thefts their skill attest—
All kindly hidden by the gloom from day,
A thousand visions in each trembling ray
Flitted around, in bright false splendour drest,
The clear pure moon rolled on her starry way
Without a cloud to dim her silver light,
And high-born beauty made our revels gay—

¹ This and the following translation from the Italian are given by Mr. Wilde in his work *Conjectures and Researches* as specimens of the poet Tasso.

Reflecting back on heaven beams as bright,
Which even with the dawn fled not away—
When chased the sun such lovely ghosts from
night.

CANZONE

TO THE PRINCE OF TUSCANY FROM PRISON

But I—than other lovers' state,
So much more hard, alas! my own,
As love less cruel is than hate—
Must sigh to winds that round me moan,
Just anger at my unjust fate—
And not for sweet illusions flown,
Averted look, or prudish air,
False words, or a deceitful tone.
Disdainful smile, or frown severe,
Nor roses lost, nor lilies flown,
Nor glove, nor veil reclaimed, alone—
No! no! alas! from none of those
Arise my far more serious woes.

For I, unhappy wretch! complain
Of torments strange and new
Save in the realms of hate and pain,
Nor does a tear for me bedew
Even Pity's cheek, which free from stain
Wears a pale marble hue.
Nor of my living hell the gates
Can I break down, where angels deign
My faults to punish, like the Fates,
Because I dared in burning strain
On my poor lyre my griefs to own,
Like Orpheus, finding once again
My Proserpine can turn to stone!

THOMAS MOORE.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1852.

[Thomas Moore was born in Dublin in the year 1780. His father, John Moore, was a grocer and keeper of a small wine-store in Aungier Street, where his dwelling-house was over the shop. He was sent to school at an early age: first to a Mr. Malone, who was seldom sober, and would often whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers; then to the grammar-school of Mr. Samuel White.

In 1794, Moore entered Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to study law. His career there was more than an ordinary success.

In 1798, Moore narrowly escaped being involved with Emmet and others in a charge of sedition. He, without doubt, sympathized

with their cause, and anonymously wrote two articles, one a poem and the other a fiery letter in favour of the movement, for *The Press*—a revolutionary paper started towards the end of 1797 by Arthur O'Connor, Robert Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy.

In the same year, 1798, which saw so many of his companions exiled or dead, Thomas Moore graduated as B.A., and, bidding adieu to his native city, set out for London, where, early in 1799, he entered as a student at the Middle Temple. He had already translated the *Odes of Anacreon*. Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Prince of Wales became subscribers for this

work. To Lord Moira he owed his introduction to this select circle, and the Prince of Wales permitted the dedication of the *Odes* to himself. His brilliant conversational powers, with his poetical and musical gifts, rendered him everywhere a welcome guest, and he was now plunged headlong into the vortex of London fashionable society. In 1801 he published a volume of "Poems" under the name of "The Late Thomas Little, Esq." These were full of indecencies, of which, however, he was afterwards so heartily ashamed that he altogether excluded many of them from the collected edition of his poems.

In 1803 Lord Moira procured him an appointment in the Court of Bermuda as Registrar of the Admiralty. He sailed on the 25th of September in the *Phaeton* frigate from Spithead, landing at Norfolk, Virginia, whence, after a stay of about ten days, he proceeded in a sloop of war to Bermuda. It was the beginning of 1804 when Moore reached the "still-vexed Bermoothes," and, knowing that it was an uncongenial post, he only remained there for a few months while arranging to have his duties performed by deputy. In his letters he described the scenery as beautiful, but his occupation, in examining witnesses in regard to captured vessels, &c., as not very poetical. He left Bermuda in April, resolved to see something of America before his return to England, and sailed to New York. After a short stay here he revisited Norfolk in Virginia, where Mr. Merry, the English minister, introduced him to President Jefferson—the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence. From Norfolk he proceeded on a pleasure tour through the States; and, in his *Odes and Epistles* subsequently published, we have a series of poetical notes of his progress from place to place. At Philadelphia he formed some agreeable friendships. Visiting Canada, he saw Niagara Falls. Crossing the "fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, he sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places. Of all his poetical records of this tour, none is so exquisitely lovely as the "Canadian Boat-song." His absence from England extended over a period of only fourteen months, and from what he saw, or rather from what he could not find there, of refinement in social life and the aroma of society, his preconceived ideas of republican government were considerably modified.

Odes and Epistles, to which we have alluded, appeared in 1806. Capt. Basil Hall vouches

for the accuracy of Moore's description of Bermuda, saying that it is "the most pleasing and exact" he knows. However, the volume was very severely handled by Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review*, on the score of its occasional questionable morality; and Moore, irritated, foolishly sent him a challenge. The affair was stopped on the ground by the police, and the would-be combatants afterwards became fast friends. Byron's sarcastic allusion to the duel stung Moore, and he also received a challenge; but, fortunately, matters were adjusted by mutual friends without a hostile meeting. In 1807 he began to publish *The Irish Melodies*, which were not completed till 1834. He furnished words and adapted the airs, while Sir John A. Stevenson was to provide the accompaniments. In 1808 he published anonymously two poems, *Intolerance*, and *Corruption*; and, in 1809, *The Sceptic*, none of which, however, was very successful. "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin" appeared in 1810.

On Lady-day, in March, 1811, he married Miss Bessie Dyke, a native of Kilkenny, a charming and amiable young actress of considerable ability. She was very domestic in her tastes, and possessed much energy of character, tact, and judgment; while her personal appearance was such as to draw from Rogers the appellation of "the Psyche." Lord John Russell tells us that, "from the year of his marriage to the year of his death, his excellent and beautiful wife received from him the homage of a lover." In the autumn of 1811, *M.P., or the Blue Stocking*, a comic opera, was produced on the stage. For a time after his marriage he had been residing chiefly with Lord Moira, but in 1812 he took a cottage at Kegworth, so as still to be near his friend's residence; but, on Lord Moira going to India, he shortly afterwards left it for Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

In 1812 appeared *The Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag*, by Thomas Brown, the Younger. The wit, pungency, and playfulness of these satires, aimed at the Prince Regent and his ministers, made them immensely popular, and fourteen editions were called for in the course of one year. At this time, the Messrs. Longman arranged to give him three thousand guineas for a poetical work of which they had not seen a single line. Moore determined not to disappoint the trust placed in him, and, in his cottage in Derbyshire, studied oriental literature summer and winter; and, in four years after his arrangement with the firm, *Lalla Rookh* was completed. *National*

Airs, a volume of poems containing "Flow on, thou shining River," "All that's bright must fade," "Those evening bells," "Oft in the stilly Night," and others, was published in 1815. In 1816 appeared two series of *Sacred Melodies*. He removed to Hornsey, near London, this year, in order to see *Lalla Rookh* through the press. It was published—a quarto volume—in 1817, and, striking a new key-note, was a splendid success, dazzling the readers of the day with its gorgeous eastern illustration and imagery. Within a fortnight of its issue, the first edition was sold out; and within six months it had reached a sixth edition. Parts of the work were rendered into Persian; and Mr. Luttrell, writing to Moore, said:—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

In holiday mood, Moore, leaving his wife at Hornsey, accepted from Rogers the offer of a seat in his carriage, and set out, in 1817, for a visit to Paris. The Bourbon dynasty had just been restored; society was in a chaotic state, and Paris swarmed with English, whose ridiculous cockneyism and nonsense furnished him with materials for the letters entitled *The Frudge Family in Paris*, published in 1818, and consisting of a happy blending of the political squib and the social burlesque. This was succeeded, in 1819, by the publication of *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress*. On his return he was urged by the Marquis of Lansdowne, his ever-constant friend, to come and live near him; and he, accordingly, took Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes and contiguous to his friend's beautiful demesne of Bowood, in Wiltshire. He had not been long settled in it, however, when intelligence reached him that the deputy whom he had appointed at Bermuda had absconded, and, by embezzlement, involved him in a debt of £6000 for which he was responsible. Friends at once offered pecuniary aid; but Moore resolved to help himself by his pen. To avoid arrest he was advised to visit the Continent till matters were arranged; so, in September, 1819, he set out with Lord John Russell to visit Switzerland and Italy. They met Lord Kinnaird at Milan. Thence Lord John went to Genoa, and Moore proceeded to Venice to meet Lord Byron. At Rome, the two poets explored the works of ancient and modern art, under the personal guidance of men such as Canova, Chantrey, Turner, Lawrence, Jackson, and

Eastlake. On returning from Rome to Paris, in January, 1820, he was there joined by his family, and settled down to literary work. He lived nearly three years in Paris, during which time his life was precisely the same as in England, one continual round of visiting amongst the English aristocracy and travellers who came there. At the same time he was busy on *The Life of Sheridan*, *The Epicurean*, *Rhymes on the Road*, *The Loves of the Angels*, &c., which were published at a later period. Moore was in seven different lodgings in, or near, Paris; but the dwelling which he liked best was a cottage belonging to their friends the Villamils, at La Butte Coaslin, near Sevres, which they occupied for some time. It reminded him of Sloperton, and he happily defined it by a quotation from Pope—

"A little cot with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low."

Here he used to wander in the park of St. Cloud, writing verses, planning chapters of *The Epicurean*, and closing the evening by practising duets with the lady of his Spanish friend, or listening to her guitar. Kenney, the dramatic writer, lived near them, and Washington Irving visited him there.

At length, in 1822, he received a letter from Longmans informing him that the Bermuda defalcation had been arranged, and that he might now safely return to England. In the end of November, 1822, he returned to Sloperton Cottage; and, in 1823, published *Rhymes for the Road*, with *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, and *Loves of the Angels*, which he had written when in exile. In June of this year, his publishers placed £1000 to his credit from the sale of the last-named work, and £500 from the *Fables for the Holy Alliance*.

At this time, too, he made a favourable arrangement regarding the copyright of *The Irish Melodies*. As early as 1797 Moore's attention had been called to Bunting's collection of Irish Melodies; and, at intervals, he had written words for some of them which he was accustomed to sing with great effect. In 1807, as we have stated, he began to publish these, receiving from Mr. Power £50 each, for the first two numbers. The songs were immensely and deservedly popular, and now, in 1823, Mr. Power agreed to pay Moore £500 a year, for a series of years, that he might have the exclusive right of publishing *The Irish Melodies*, the whole ten numbers of which were not completed till 1834. These are likely to prove the most lasting of all his works.

His *Memoirs of Captain Rock* appeared in 1824, written after a tour in Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne. This year Lord Byron died, and thus the existence, and the intended publication of his memoirs, which he had entrusted to Moore for that purpose, came to be known. Byron's relatives strongly urged that the MS. should be destroyed, and, after arrangements made accordingly, it was burned, in the presence of witnesses.

In October, 1825, his *Life of Sheridan* appeared. In 1827 *The Epicurean* was published, illustrated with vignettes on steel after Turner. It is a romance founded on Egyptian mythology, and is the most highly finished, artistic, and imaginative of his prose writings. In 1830 he edited *The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life*. This work, which appeared in two quarto volumes, compiled from Byron's journals and such materials as he could subsequently procure, is interesting, but too copious and, as might be expected, partial and lenient in its criticism. For this biography he ultimately obtained £4870. In 1831, was published his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, followed by *The Summer Fete*, a poem, celebrating an entertainment given at Boyle Farm in 1827. At this time he chiefly adhered to prose, and only occasionally wrote verse in the shape of political squibs or satires for *The Times* or *The Morning Chronicle*, for which service he was paid at the rate of about £400 a year. In 1833, followed *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, a defence of the Roman Catholic system; and *The History of Ireland* (4 vols. 12mo), in 1835, written for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. It embraced a long period, from the earliest king to the latest chief. This year, during Lord Melbourne's administration, a pension of £300 a year was bestowed upon him for his literary merits.

He wrote little else after this period, beyond an occasional trifle in verse for the periodicals, and the prefaces and a few additions to a collected edition of his poetical works issued by the Longmans (1840-42), in ten volumes. His latter years were clouded by domestic grief, his children having all died before him. In 1846 the poet made this sad entry in his diary, "The last of our five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone, not a single relative have I now left in the world." His memory failed rapidly; he stooped and looked old; and, in 1848—as in the cases of Swift, Scott, and Southey—mental imbecility gradually set in, caused by softening of the brain.

In 1850 Mrs. Moore received a pension of £100 a year, in consideration of her husband's literary services; and no wife ever deserved recognition more than she for *her own* sweet sake. She was in every respect a true and model wife. Moore's loss of memory was in his case perhaps, a blessing, "bestowing a calm," as William Howitt remarks, "on his closing period, which otherwise could not have existed." "His last days," says Lord John Russell, "were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline." His frame grew weaker and weaker, and he died at Sloperton Cottage, his home for more than thirty years, on the 26th of February, 1852, aged seventy-two years and nine months, and was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, Bedfordshire, within view of his own house, and by the side of two of his children.

Lord John Russell generously negotiated for the publication of Moore's *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence* with the Longmans, who brought them out in eight volumes (1852-56) and under Lord John's own editorial supervision, in accordance with the desire of the poet. With the £3000 obtained for the work, an annuity was purchased for Mrs. Moore equal to the whole income which she and her husband had enjoyed during the latter years of his life. The journal embraces the period between 1818 and 1847. Mrs. Moore, who survived him till 1865, presented the poet's valuable library to the Royal Irish Academy. She died at Sloperton Cottage, on the 4th of September, aged sixty-eight.

Moore's life may be summed up as "an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society." Byron said, "Tommie dearly loved a lord;" and his journals continually evince his vanity in this respect, although it was, essentially, of a very harmless and kindly sort.

"But," as William Howitt, who knew him, wrote, "it is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was, as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should not fly into a candle. It was his nature; and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by titled people must be purchased at any cost. Neither poverty nor sorrow could restrain him from this dear enjoyment. . . . He goes into the charmed, glittering ring to forget his trouble, and leaves poor, desolate Mrs. Moore solitarily

at home to remember it. . . . At another time you find him invited to dine with some great people, but he has not a penny in his pocket; Bessie, however, has scraped together a pound or two out of the housekeeping cash, and lets him have it, and he is off." Of his bearing in these circles, Byron says:—"In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted."

In extenuation, it has been said that Moore wished to keep himself before the people who could purchase his expensive quarto volumes, and that Mrs. Moore acquiesced in what was thus for their mutual benefit. However, it must be admitted that Moore was a spend-thrift to the end of his days. His writings brought him £30,000, and he had nothing to leave to his wife—his sole survivor—but his diary in MS. Owing chiefly, perhaps, to her good sense, they always lived in houses of low rents; and in only two cases was their residence of long duration, namely, in Mayfield Cottage, near the river Dove, in Derbyshire; and in Sloperton Cottage, in Wiltshire. But we find him borrowing a large house of Lord Lansdowne, at Richmond, one summer; borrowing his friend's carriages, and giving great dinners and fêtes champêtres, so that it is easy to see how the money went. Amidst all this he was attached to his family, a faithful, kind, and generous friend; he habitually wrote to his mother twice a week; and, when he got £3000 for *Lalla Rookh*, he left £2000 in the hands of his publishers, directing the interest (£100 a year) to be handed to his parents, to whom he was devoted; and this sum was paid them while they lived, even when he himself was often sorely pressed. Nor did he by his extravagance ever involve them in any expense. Professor Morley observes:—"He loved his mother and his wife, but dining out did not deepen his character." Much that was indelicate in his earlier writings he lived to regret; and, as he advanced in life, he breathed a purer and serener atmosphere. Sidney Smith described Moore as "a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honourable and just." And Sir Walter Scott wrote, "It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me."

Of Moore's prose writings, his best sustained and most highly finished imaginative work is *The Epicurean*—an Egyptian romance, which he at first intended, and indeed began, to write in verse, but left it as the unfinished fragment

called "Alciphron," which is now appended to the prose tale. Alciphron was an Epicurean philosopher converted to Christianity, A.D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden with whom he fell in love, but who suffered martyrdom in that year. On her death, he betook himself to the desert. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary, and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour for refusing to comply with an imperial edict, he died at the brass mines of Palestine, A.D. 297. There was found after his death a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck. Moore's biographical works are all faulty and diffuse, although they abound in sparkling passages; his notices of Lord Byron are generally written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, in this instance, he admits far too much trivial matter, and his judgment is considerably biased by friendship. His *History of Ireland* is admitted to be a very important work, and, of its kind, is thought to be his best. It is certainly an interesting and careful production, though by no means an impartial one.

Moore's satirical productions are equal to anything of the kind in the language, and in them his peculiar abilities are exhibited to the best advantage. Hazlitt, after slashing at some of his other works, says, "But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best; it is first-rate." "In *The Twopenny Post Bag*, his light laughing satire attains its most delicate piquancy." Of it Byron wrote, "By-the-bye, what humour—what—everything in the *Post Bag*!" *The Fudge Family* was once amusing, but it is the natural fate of ephemeral satire to perish with the events which gave rise to it. *Rhymes on the Road* is a series of clever trifles—often graceful and pleasing, but occasionally indelicate—conversational and unstudied, and "little better," to use Moore's own words, than "prose fringed with rhyme." His *Odes and Epistles* contain descriptive sketches of scenery as remarkable for their fidelity to nature as for their poetical beauty.

Lalla Rookh,—signifying *tulip cheek*,—is Moore's most elaborate poem. It is an oriental romance, with its dazzling wealth of gorgeous illustration and imagery, presenting a brilliant picture of eastern life and thought. It consists of four tales connected by a slight narrative in prose. These are, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," "Paradise and the Peri," "The

Fire-worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem." Its illustrations are so accurate, that Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, thought Moore must have travelled in the East. But the lay-figures introduced lack character; there is, throughout, a marked deficiency of dramatic power and completeness; and, from the very excess of ornament and exuberant fancy, its sweetness and sparkle palls on the senses. Full of glittering fancy, "it lacks passion, pathos, and the shaping spirit of imagination." Professor Morley quaintly says, that "beside poems that rank with the powers of Nature, it looks like an oriental sugar-candy temple of such confectioner's work as was also fashionable in the days when *Lalla Rookh* was read."

Hazlitt wrote of Moore, "His fancy is for ever on the wing, flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Everything lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; while, over all, Love waves his purple light. . . . The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was as good as riding on the back of a camel." Stopford A. Brooke adds that "the tales in *Lalla Rookh* are chiefly flash and glitter, but they are pleasant reading." Some of the lyrics which are found in its pages are very melodious and beautiful. While admitting the abstract justice of the criticisms we have quoted, we submit that there are times, seasons, and moods, when it is very pleasant to be half smothered in roses!

Of Moore's larger poetical works, the next in importance to *Lalla Rookh* is his *Loves of the Angels*, an allegory founded on the eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai. The three stories are related with graceful tenderness and passion; but his angels actually fall over head and ears in love with the fairest of earth's daughters.

Of all that Moore has written, the best of his *Irish Melodies* and *National Songs*, without doubt, are very perfect and most likely to live with the language itself, and so perpetuate his fame. He wrought at these series of songs for over a quarter of a century. Bright and sparkling at all times, Moore is the Rossini of musicians and the humming-bird of poets. His airy verse, with its drawing-room sheen and polish, may be aptly described in his own words, from *Lalla Rookh*:—

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murrining dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;

And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too."

No one would go to Moore, expecting to find the robust vigour, condensed wisdom, and epigrammatic point of a Shakspeare or a Burns; but sentiment, though less deep and more diffuse, may still be true, and touch our hearts. How often the cadence of a line recalls some well-nigh forgotten song heard long ago, while the phrase of haunting melody, so sadly sweet, yet sweetly sad, with which it is inseparably and forever associated, floats magically through the soul, wafting us away like the music of a dream to other days and brighter scenes, when hope was young:—

"Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd even its tears with light!"

Strange to say, Moore, though Irish, is, in a national sense, the least Irish of Irish bards, and does not even approach the natural pathos and humour of Samuel Lover. His songs are characterized more by sprightly fancy and sentiment than by imagination; but he thoroughly understood the requirements of *vocalization*, and his verse is perfectly modulated *for singing*—an art to which very few poets, even of a much higher order, have attained.

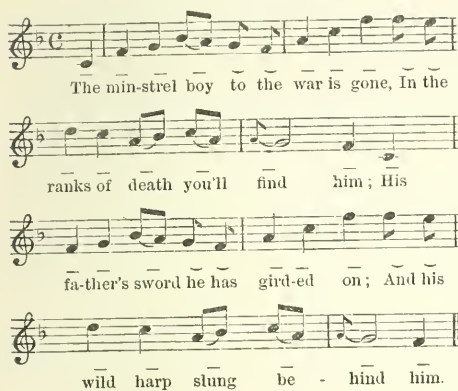
Moore speaks admiringly of the marvellous and matchless skill of Burns, in successfully adapting words to music, as encouraging him in his own attempts, and adds: "I have always felt in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself." He also wrote, in the preface to *The Irish Melodies*:—"With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as *they are intended rather to be sung than read*, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense." This, Moore's intention, ought to be borne in mind; and it is not fair to criticise the accent of his songs apart from the music to which they are written; for the one is dependent on, modified by, and quite *inseparable* from the other. In short, as Samuel Lover points out, even "Moore is liable to be falsely read, when the ordinary accent is given to the reading," that is, "when measured syllabically rather than rhythmically." This Lover amply proves and illustrates by the example of "The

Minstrel Boy to the War is gone," given, marked in longs and shorts, showing that the music is *more* than essential, and absolutely *increases* the power of the lines—the remarkable succession of long sounds in the noble air giving a grandeur of effect to the poem which is otherwise wanting. Thus, as they would be read:—

The min-strel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

While, it is as follows, when accentuated by the music:—

Irish air—*The Moreen*.



Lover, who himself, in this respect, was only second in Ireland to Moore, and free from many of Moore's defects, characterized *The Irish Melodies* as "that work, not only the crowning wreath of its author, but among the glories of the land that gave him birth. To the finest national music in the world he wrote the finest lyrics; and if Ireland never produced, nor should ever produce, another lyric poet, sufficient for her glory is the name of Thomas Moore." Byron wrote:—"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each which never was, nor will be, possessed by another." He was undoubtedly the greatest lyricist of his age; and "of all song-writers," said Professor Wilson, "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore." Lord John Russell's estimate of Moore was: "Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first." Stopford A. Brooke writes: "He had a slight, pretty, rarely true, lyrical power, but all the songs have this one excellence, they are truly

things to be sung;" and Professor Henry Morley, in the same strain, adds: "As a lyric poet Moore was above all things a musician—one of the best writers we have ever had of *words for music*."

His patriotic songs are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. With these, Moore permeated society, and so created an interest in Irish matters and wrongs. Next to these patriotic songs, are those conveying moral reflections in metaphor. On the best of *The Irish Melodies*, and on *The National Songs*, Moore's lasting fame will doubtless rest. He himself has recorded this, as his own belief, in these memorable words:—"My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echo of the harp."

Many editions of Moore's works have been called for, especially of *The Irish Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh*. The former was issued (1845) profusely illustrated by Maclise; and the latter has been illustrated (1861) by Tenniel. A *Biography* of Moore, by H. R. Montgomery, was published in 1860. Much information may be gleaned from Moore's own prefaces; and biographical notices have been prefixed to various subsequent editions of the poet's works; those by Dr. John Francis Waller and Mr. William Michael Rossetti are specially noteworthy. Moore's *Hitherto Uncollected Writings*, edited by R. H. Shepherd, appeared, in London, in 1877.¹ A portrait-bust of Moore is placed in the National Portrait Gallery.]

THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON.

(FROM "THE EPICUREAN.")

The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis—still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages—now softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her

¹ Mr. S. C. Hall has published *A Memory of Thomas Moore*, with whom he was acquainted so long ago as 1821. The centenary of the poet was commemorated in Dublin and other cities on the 23th of May, 1879.

lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like one of those dreams of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand like the rest.

On the waters all was gaiety and life. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile—that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of

a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of a sistrum—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features—a charm in the very shadow that hung over their imagined beauty—which took my fancy more than all the outshining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided gently and aërially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and

where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament, which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow;—the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain;—in every direction files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

BERMUDA.

(FROM "POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.")

Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd.
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to
 roam
Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy
 home,

Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to
 say—

Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utas's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
 I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm
 in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the
 regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come
 to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered even in the
 sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to
 hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one
 on the ear;
And as echo far off through the vale my sad orison
 rolls,
I think, oh my love, 'tis thy voice from the
 kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were
 so dear.

THE DESMOND.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 A voice whispered o'er me,
 As the threshold I crossed,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved I was lost.

Love came and brought sorrow
 Too soon in its train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again;
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure
 If poured out by thee.

You who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look upon her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth?
 Hath the flower less brightness
 For growing near earth?

No! man for his glory
 To ancestry flies,
 But woman's bright story
 Is writ in her eyes.
 While the monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line;
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to divine.

 THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH
 DANGER.

Through grief and through danger thy smile has
 cheered my way,
 Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that
 round me lay;
 The darker our fortune the brighter our pure love
 burned,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal, was
 turned;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thine arms my spirit felt
 free,
 And blessed even the sorrow that made me more
 dear to thee.

Thy rival was honoured whilst thou wast wronged
 and scorned,
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
 adorned;

She wooed me to temples whilst thou layest hid
 in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, whilst thine, alas!
 were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather
 be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought
 from thee.

They slander thee surely who say thy vows are
 frail,
 Had'st thou been a false one thy cheek had looked
 less pale;
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those linger-
 ing chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their
 servile stains;
 Oh, foul is the slander, no chain could that soul
 subdue,
 Where shineth thy spirit there liberty shineth
 too.

 COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd hath fled from thee thy home is
 still here,
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-
 cast,
 And the heart and the hand all thine own to the
 last.

Oh what was love made for if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torments, through glory
 and shame;
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of
 bliss,
 Still thine angel I'll be mid the horrors of this;
 Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to
 pursue,
 And shield thee and save thee or perish there too.

 FAIREST, PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest, put on awhile
 Those pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thine own green isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er such scenes of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields where the spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm summer's gaze,
 With but her tears to guard her.

Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning,
Like some warrior's brows
That love has just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air
Hath been won downward by them.
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did love yet see
From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
And caves where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine let fall in weeping.
Glens where ocean comes
To escape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes,
Where freedom's sails could anchor.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said: "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."
It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the woodpecker's tapping the hollow
beech-tree.
And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep
if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I
die."
By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but
mine.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When love is kind,
Cheerful, and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.
But when love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things,
Love may go hang.

If love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love given to rove
To two or three,
Then good-bye, love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young love may go,
For all I care,
To Jericho.

THOU ART, OH GOD.

Thou art, oh God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas, into Heaven.
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things, fair and bright, are Thine.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET-BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

ZELICA'S SONG.

(FROM "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.")

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream,

To sit mid the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly
they shone,

And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that
gave

All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bende-
meer!

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood meet our ear,
Oh, how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In jaded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm the gale sighs on
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh, 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

(MIRIAM'S SONG.—FROM "SACRED MELODIES.")

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took
a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after
her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave—

How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(SCOTCH AIR.—FROM "NATIONAL AIRS.")

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

(RUSSIAN AIR.—FROM "NATIONAL AIRS.")

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters soft and clear;
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 And now bursts upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song:
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves, retreating
 To the shore, it dies along:
 Jubilate, Amen.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Go where glory waits thee,
 But, while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,

Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh! then remember me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.
 'Twas that friends, the lov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature im-
 prove,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
 should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
 peace.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream:
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love trac'd;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream;
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream:
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

She is far from the land where her young hero
 sleeps,
 And lovers are round her, sighing:
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.
 She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he lov'd awaking;—

Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
 West,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(FROM "IRISH MELODIES.")

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found
 thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
 thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness

Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!

Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET.

BORN 1764 — DIED 1854.

[William Conyngham Plunket, afterwards Lord Plunket, was born near Enniskillen in county Fermanagh in July, 1764. He was the youngest child of four sons and two daughters, his father being the well known Dr. Plunket, a Presbyterian minister for twenty years in Enniskillen, and afterwards in Strand Street Chapel, Dublin. When William was about fourteen his father died, leaving his family unprovided for; but the congregation and other friends raised a handsome sum as a provision for the family, and Mrs. Plunket was placed in comfortable circumstances for life. In 1779, when only fifteen years of age, young Plunket entered Dublin University; and in 1782 he joined the Historical Society, in which he soon became conspicuous by his abilities as an orator. At this period he was a frequent visitor to the galleries of the Irish House of Commons, where he listened with delight to the eloquence of Grattan. After five years of college life Plunket entered Lincoln's Inn as a law-student, and in 1787 he was called to the bar. At first his practice was of a very humble character, but owing to the energy and talent of the young lawyer and his well-known powers as a debater while leader of the College Historical Society, it soon began to improve. In 1790 he gained distinction in an important election case, in which Provost Hutchinson was charged with having unfairly influenced the university election in favour of his son. Two years later he married Miss Catherine McCausland of Fermanagh, the daughter of an eminent solicitor. In 1797 he received a silk gown, and afterwards practised chiefly in the equity courts.

In 1798 Plunket was offered a seat in the Irish parliament for the borough of Charlemount, which he accepted unshackled by any conditions. Soon after the government determined upon restricting the liberty of the press

in Ireland, and brought in a bill on the publication of libels. Plunket opposed the measure with some success, and thus began his political career in opposition to the government. During the outbreak of 1798 he did all in his power to allay animosities, and especially to soften the vindictiveness of the so-called loyal party. Through the whole of the struggle on the question of the union he took a foremost place in opposition to the government, and his speeches were models of eloquence. In the memorable union debate of January, 1799, his reply to Lord Castlereagh created a deep impression on his hearers. He was well known for his cool north country manner; but in this speech he passionately abandoned himself to the full force of his strong feelings.

When all was over, Plunket saw there was nothing for it but submission. During the state trials of 1803 he was engaged as counsel for the crown, and in this capacity the prosecution of Robert Emmet, the brother of an old friend, became his painful duty. His conduct in this case was immediately assailed with showers of abuse. Cobbett published a libellous account of the transaction; Plunket sued and obtained £500 damages, completely clearing his character at the same time. Some months later he accepted the post of solicitor-general. In 1805, during Pitt's administration, he became attorney-general; but "when, under the administration of Lords Grenville and Howick, the attorney-generalship had assumed a parliamentary and party character, he did not hesitate to resign it, and followed his leader into fifteen years' exile from power." In 1807 he was elected member for Midhurst; but a dissolution took place soon after, and he did not offer himself for re-election.

Still pursuing his profession, he was about this time in possession of the largest income

ever enjoyed by an Irish lawyer. In 1808 Lady Downshire offered him the seat for Newry, and in the following year he was offered one in the gift of the Duke of Bedford. But he determined before re-entering parliament to secure a competence which would prevent him from being interrupted or harassed in his political career; and in 1812, by the death of his brother Dr. Patrick Plunket, he acquired a fortune of £60,000, which at once placed him in the wished-for position. In 1812 he again entered parliament as member for Trinity College; and in the following year began to take an active part in the business of the house. In February Grattan moved for a committee to inquire into the laws affecting the Roman Catholics, and Plunket strenuously supported him. The speech he made on the occasion was a memorable one, every speaker who followed on either side referring to it with admiration. Before long he had become a power in the house, and spoke on all important occasions. In 1821, on the Catholic question being again brought forward, he delivered another of his telling speeches. Sir Robert Peel declared that it "stood the highest in point of ability of any ever heard in the house, combining the rarest powers of eloquence with the strongest powers of reasoning."

In 1821 Plunket again became attorney-general. In 1825 he supported the bill for putting down the Catholic Association, although he still strenuously supported the claims of the Catholics. In 1827 he was appointed master of the rolls in England; but on learning the objection of the English bar to an Irish lawyer being nominated to such an office, he resigned it in a few days. As compensation for this disappointment he was created Chief-justice of Common Pleas in Ireland, and also made a peer of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Plunket of Newton in the county of Cork.

During the passage of the Roman Catholic emancipation bill Plunket was the constant and faithful adviser of the Duke of Wellington. In 1830 he became Lord-chancellor of Ireland, and from 1830 to 1840 his influence with government was very considerable, his advice being taken on all Irish affairs. In 1841, while Lord Melbourne was in office, it was intimated to Lord Plunket that it would be desirable he should resign his office, to make way for Sir John Campbell, the English attorney-general. This after some correspondence he reluctantly consented to do, and delivered up his seals. Lord Brougham stigma-

tizes this action on the part of government as "the most gross and unjustifiable act ever done by party," and after condemning the whole proceeding as vile, he goes on to say that "the course taken to defend it was worse than the act itself. It was pretended that a falling off in his powers had been observed, and that his faculties were declining, than which no assertion could be made more utterly groundless." For several years after this Lord Plunket possessed the full exercise of brilliant intellect, and spent sometime abroad, especially in Rome, which he greatly enjoyed. On his return home he settled down to the enjoyment of a calm and lengthened autumn of life, and died at Old Connaught, near Bray, 4th January, 1854, aged ninety years. He was buried in Mount Jerome cemetery.

An obituary notice of Lord Plunket says: "With future generations his great and deserved reputation will rest upon a narrow foundation. His speeches were at once few and famous; they excited the unqualified applause of the age in which he flourished, while the men who have survived these days feel that, even after the lapse of thirty years, his celebrity has scarcely waned, and that Plunket is still a conspicuous name amid the orators of the nineteenth century." And Dr. Madden says of him: "Plunket's eloquence has long gained for itself the highest prize of fame. In a period eminent for intellectual distinction both in Ireland and in England he earned for himself universal admiration. Owing nothing of his celebrity to birth, wealth, or official rank, he required none of these factitious supports to move freely in the loftiest regions of professional and parliamentary effect, dignity, and distinction." Lord Plunket's *Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate* have been published in one volume, with a memoir and historical notices by Mr. John C. Hoey; and *The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket*, by his grandson the Hon. David Plunket, appeared in two volumes; London, 1867.]

THE UNION.¹

Sir, I shall make no apology for troubling you at this late hour, exhausted though I am in mind and body, and suffering though you must be under a similar pressure. This is a

¹ Speech in Irish House of Commons, in reply to Lord Castlereagh, January 23, 1799.

subject which must arouse the slumbering, and might almost reanimate the dead. It is a question whether Ireland shall cease to be free. It is a question involving our dearest interests and for ever.

Sir, I congratulate the house on the manly temper with which this measure has been discussed; I congratulate them on the victory which I already see they have obtained—a victory which I anticipate from the bold and generous sentiments which have been expressed on this side of the house, and which I see confirmed in the doleful and discomfited visages of the miserable group whom I see before me. Sir, I congratulate you on the candid avowal of the noble lord who has just sat down. He has exposed this project in its naked hideousness and deformity. He has told us that the necessity of sacrificing our independence flows from the nature of our connection. It is now avowed that this measure does not flow from any temporary cause; that it is not produced in consequence of any late rebellion, or accidental disturbance in the country; that its necessity does not arise from the danger of modern political innovations, or from recent attempts of wicked men to separate this country from Great Britain. No, we are now informed by the noble lord that the condition of our slavery is engrafted on the principle of our connection, and that by the decrees of fate Ireland has been doomed a dependent colony from her cradle.

I trust that after this barefaced avowal there can be little difference of opinion. I trust that every honest man who regards the freedom of Ireland, or who regards the connection with England, will, by his vote on this night, refute this unfounded and seditious doctrine. Good God, sir, have I borne arms to crush the wretches who propagated the false and wicked creed, "that British connection was hostile to Irish freedom," and am I now bound to combat it, coming from the lips of the noble lord who is at the head of our administration.

But, sir, in answer to the assertion of the noble lord I will quote the authority of the Duke of Portland in his speech from the throne at the end of the session 1782, "that the two kingdoms are now one, indissoluble, connected by unity of constitution and unity of interest; that the danger and security, the prosperity and calamity of the one must mutually affect the other; that they stand and fall together." I will quote the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, who asserted and

established the constitution of our independent parliament founded on that connection; and the authority of the king, lords, and commons of Great Britain, who adopted and confirmed it. With as little prospect of persuasion has the noble lord cited to us the example of Scotland, and as little am I tempted to purchase, at the expense of two bloody rebellions, a state of poverty and vassalage at which Ireland at her worst state, before she attained a free trade or a free constitution, would have spurned.

But, sir, the noble lord does not seem to repose very implicit confidence in his own arguments, and he amuses you by saying that in adopting this address you do not pledge yourselves to a support of the measure in any future stage. Beware of this delusion. If you adopt this address you sacrifice your constitution. You concede the principle, and any future inquiries can only be as to the terms. For them you need entertain no solicitude, on the terms you can never disagree. Give up your independence, and Great Britain will grant you whatever terms you desire. Give her the key, and she will confide everything to its protection. There are no advantages you can ask which she will not grant, exactly for the same reason that the unprincipled spendthrift will subscribe, without reading it, the bond which he has no intention of ever discharging. I say, therefore, that if you ever mean to make a stand for the liberties of Ireland, now, and now only, is the moment for doing it.

But, sir, the freedom of discussion which has taken place on this side of the house has, it seems, given great offence to gentlemen on the treasury bench. They are men of nice and punctilious honour, and they will not endure that anything should be said which implies a reflection on their untainted and virgin integrity. They threatened to take down the words of an honourable gentleman who spoke before me, because they conveyed an insinuation; and I promised them on that occasion that if the fancy for taking down words continued I would indulge them in it to the top of their bent. Sir, I am determined to keep my word with them, and I now will not insinuate, but I will directly assert, that base and wicked as is the object proposed, the means used to effect it have been more flagitious and abominable.

Do you choose to take down my words? Do you dare me to the proof?

Sir, I had been induced to think that we

had at the head of the executive government of this country a plain, honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining the intrigues of politics, and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *puer ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris*, whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; and yet I will be bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of this unspotted veteran, and during the administration of this unassuming stripling, within these last six weeks, a system of black corruption has been carried on within the walls of the castle which would disgrace the annals of the worst period of the history of either country.

Do you choose to take down my words?

I need call no witness to your bar to prove them. I see two right honourable gentlemen sitting within your walls, who had long and faithfully served the crown, and who have been dismissed because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country. I see another honourable gentleman who has been forced to resign his place as commissioner of the revenue because he refused to co-operate in this dirty job of a dirty administration.

Do you dare to deny this?

I say that at this moment the threat of dismissal from office is suspended over the heads of the members who now sit around me, in order to influence their votes on the question of this night, involving everything that can be sacred or dear to man.

Do you desire to take down my words? Utter the desire, and I will prove the truth of them at your bar.

Sir, I would warn you against the consequences of carrying this measure by such means as this, but that I see the necessary defeat of it in the honest and universal indignation which the adoption of such means excites. I see the protection against the wickedness of the plan in the imbecility of its execution, and I congratulate my country that when a design was formed against her liberties, the prosecution of it was intrusted to such hands as it is now placed in.

The example of the prime minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principle of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and

intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.

Sir, the noble lord has shown much surprise that he should hear a doubt expressed concerning the competence of parliament to do this act. I am sorry that I also must contribute to increase the surprise of the noble lord. If I mistake not his surprise will be much augmented before this question shall be disposed of; he shall see and hear what he has never before seen or heard, and be made acquainted with sentiments to which, probably, his heart has been a stranger.

Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them. And if you do so your act is a dissolution of the government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the constitution knows the conse-

quence, the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.

Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises it must be decided on its own merits—but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly fitted for experiments on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, Are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people? Not this particular project; for if you dissolve the present form of government they become free to choose any other—you fling them to the fury of the tempest—you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, Is this the time for an experiment of that nature? Thank God the people have manifested no such wish—so far as they have spoken their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favour, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom: if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder!

But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National

pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery re-ascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

But, sir, I will be schooled, and I will endeavour to argue this question as calmly and frigidly as I am desired to do; and since we are told that this is a measure intended for our benefit, and that it is through mere kindness to us that all these extraordinary means have been resorted to, I will beg to ask, How are we to be benefited? Is it commercial benefit that we are to obtain? I will not detain the house with a minute detail on this part of the subject. It has been fully discussed by able men, and it is well known that we are already possessed of everything material which could be desired in that respect. But I shall submit some obvious considerations.

I waive the consideration that under any union of legislatures the conditions as to trade between the two countries must be, either free ports, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or equal duties, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or the present duties made perpetual, which would be ruinous to Ireland; or that the duties must be left open to regulation from time to time by the united parliament, which would leave us at the mercy of Great Britain. I will waive the consideration that the minister has not thought fit to tell us what we are to get, and, what is still stronger, that no man amongst us has any definite idea what we are to ask, and I will content myself with asking this question—Is your commerce in such a declining, desperate state that you are obliged to resort to irrevocable measures in order to retract it? Or is it at the very moment when it is advancing with rapid prosperity, beyond all example and above all hope—is it, I say,

at such a time that you think it wise to bring your constitution to market, and offer it to sale, in order to obtain advantages, the aid of which you do not require, and of the nature of which you have not any definite idea?

A word more and I have done as to commerce. Supposing great advantages were to be obtained, and that they were specified and stipulated for, what is your security that the stipulation will be observed? Is it the faith of treaties? What treaty more solemn than the final constitutional treaty between the two kingdoms in 1782 which you are now called on to violate? Is it not a mockery to say that the parliament of Ireland is competent to annul itself and to destroy the original compact with the people and the final compact of 1782, and that the parliament of the empire will not be competent to annul any commercial regulation of the articles of union? And here, sir, I take leave of this part of the question; indeed it is only justice to government to acknowledge that they do not much rely on the commercial benefits to be obtained by the union—they have been rather held out in the way of innocent artifice, to delude the people for their own good; but the real objects are different, though still merely for the advantage of Ireland.

What are these other objects? To prevent the recurrence of rebellion, and to put an end to domestic dissensions? Give me leave to ask, sir, How was the rebellion excited? I will not inquire into its remote causes; I do not wish to revive unpleasant recollections, or to say anything which might be considered as invidious to the government of the country; but how was it immediately excited? By the agency of a party of levellers actuated by French principles, instigated by French intrigues, and supported by the promise of French co-operation. This party, I hesitate not to say, was in itself contemptible. How did it become formidable? By operating on the wealthy, well-informed, and moral inhabitants of the north, and persuading them that they had no constitution; and by instilling palatable poisons into the minds of the rabble of the south, which were prepared to receive them by being in a state of utter ignorance and wretchedness. How will an union effect those pre-disponent causes? Will you conciliate the mind of the northern by caricaturing all the defects of the constitution and then extinguishing it, by draining his wealth to supply the contributions levied by an imperial parliament, and by outraging all his religious

and moral feelings by the means which you use to accomplish this abominable project, and will you not, by encouraging the drain of absentees, and taking away the influence and example of resident gentlemen, do everything in your power to aggravate the poverty, and to subliminate the ignorance and bigotry of the south?

Let me ask again, How was the rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying round—what? a reed shaken by the winds; a wretched apology for a minister, who neither knew how to give nor where to seek protection? No! but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were the affections and motives that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties, and our liberties. What were the antipathies by which we were excited? Our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition. What was it to us that France was a republic? I rather rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtues and wept for the sufferings of the man; but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because with the rights of man and the love of freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because wherever she has placed her foot she has erected her throne; and to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave.

Let me ask, Is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer that antipathy? No, sir, I will be bold to say, that licentious and impious France in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress—at a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion; efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived—whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears,

and worn down by their exertions, that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at the moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thralldom!

Yet, sir, I thank the administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud which they have collected over us I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic and the Catholic against the Protestant—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices; no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this un-

generous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.

Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with these disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country. Successfully I trust it will be. In all events, I have my exceeding great reward; I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so. It will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

LADY MORGAN.

BORN 1783 — DIED 1859.

[Miss Sydney Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, was born in Dublin probably in the year 1783. When about eighteen she commenced life as a governess, and in 1804 published her first novel, *St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond*. This attempt was sufficiently successful to encourage her to further effort, and in 1805 appeared *The Novice of St. Dominic*, and a little later *The Wild Irish Girl*. This last novel immediately became popular, and was the means of gaining her admission to the best society, where her wit and talent were fully appreciated. Within two years of its first publication seven editions appeared in Great Britain and two or three in America. In 1807 was published *The Lay of an Irish Harp*, a selection of twelve popular Irish melodies to which Miss Owenson wrote the words. Only one of these songs, however, that entitled "Kate Kearney," is noteworthy. In the same year she wrote a comic opera

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called *The First Attempt, or the Whim of a Moment*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and proved successful, although this first attempt as a dramatic author was also her last so far as we can discover. Her next novel was *Woman, or Ida of Athens*, which was very severely handled by Gifford in *The Quarterly Review*, where he says of the authoress: "If we were happy enough to be in her confidence we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling-book, of which she stands in great need; to this in due process of time might be added a pocket-dictionary." At the time, Miss Owenson took no notice of this savage attack; but afterwards, when Lady Morgan, she showed that the insult had not been forgotten, and in the preface to her work *France* defended herself with much spirit against her critic.

In 1812, while visiting the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, she was introduced

to their physician, Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, a man eminent in his profession and of cultivated taste. Later in the same year they were married. Miss Owenson was no portionless bride, for at the time of her marriage it is stated that she had saved £5000, the fruit of her literary labours. The pair settled down and lived for some years very happily in Kildare Street, Dublin, Lady Morgan becoming the centre and life of a brilliant and talented circle which gathered round them.

In 1816 Sir Charles and his lady made the first of those lengthened visits to the Continent, which, from the opportunities afforded to her ladyship of moving in the best society, and seeing the workings of different political systems, enabled her afterwards in the books *France* and *Italy* to lay bare what her keen penetration discovered beneath the surface. She wrote fearlessly and honestly, and her openly avowed liberal opinions made her many enemies. In 1817 her *France* appeared, and the defence which, as we have said, was appended to it, only served to rouse the critic in *The Quarterly Review* to a fresh and more savage attack, which Talfourd called "one of the coarsest insults ever offered in print by man to woman." Notwithstanding this, however, the book had an immense success, and the popularity of the writer was assured. That she managed to sail very near the truth in some of her criticisms, may be gathered from the fact that she was forbidden by the court to return to France. But she attached little importance to this exercise of arbitrary authority; for, when on her route to Italy about a year afterwards, she remained in Paris for some time unmolested. The opinion of the *Journal de Paris*, in a notice upon *France*, is an authority worth quoting: "Lady Morgan has been run after, entertained, and almost worshipped in all our fashionable circles. She has studied us from head to foot, from the court to the village, from the boudoir to the kitchen. She has seen, analysed, observed, and described everything, men and things, speeches and characters."

The appearance of her *Italy*, a kind of journal of a rather lengthened residence in that country, was the occasion of another attack upon her by the "sanguinary" Gifford. But as an agreeable set-off, most of the leading journals gave favourable notices of the book. Lord Byron, in a letter to Moore, speaks of it as "fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy." This drew upon his lordship a severe retort from *Blackwood's Magazine*, which characterizes

the statement as dishonest, and says that although the work is a piece of flimsy Irish slip-slop, yet "Lord Byron has the impudence to puff it." The authoress bore these attacks with becoming patience, and, assisted by her friend Serjeant Talfourd, replied to them with wit and good temper.

Although anything but a warm admirer of O'Connell, yet Lady Morgan as a declared Liberal strongly advocated the cause of emancipation; and her Irish novels, full of sympathy for the ancient race and their sufferings, attracted attention and raised inquiry in quarters where an eloquent speech or political pamphlet would have had no success. In 1837 she and her husband removed to London; and here, in the society of the greatest intellects of the country, they spent six years of uninterrupted happiness. In 1843 she suffered her first heavy affliction in the death of her husband. He had assisted her in her literary work by his advice, and in many cases also by his pen; for example, in *France*, where the extensive appendices on the state of law, finance, medicine, and political opinion in that country were written by him. *The Book without a Name* was also a joint production.

After her husband's death Lady Morgan began to write a diary or story of her life, which she completed before her death. Although her works are said to have brought her a sum of £25,000, yet her style of living was expensive and she was by no means rich. In acknowledgment of her long-continued literary work, and her constant support given to the Liberal party, a pension of £300 a year from the civil list was settled upon her by Lord Grey. In 1855, in a notice of the first volume of a collected edition of her works, the *Athenæum* says, "In the fulness of years and literary honours, ere the brightness of the fancy dims, or the strength of her execution fails, it is well that Lady Morgan should collect her works." After a long and busy life she died at her house in William Street, London, on the 13th of April, 1859, aged about seventy-six years. Her remains were laid in Brompton Cemetery, where a handsome tomb executed by Mr. S. Westmacott has been erected to her memory.

Lady Morgan's first work was published in Dublin in 1801, and during her long literary career of more than half a century she is said to have published more than seventy volumes. Some of these have been already noticed; among the others are—*Patriotic Sketches in Ireland*, *The Missionary*, *O'Donnel* (a novel



LADY MORGAN

After the Portrait by RENE THEODORE BERTHON

highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott), *Florence Macarthy, The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa, Absenteeism, The O'Briens and O'Flahertys, The Book of the Boudoir, Dramatic Scenes from Real Life, The Princess or the Beguine, Woman and her Master, An Odd Volume, &c.*

We quote the following on the character and personal appearance of Lady Morgan from a "memory" in the *Art Journal* by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who knew her ladyship: "She had that cordiality of manner which 'took' at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; she would aid and not depress young authorship: she was often generous with her purse as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her, and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance? that when she called herself Glorvina it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy? that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?—She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular (if not honoured) old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts. . . . Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humour,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and, whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espieglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."]

EXTREMES MEET.

(FROM "THE PRINCESS, OR THE BEGUINE.")

A sultry summer's day, which had called forth the brilliant butterflies of fashion to swarm over the glittering waters of the

Thames, had been followed by a heavy breathless evening, which had not prevented the same showy insects from swarming to the heated circles of the opera-house. A deluge of rain, the usual concomitant of this state of the London atmosphere, had commenced towards the close of the performance, and incommoded the beau monde at their departure, by falling between the carriages "and their nobility;" while it detained the more plebeian portion of the audience under the arcades, in long and patient observance of the large, frequent, and pattering drops. The deep rolling thunder, mingling with the shrill calls of link-boys, for numbered vehicles, and "coach to the city!" outroared the most aristocratic demands for carriages decorated with half the ancient names of English history, and wholly overpowered the distant responses of drenched lackeys and sulky coachmen.

"Lady Frances Mottram's carriage stops the way!" had been several times repeated in impatient and remonstrating vociferation before a faded dowager of rank had descended the stairs, supported by a muffled member of an old régime of fashion, which had once made such duties imperative. She was followed by Lady Frances Mottram, who dashed forward upon the arm of an elegant boy (her *vis-à-vis* in the box). A "by-by" and an "*a rivederla*" hastily exchanged, the young cavalier returned to the Round-room, and the footman gave the word to "Lady Di Campbell's, Berkeley Square."

As the carriage drove off a person capped and cloaked beyond the reach of recognition, burst through the crowd, and rushing over the gutters, and dodging through the maze of hurrying carriages (in utter neglect of *bas-à-jour*, and shoes almost as thin), strided along Pall Mall, and rang at the fashionably unknocked door of one of the most magnificent mansions of Carlton Terrace.

The architectural vestibule of the patrician edifice, though wrapped in silence, was brilliantly illuminated. The master, Sir Frederick Mottram, passed rapidly through it, to a room equally silent, which was lighted by a Grecian lamp of purest alabaster suspended from its gilt and sculptured ceiling. A pair of dim wax-candles had evidently shed their "pale and ineffectual lights" for some time over a marble table covered with piles of parliamentary papers, books and manuscripts—the lumber of public business and of private study.

This room was the working cabinet of the

legislator; the sole domestic retreat of the private man; the *sanctum* of the man of letters and of art. Books, busts, pictures, the relics of the two great epochs of human history (the antique and middle ages), were here collected in unsparing profusion; and, with the more serviceable details of luxury and magnificence dedicated to the ease and comfort of the body, presented to the imagination a strange contrast with the homely wainscoted parlour, in which Swift sought the premier of the Augustan age of England, and (as he wrote to Stella) hung up his hat on a peg in the wall on entering: the contrast between the minds of the men was still more striking.

The perturbation of spirit and petulance of step of the lord of this beautiful apartment as he entered were strangely at odds with the tranquil genius of the spot. He flung his drenched cloak on a divan of purple velvet worthy of a Turkish seraglio; and his cap on a bronze tripod that might have stood in the villa of Cicero. He slipped his feet into silken slippers worked in the looms of Persia; and flinging himself into an arm-chair devised by luxury and executed by taste, he opened a book, which he had marked on the night before, for some interest in its pages, and some desire to return to them.

But he brought no mind to its perusal, no power of attention to its subject. Laying down again the volume, he listened as if in impatient expectation; all however was silent, and he again resumed his reading. The *buhl pendule* on the chimney-piece struck one, chiming forth the quaint old air of "*Charmante Gabrielle*," the melody of times when men made love to psalm-tunes. Sir Frederick cast a glance at the time-piece, and flinging down for a second time the book, walked to the window of the verandah, which opened on the park.

The rain had called forth the thousand odours of the exotics which filled it. The refreshed but genial air acting on his fevered brow like the soft warmth of a tepid bath on the wearied limbs of the traveller, he stepped forth and threw his arms over the balustrade upon the terrace. It occupied the precise site where the Duchess of Cleveland had flirted from her balcony with Charles the Second, while De Grammont and St. Evremont paired off, as men who knew the world—the one to feed his subjects in the ponds, the other to read his last madrigal to Mademoiselle Temple. The moon shining forth on the retreat of the heavy and massive clouds which had obscured the night, illuminated the towers of Westminster

Abbey, the architectural miracles of the fifteenth century, as they rose over the dense masses of foliage which mimicked the broad outline of forest scenery. In front, and partially seen through the trees, the broken waters of the rippling lake reflected the moonbeams in a thousand scattered and sparkling rays. The whole was an illusion, recalling distant times and distant regions; but what an illusion! in the heart of a great city, and at that hour and season,—the carnival of English fashion, the vigil of English pleasures and dissipation!

The scene was one to have charmed the coldest imagination; but it now failed to touch the warmest. Sir Frederick dragged forward the curtains with an impetuous hand and shut it out, as he uttered an audible expression of disgust. There is a certain irritability of feeling, a disease of humour, that renders the calm of nature and the tranquillity of externals a personal insult.

He again took up his book—read—strided across his room—listened,—but heard only the distant roll of carriages, and the ticking of the pendule. *Le bon Roi Dagobert* chimed the second hour after midnight; and he now sat down to his writing-desk, and threw off the following hot proof-impression of his agitated mind:—

TO THE LADY FRANCES MOTTRAM.

"Two o'clock A.M.

"You left me at the opera this evening under the impression that, after you had set down your aunt in Berkeley Square, you were to return immediately to your own house,—observe, for the first time, for many weeks, before daylight. Your promise was an evasion; and you have added deception to disobedience. I take it for granted you counted on my indifference to your movements, founded on your own carelessness to my feelings and wishes; but that indifference must stop short of dishonour. You are now sharing in the orgies of a woman who has been characterized in her political career as an '*intrigante par goût, par métier, et par besoin*;' and who is as notorious for her vices as distinguished by the misuse of talents, which render her a female Mephistopheles.

"But why should I write this to you? In a word, and to the point (for I am too ill and too weary to wait up any longer; and I set off by appointment at seven to my poor sister Lady John's cottage, and shall not return till Monday): I command you to break off this absurd and disgraceful alliance without further equivocation or delay. I know the Princess dines here to-day; for I see her name, accompanied by others whom I despise and detest, on the list left on my table by Wilson. I will not outrage the usage, nor even the abuses of hospitality by forcing you to put her off; but, remember, she enters my

house for the last time, or I never enter it again as long as you remain its mistress.

"FREDERICK MOTTRAM."

"P.S.—I insist on Emilius being sent back early to-morrow morning to Dr. Morrison's. The injury done to that unfortunate boy by bringing him home is incalculable, both to his mind and to his health. He shall not be the victim of an indulgence which has more of folly in it than of fondness. I shall write to Dr. M. to forbid his sending him here any more without my express and written permission.

"Once more, with respect to this Madame Schaffenhauser, I am utterly free from all personal prejudice; for I have never met her, and should scarcely know her, were it not for the affectation of her dress and gesture: but that suffices.

"F. M."

The writing of this angry and indignant letter removed a weight of bitter and choking sensation: but it alluded only to one among many causes of deep-seated irritation; and he folded, directed, and sealed it, with the same petulance with which it was written. He then rang the bell to send it to his wife's dressing-room, but rang in vain. He rang a second time with increasing violence; and no one answered. The third time the silken rope remained in his hand. The door then opened, and he was on the point of bursting forth in a fit of angry inquiry, when the figure that appeared in the opening checked his utterance and gave a change to the whole course of his humour.

In all the range of possibilities no form less appropriate could have presented itself, at such an hour, in such a place, and to such a person. It was that of a man tall and gaunt, ragged and grotesque in his dress. A purple jacket, once splendid (the Mottram livery), was dragged upon shoulders of such disproportionate dimensions, that the tight and torn sleeves terminated but a little below the elbow. The nether dress, of buckskin, left a space between the old Wellington boot and the brawny knee, which a worsted stocking scarcely covered. A black stock, dandily put on, gave a military cast to a broad, florid face, as expressive of self-conceit as a passing emotion of timidity would allow. A rough shock head was drawn up to serve as an attempt at an attitude, and while one hand held firmly by the lock of the door, the other less firmly grasped a postilion's cap, which presently fell with weight upon the floor, and lay without an attempt being made to pick it up. A deprecating smile played upon the uncouth, laughable face, and the whole man stood an epitome of self-possession, dashed with an

agitating desire to produce an effect, which, to one acquainted with the true physiognomic indications of the unadulterated Milesian race, would have led at once to the conviction that the personage was an Irishman.

After the stare, the silence, and the amazement of a fully elapsed minute, Sir Frederick, in a sharp and startling voice, asked—

"Who are you, pray?"

He was answered in a subdued brogue, and Anglo-Irish mincing tone—

"Is it me, plaze your honor? It's what I bees, the boy about the pleece, Sir Frederick—of coorse, sir—"

"What place?"

"The court-yard, Sir Frederick; that is, the steebles, and your honor's offices. You know yourself, sir."

"Oh! a helper in the stables?"

"Not at all, axing your honor's pardon," he replied conceitedly, and drawing up his stock; "but does a turn by way of interteement till I gets into pleece, and to oblige your honor; and hopes you're well, Sir Frederick—long life to you, and to Colonel Vere, and the Couldstrames!"

"What brings you here?" said Sir Frederick, with some amazement and a little suspicion.

"What brings me here, plaze your honor? Why, what but to obligate Mr. Watkins, the porter, and sleep in his aisy chair; and minds the dure, till it's what he comes in, which soon he will, plaze God—of course, Sir Frederick—"

"Ho! the porter is out, then, and has left you in care of the house?"

"He has; and I'd do more nor that for Mr. Watkins without fee or reward, and for yourself too, Sir Frederick: can I do anything for your honor now, sir?" And he advanced with an easy and gradually disengaged air towards the divan, shaking out and folding up the cloak, which he threw over his arm; and then drew up, as if for further orders.

"Send the house-steward to me, and lay down that cloak!"

"He is gone to bed, your honor. And in respect of the cloak—" (laying it down).

"Then send me the groom of the chambers," said Sir Frederick, impatiently.

"Mr. Ellison is out at a party, with her ladyship's lady's-maid, Sir Frederick—but of coorse will be soon in."

"Humph! So. Then send me the foot-mén,—Lady Frances's page—the butler—any one."

"The two footmen, sir, bees out with her leedship's carriage; and the butler's at his country-house; and th' under butler is gone with a coach for Ma'm'selle; and Master Francis is in bed, with a cold in his hid, poor little cratur!"

Sir Frederick thus learned that his house was abandoned by all his numerous train of servants, and actually left, at that advanced hour of the night, in the keeping of a ragged varlet, to all appearance the helper of the helper in the stables. After a minute's silence he nodded off the whimsical intruder, whose countenance and gesticulations during the ill-assorted dialogue would have amused any other than one so little within the range of amusability.

The "boy about the place," who seemed to have fully reached his majority, after some farther fidgeting, closed the door, with a fantastical bow, and a solemn—"I shawl, Sir Frederick—of coorse."

"This is the sum-up of all," said the master of the deserted mansion, hastily recalling the man he had dismissed.

"Stay! come back. What is your name?"

"Lawrence Fegan, Sir Frederick; and I wonders, axing your honor's pardon, but you remimbers me."

"Remember you!"

"Ay, in troth! Sure I'm Larry Fegan, your ould little tiger, that was give you with the brown cab and cob by Colonel Vere, long ago, Sir Frederick, when he left the Could-strames and came over from Dublin, with th' other baste."

"Are you the boy that fell from behind my carriage in the park, and broke his arm?"

"Why, then, sorrow one else, plaze your honor, but just my own self. It's what I've but little use of it iver since, to this blessed time."

"I ordered you to be taken care of."

"Long life to your honor!" was the vague reply, uttered with downcast eyes, and a sigh peculiarly Irish.

"I will see you again," said Sir Frederick; "you may go now."

Sir Frederick endeavoured to stifle some compunctious feelings for his own neglect of the sufferer by apostrophizing the profligacy of his servants. "So much for the high life below stairs of London! Good heavens! what disorder! But is it wonderful, with such examples before them? or can one be surprised if the English aristocracy should hurry forward revolution by the heartless dissipation of their

time and fortunes, or undermine the very foundations of society by their wanton profligacy?"

He paused, sighed deeply, and then lighted his taper to go to bed: but in doing the office of his absent lamp-man, and extinguishing the lamp and candles, a glare of red light crimsoned the whole room. It was the morning sun, shining through the scarlet drapery of the windows. Sir Frederick drew the curtains for a moment aside, then turned away, with a feeling which the most wretched might compassionate.

Having deposited his letter on his wife's toilet in her dressing-room, he was hurrying to his own apartment on the other side of the house when he recollected that he had left his watch on the study table. On returning he perceived that the porter's chair was still occupied by Lawrence Fegan, who was already fast asleep. On the desk beside him lay a letter with a black seal. Sir Frederick took it. It was addressed to himself. The seal was sufficiently large to attract his attention, and its device caused a revulsion of his whole frame. He hurried back to his study, and read—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR F. MOTTRAM, BART.

"The writer of these lines takes the liberty of making the following inquiries:—Has Sir F. M. any recollection of a young female having been received into the family of the late Sir Walter and Lady M., about fourteen years ago, under circumstances singular, if not romantic? Was this person, at the expiration of a year, driven from Mottram Hall in a way not altogether creditable? Was it afterwards understood, that being reduced to a destitute condition, she fell into sickness; and that she was conveyed in a state of delirium to a parish workhouse by the miserable and sordid wretches with whom she lodged, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, and that she died there?"

"If all this statement be true, would the humanity of Sir Frederick lead him to visit that workhouse on receipt of this letter, and perform an act of charity, which may reflect with a blessed influence on his after life?—*videlicet*, to see that person, whose former wretchedness may have caused him some remorse; but who did not, as was supposed, then die. In her delirium she escaped from the spot—to which, after many years of strange vicissitude, she has again been brought by misery and the fatality of circumstances.

"The writer is commissioned to express this poor woman's desire to see Sir Frederick once more; and has yielded to the weakness of a creature still, perhaps, but too devoted to earthly ties, in forwarding her request, and inclosing the accompanying packet. The subjoined order will admit Sir F., without delay, to ward C of the parish workhouse of —."

The letter dropped from Sir Frederick's hands, and with it the inclosure, which remained for a moment on the ground, where it had fallen; at length he took it up, opened and found within it a ring, bearing on its enamel the flower called in French "*la marguerite*," and a motto in ancient and quaint language,

"FORTUNE INFORTUNE FORT UNE."

It was wrapped in a paper, which contained a memorandum in these words:—

"I, Frederick Mottram, do of my free and uninfluenced will declare, that I will never marry any other woman than ———, as long as she remains single, and deems me worthy of her choice.

(Copy.) "Mottram Hall, Jan. —, 18—."

With the paper was another, thus inscribed:

"I release Frederick Mottram from his engagement—an idle form, if the feeling that dictated it continue;—an useless one if it do not. M."

The emotions produced by the perusal of these documents, acting upon a mind already shaken by strong passion, had all the wildness and confusion of insanity. A rush of recollections awakened a long-subdued compunction, exciting a struggle between pride and feeling—between all that is worst and all that is best in humanity. Sir Frederick, however, felt what ought to be done, and he resolved on doing it. Putting up the papers, therefore, in his pocket, he resumed his shoes and cloak, took his hat and gloves, and went forth.

Larry Fegan was still sleeping in the porter's chair: neither Lady Frances nor the servants had yet returned; the lamps in the hall burned dimly before the morning's light. Sir Frederick shook the sleeper, who started from his slumber with a ludicrous attempt at self-possession.

"This letter with a black seal that I found here; did *you* receive it?"

"The letter, sir?" said Larry, roughing up his hair and winking his eyes; "of coorse, sir! What letter, plaze your honor?"

"This letter; it was on the desk. Did you take it in? when did it come? who brought it?"

"It was myself took it in, and nobody else knows a screed of it," said Fegan, with an expression of countenance inimitable in its humour, intelligence, and arch significance.

"Who brought it?" reiterated Sir Frederick, raising his voice angrily.

"Why, thin, Sir Frederick, it was a faymale—a leedy in a hackney-coach."

"A lady! What sort of a lady?"

"Axing your pardon, Sir Frederick, did iver you see one of the leedies of the House of Mercy in Baggot Street, Dublin? Well, sorrow a bit but it was just that same sort, sir—a kind of a blessed and holy woman. The like I niver saw in London before or since, and wishes myself back in Dublin oncet more."

After a moment's pause Sir Frederick looked around him, and lowering his voice, asked, "Is there a possibility of getting a hackney-coach at this hour?"

"Of coorse there is—every possibility in life, your honor. A crony of mine, one Darby Doolan, from Dublin, bees keeping one up all night in St. James's Street. I'll just run and bring Darby round in a moment to the door, sir."

He had put on his black cap and was darting forward, when his master, laying his hand on his arm, exclaimed—

"Not here—not at this door—stop in Pall Mall, near the Travellers' Club."

The contrast between his white-gloved hand and the ragged dirty sleeve of the *locum tenens* of the porter of Mottram House, was not more strange than that of the two persons thus accidentally brought into conference, each at the extreme degree of social separation.

"Is it near the Thravellers'?—Oh! very well, sir—I see—I'll be there and back in a jiffy."

Fegan flew forth, and Sir Frederick, drawing his hat over his eyes and his cloak round his shoulders, looked for a moment cautiously around, and, with an almost unconscious self-congratulation that neither his wife nor servants had yet returned, he went forth.

As he crossed the plank which formed a temporary passage from Carlton Terrace into Pall Mall he encountered his own hall-porter, who, being too drunk to recognize his master, disputed the pass with him. He was hurrying home from a public-house near St. James's Square (where he had been carousing), to resume his post before his lady's arrival.

The carriages were still rolling from clubs, *soirées*, *thés*, opera-suppers, and gambling-houses of various descriptions, public and private; many of them filled by the orthodox and consistent voters for the permanence of tithes, and for Sir Andrew Agnew's bills for the due observance of the Sabbath. One among the splendid equipages bore the Mot-

tram arms. The two sleepy footmen, in Sir Frederick's rich livery, swung behind; and the pale faded face of Lady Frances (white as the pearl that glistened in her fair, uncurled tresses) was visible within. A broken exclamation rose upon her husband's lips; but he felt that, at that moment, he had no right to accuse.

He hurried on. The bottom of St. James's Square was still choked with the carriages of the company at the Princess Schaffhausen's. Apprehensive of being seen, and impatient for the arrival of Fegan's coach, he continued to walk backward and forward near the Palace, until, seeing a carriage approaching half-way down St. James's Street, he crossed to meet it. The next moment he found himself surrounded by a group of men issuing from King Street, among whom were the Marquis of Montessor, Lord Alfred, Lord Allington, Captain Levison, and two young noblemen, the husbands of two of the handsomest women in England. His *incognito* air had drawn the attention of the revellers; but they soon made him out, and found a resistless source of fun in detecting the great commoner, the most moral man in Europe, in apparent *bonne fortune*—for in such set phrases was he saluted by each alternately, with many profligate innuendoes, and loud shouts of laughter-loving frolic.

"Pray let me pass!" he exclaimed in uncontrollable annoyance; "I have been called upon to visit a dying friend."

"Male or female?" said Lord Montessor.

"How delighted I am," said Lord Alfred, "to see some touch of humanity about the frozen man dug out of the glaciers of St. Bernard, as the princess calls you!"

"Nay, nay, we must not discourage a young beginner: let him pass," said the marquis, laughing.

"Lady Frances is still at the princess's," cried Captain Levison; "so you may as well turn into Crocky's, as you are out for a lark."

With a look and manner not to be mistaken, Sir Frederick shook the young guardsman off.

"Gentlemen, you *must* allow me to pass," he said, and striding off, he left the party, to proceed up the street.

"He is growing serious," said Lord Alfred, "and is going to early prayers."

"I don't think that," said Lord Allington, "for he voted against Sir Andrew Agnew's Sunday Bill."

"A man may do that and be very serious

too; as, for instance,"—said Lord Alfred, and he nodded at the marquis.

The party laughed loudly, and turned in to finish their Saturday night, or Sunday morning, with "the Fishmonger."

Sir Frederick had reached the top of St. James's Street when he was met by a hackney-coach, with Larry Fegan's ragged elbow and important face thrust through the open window. The carriage drew up; Fegan popped out, and, with the readiness of an accomplished footman, let down the step, closed the door, and touching his postilion's cap, asked,

"Where to, Sir Frederick?"

"To Holborn," was the reply.

Fegan looked amazed, repeated the order, sprung up behind the carriage, and, swinging his tall figure by two dirty straps, assumed an air which a royal lackey might be proud to imitate on a drawing-room day.

The coach stopped at the foot of Holborn Hill, and Larry presented himself at the carriage side.

"I did not want you," said Sir Frederick, somewhat surprised; "you may return."

Fegan looked mortified; Sir Frederick took out his purse and gave him a sovereign, adding, "I do not wish what has passed to-night to be talked over in my stables."

"Oh! of coorse—intirely not," said Fegan archly.

Desiring the coachman to wait his return Sir Frederick proceeded with a hurried step, and his glass to his eye, on his devious and uncertain way, through many obscure lanes and dirty alleys, and occasionally directed by a loiterer—when he happened to find one. Misery and degradation met him at every step. He paused in disgust and horror, uncertain how to proceed, and almost inclined to turn back.

"If you want Mr. Johnson's, you must turn to the left," said a suspicious-looking man, pointing towards a low house, or "finish," the last resort of subaltern debauchees, and the nocturnal haunt of those profligates of both sexes who dare not encounter "the garish eye of day." "Stay, sir," he continued, "I'll call a comrade;" and he turned into one of those frightfully splendid gin-palaces, to which philosophy assigns the ruin of the infatuated and miserable classes who support them. The blaze of light emitted from its highly ornamented gas-burners, as the opening door disclosed the scene within, triumphed over the brightness of the rising sun. The "comrade" came forth, smoking a cigar. He was all skin

and bone, rags, filth, and stench. He approached Sir Frederick with familiarity, in the supposed community of vice, saying,

"Mr. Johnson's house!—this way, sir, please."

"No! I want to go to the workhouse of ——— parish."

"Oh! very well, you are quite close to it. I'll show you,—to the right, sir,—take care of that loose stone. You're come to look for a 'prentice among the youngers, I suppose? Plenty to be had there, warranted sound, wind and limb."

He pointed to a placard over the gates in the centre of a high wall, on which was written, "Strong, healthy boys and girls, with the usual fee. Apply within."

"You'll be paid for taking them, you see," hiccuped the wretched creature.

Sir Frederick pulled violently the bell; the gate opened, and he passed in. The cicerone, receiving triple what he expected for his brief services, winked, as he withdrew, at the sulky porter—sulky from being called from his lair at so early an hour. Sir Frederick followed across the yard. A few wretched children, a fragment of the hundred and fifty thousand houseless orphans who prowl about the streets of London, to beg or steal, were already assembled. Vice lowered on their young brows, and want sat on their ghastly cheeks. An idiot woman seized his arm.

"You shan't beat me!" she said, with a loud laugh; and, jerking him from her with violence, she reeled and fell.

"Never mind her, sir," said the porter, who had taken the order of admittance, and was reading it. "Never mind her; she will recover of herself."

Sir Frederick sickened. He raised the maniac from the ground, and placing her on a seat, he followed his conductor into the house. At the entrance stood a plain dark chariot, apparently that of a physician. Its appearance was a relief to the unnerved, unmannered visitor.

"The hospital ward, letter C," muttered the man, as he gave the order to an old nurse whom he met at the door.

"Oh! the gentleman as was to see the poor governess, mayhap. It's all over with her now! Howsomdever, this way, sir."

They proceeded along a dark passage, which admitted them into a long narrow room, dimly lighted by a few dusky windows on one side. A fireplace at either end was surrounded by a few withered old women engaged in some

culinary process, and pushing each other away, in the true unaccommodating selfishness of solitary misery. Each had her little tin vessel, preparing some supplemental *friandise* furnished by the charitable to eke out the insipid, if not scanty, nutriment provided by the institution. They were all marked by mutilation, infirmity, or that "great disease" old age. The narrow and uncurtained beds on either side were tenanted by the sick and the dying. One only showed a young and a blooming countenance. It was a girl of about eighteen, who had occupied that bed for twelve years, as the nurse who accompanied the visitor declared.

"She has lost the use of her limbs, sir, and having no friend on earth to move her, she remains constantly bedridden; and has seen many a neighbour conveyed to her last home, poor thing! There, sir, is the bed you inquire for, No. 14."

She then hurried off to obey the pressing call of some impatient patient at the farther end of the room. The bed No. 14 was covered from head to foot with a clean white sheet, on which shone a ray of sunlight from the opposite window. Under this simple covering appeared the outline of a human figure. Beside it, knelt a female in a black mantle and hood. An ejaculation of horror burst from the lips of the visitor, wholly unused to such scenes, and now so agitated and shaken. He stood for a moment at the foot of the bed, covering his face with his handkerchief, and articulated with difficulty, "I am come, then, too late!"

"Too late!" muttered emphatically the woman, rising slowly from her knees, and remaining motionless beside the bed of death. There was a silence of more than a minute.

"Is there anything to be done which may testify. . . ." The scarcely articulate voice of the speaker could not, or did not, proceed.

"Nothing," was the low but stern reply.

"Money may be deposited for . . ."

"The parish finds a coffin," interrupted one who seemed to belong as little to this world as the inanimate remains which she hung over.

A cold shudder crept through Sir Frederick's veins at the abrupt answer. There was another pause, awkwardly protracted.

"Were you her friend?" at length inquired Sir Frederick.

"Charity and duty brought me to this asylum of misery two days back. The poor have no friends, save Heaven," she added, lowering her eyes and crossing herself. "The

story of this wretched person, her sufferings, and her wrongs (for she was of a class of sufferers and used to wrongs) moved me much. They are now over in this world!" And she clasped her hands and bent her head.

"And for ever, be it hoped!" said Sir Frederick, with a burst of uncontrollable and solemn emotion.

"Her sins be forgiven her! for she loved, as she suffered, much," slowly murmured the pious woman, who was evidently one of a peculiar religious order, which, though not recognized by the laws of England, exists there, as throughout the rest of the Christian world, doing good by stealth, and fearing, probably, as much as "blushing to find it fame."

The infected atmosphere, the images of misery, sickness, and death were becoming too much for the heart and the imagination of a visitant so unpractised in haunts like this. He had felt and suffered more, perhaps, in the petty space of time he had passed in this chamber of woe, than he had ever done in his life. His breathing, too, was becoming oppressed, and his strength was failing him; but aware of his situation, he made an effort to rouse himself, and said, "I trust, madam, you will not allow an acquaintance, begun under such affecting circumstances, to drop here. You have probably been put into the confidence of my late unfortunate friend, and ——."

"Was she *your* friend?" asked the woman, in a tone of almost contempt.

"Will you allow me to call on you?" was the evasive answer. "You were, of course, the writer of the letter which . . ."

"Yes, I wrote, and brought it, when this poor woman was at her agony."

"Will you allow me, then, an opportunity of thanking you for your humanity? Where shall I call on you?"

"I have no home! I was once like her" (pointing to the corpse), "homeless from necessity: I am now so from choice. But *you* have a splendid and a happy home. I will call on *you*."

Sir Frederick started, unconscious alike why he had made his own proposition, or why he was disturbed by hers. "I am leaving town," he said faintly.

"I will wait your return," said the female; and she knelt down and buried her face in her hands, as if to cut short the interview.

Sir Frederick, after a short pause, retired. The old nurse, with sordid hopes and watchful eyes, accompanied him to the door. In pass-

ing by the bed of the youthful invalid, he involuntarily paused, and asked if there was anything she wished for. She replied, with a hectic flush and sparkling eye—"Tea."

He threw a sovereign on the bed, gave another to the nurse, and hurried, almost without knowing how, to the street where he had left the carriage. Larry Fegan was still there, standing with the door in one hand and his cap in the other.

"I desired you to go away!" said Sir Frederick, in a tone of displeasure.

"Sure, your honor, would I lave you to be murdered in that thieving-place, axing your honor's pardon?"

"Shut the door, and stop in Charing Cross," said Sir Frederick, in a subdued voice.

He threw himself back in the carriage, and it drove on.

KATE KEARNEY.

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?

She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shunn danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

LADY SINGLETON TRAVELLING.

(FROM "O'DONNELL.")

As far as the romantic and beautifully situated little town of Larne the travellers had proceeded without impediment, and with some degree of pleasure and amusement. Air and exercise promoted health and spirits; and the fineness of the weather, and the excellence of the accommodation, hitherto kept all in good temper, and got the start of expectation. Lady Singleton had, however, something to blame or to rectify every step she took. At Belfast, where they remained a day, she proved, as she stood on the bridge, that it should have

been erected upon twenty arches instead of twenty-one; and endeavoured to convince a civil engineer, whom she accidentally met, that the canal which connects the harbour with Lough Neagh was formed against every principle and system of inland navigation.

At Carrickfergus, where they were shown the spot on which King William landed, she discovered he had chosen the very worst place on the coast; and returned to lecture the inn-keeper severely for the state of decay in which she found the fortifications.

"It is not the fault of the town-folks, your ladyship," returned the man: "they have nothing to do with it. There is a governor appointed by government, and with a good salary, I warrant, my lady."

"And with a good salary!" repeated Mr. Dexter, knitting his brows.

"Then," said Lady Singleton, "I shall have the thing inquired into. This is the way government is always duped."

"Unquestionably," added Mr. Dexter. "I dare say it is a pretty lucrative post, Lady Singleton—Governor of Carrickfergus. And if a man has interest ——"

"The fact is," interrupted Lady Singleton, "this wretched country is wretched merely because nobody thinks it worth his while to interfere and make things better."

"Critically," echoed Mr. Dexter.

In their approach to the town of Larne the beauty of its situation attracted universal admiration. Its little bay, penetrating through a rocky entrance, and taking, in its sweep, the village of Glynn, the limestone quarries which skirt its coast, and the ruins of Olderfleet Castle, mouldering on the little peninsula of Curran, presented objects of great picturesque beauty. Miss O'Halloran, for the first time venturing at an observation, remarked to Lady Singleton, that the peninsula of Curran resembled the Sicilian Dripanon; which produced a decided dissent from her ladyship. This Mr. Dexter followed up by—

"Undoubtedly, ma'am. It is totally impossible that an Irish scene could resemble anything in Italy: the comparison is really quite comical."

"Were you ever in Italy, sir?" drawled out Miss O'Halloran.

"No, Miss O'Halloran, not absolutely in Italy, though I have been abroad; but I think I know it as well from her ladyship's description as if I had lived there all my life."

The town of Larne once passed, a new region seemed to present itself. The roads became

less practicable, the scene more wild. The great and stupendous features which characterize the coast of Antrim now gradually developed themselves in all their rudest grandeur. Promontories, bold and grotesque; bays deeply insulating the mountainous shores; rocks fantastically grouped, were the objects forming the picturesque. Lady Singleton held her *carte du voyage* in her hand. Glenarm was the next stage she had laid down after Larne, and there, she had decreed, they were to dine and sleep. An *avant-courier* was therefore despatched to make necessary preparations; the improbabilities of accommodation for so large a party not being taken into the account of her ladyship's calculations. The steepness and impracticability of the roads already began to undermine her patience, if they did not decrease her confidence in her own infallibility: but the surrounding scenery, though indescribably wild, was not wanting in attraction to fix attention on itself. The bold promontory of Ballygelly, abruptly exhibiting its enormous but well-defined pillars, presented the first specimen of the basaltic region into which they were about to penetrate. The ruins of Cairne Castle, mouldering under the shadow of its cliffs, were partially tinged with the mid-day sun, that poured its cloudless radiance on the wild heights of the Salagh Braes, which form the segment of a circle to the west of the coast, running from north to south.

The sun had not reached his meridian when the romantic and lovely village of Glenarm, with the broken outline of its hills, its limestone shores, its castle, and plantations, appeared to the eyes of the travellers, smiling amidst the surrounding wildness. At the entrance of the village the *avant-courier*, his horse smoking, rode up to the barouche to say he had lost his way among the hills, and that he had but just entered the town, and discovered the inn: to this he pointed, and the carriages drove up to a neat, pretty-looking cottage, while Lady Singleton continued to lecture, without mercy, the intimidated courier.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

(FROM "FRANCE.")

Madame de Genlis was at Paris when I arrived there; but I was told on every side that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers.—

That, "*elle s'était jetée dans la religion!*" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines.*"—I had despaired, therefore, of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes,*" it is difficult to say whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Vallière was uppermost in my imagination.

Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure, which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass), stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pretty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, a rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her "*herbier sacré,*" in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She showed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *l'herbier de reconnaissance*. "But I have but little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French *Mémoires*, in writing her "*Journal de la Jeunesse,*" and in preparing for the press her new novel, "*Les Battuscas,*" which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was nevertheless well strung and tuned, her pianoforte covered with new music; and when I gave her her lute to play for me,

it did not require the drawing up a single string. All was energy and occupation.—It was impossible not to make some observation on such versatility of talent and variety of pursuits.—"Oh! this is nothing" (said Madame de Genlis), "what I pride myself on is knowing *twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread.*"

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort, as without pretension, and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which were then in circulation in Paris.—When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied—that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves; and to whom she taught the harp as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casemir, now one of the finest harpists in the world.—I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating*; she replied, "*au contraire, cela m'a toujours ennuyé,*" and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late emperor; which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. "Buonaparte," she said, "was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres*, whose circumstances admitted of their acceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the *Arsenal*. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him, What he expected I should do to merit it? When the question was put to Napoleon he replied carelessly, "Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month." As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics. Madame de Genlis added, that though she never had any interview with him, yet on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent. . . .

It was said to me in Paris that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, "*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité.*" I know not how far

this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with *the vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint* or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix (that image of suffering and humility), which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued and the graces forgotten. On showing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the Cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the pope had sent for it, when he was in Paris, and blessed it, ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary which had belonged to Fene-

lon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her as a "*dé-moiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe.*" Infirmary, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and though her features are thin, worn and sharply marked, and her complexion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent as the duties of Madame de Genlis and my own engagements in the world would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.

GEORGE DARLEY.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1846.

[This author, a combination of poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin in 1785. Very little is known of his youth or private life, and it is only from his works that we can gather something of the character of the man. The study of mathematics appears to have been his ordinary occupation, varied by learned criticisms and articles in the *Athenæum* and other publications; whilst poetical composition afforded an outlet for his luxuriant fancy and a pleasant relief from his graver studies. *Sylvia or the May Queen*—a poem about a beautiful maiden, an evil enchanter, good fairies, a young lover, and ending as a matter of course with the triumph of right and a happy marriage—appeared in 1827. It met with a favourable reception, and is said by Allan Cunningham to contain much compact and graceful poetry. His works, *Familiar Astronomy*, first published in 1830, followed by *Popular Algebra*, *Geometrical Companion*, *Geometry*, and

Trigonometry, all ran through several editions. *Thomas à Becket*, a tragedy, and *Ethelstan*, a dramatic chronicle, appeared in 1841. The latter is founded on the incident recorded in English history of a treacherous favourite of King Ethelstan representing to him that his brother Edwin, the legitimate prince, had a design to supplant him. Ethelstan, aware of the defect in his title to the throne, ordered his brother to be placed in a vessel without sail or rudder, and sent adrift on the sea. The prince in despair cast himself into the waves and was drowned. Ethelstan was afterwards filled with remorse. The coming of the Danes is dramatically portrayed; and the chronicle winds up with the battle of Brunna-burgh, in which Ethelstan, with whom the reader's sympathy is carried all through notwithstanding his crime, is victorious.

Mr. Darley's last production was *Errors of Extasie and other Poems*. He died in 1846.

Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry of England*, compares him to Browning and Home, but finds fault with his affected quaintness, novel epithets, and occasional obscurities. "His ruggedness of manner, interrupted by a frequent melody of expression, reminds us of the old poets, whom he has carefully studied and well described in his critical essay prefixed to Moxon's edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher*." A critic in *Arcturus* says, "Nowhere can we find rhythmical cadences of greater beauty than in some occasional passages of Darley."]

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

(FROM "ETHELSTAN.")

*The nave of St. John's Church, night-time. King
ETHELSTAN comes to visit his brother's tomb.*

Ethelstan. (In soliloquy.) Look up, faint king!—
tho' like the shuddering wretch
That glares upon the corse of him he slew!—
I must go on—yea, did these hollow vaults
Groan sensitive at each step, as if I trod
Over the bosoms of expiring men
Who cursed me and so died!—Where is his tomb?
Mine eyes seem loose, and wander, yet see nought—
Or fall—fall—still to earth! Can I remember?—
What were the marks? which is it?—Pale fear
clutches me

By each wild lock, and tears me from myself!—
Oh, I am all distract!—Patience!—'Twas thus,
Was it not?—Ay! thus said the Prior, thus—
Now comes back memory, like a scarce-wished friend!
"Fast by the column, next but two the tower,
Where at first bell the morning moon will shine,
Prince Edwin sleeps"—Would I could sleep his
sleep!—

"Of beach-worn stone his bed, and as thou badest,
Scoop'd like a billowy sea"—Of stone! hard stone!
Thrice comfortable couch to what I, nightly,
Take my unrest on! guilt turns to a rack
My bed of smoothest rushes! gives them thorns
To pierce and harrow me as I writhe!—Well—well:
"His pillow of marble, wrought with fringelike
foam;

His eyes turned blindly up to Heaven, as if
Closed on all hope of succour"—I sent none!
Edwin, I sent thee none!—I was more deaf
Than the stunn'd sea-rock; frothier and more
frenzied

Than the white rage around it; crueller still
Than ocean that in wrath precipitate, on thee
Burst—whelming thy sad cries with careless roar!—
O tyrant! tyrant king! fiend-hearted brother!—
How deep is hell? My brain whirls as I think on't;
Darkness will swallow me ever! O that it could!

But to look up thence, and behold him pleading
With angel face wash'd silver pale by tears,
Sea-worn,—his locks yet heavy from the brine,—
Pleading my pardon—Let me not look there!
Kindness cuts deeper, undeserved, than hate
Plunge at thee as she will!—What else?—"His
eyes

Closed on all hope of succour; so he lay
When he was found dead—floating to the shore,
And so, as thou ordainest, lies he here."
Yon length-laid statue facing heaven so calm,
Must e'en be his. Dare I approach it nigher?
O God! how pale he looks, while on his cheek
The ghastly moonbeams glisten!—Yet he's calm;
His bosom heaves not with a sigh,—sure proof
At once of grief and life!—Here stand I, miserable!
Drenched in the cold sweat of mine agony,
Who, but for such sad breathings-out, might seem
As much a stone as he!—Dead at the heart,
A mere, mere gloss of life upon my surface,
Where all shows smooth,—but I am dead within!
Let me rush forward, and kneel down and beg

[*Approaching.*

Forgiveness of him who was ever kind!
Nought stays me— (The bell tolls one.)

Ha! that dread bell sounds like thunder,
Shaking the huge tower o'er me as 'twould fall
Did I proceed!—'Twas but that bronze recorder
Toll'd, and the vasty silence and surprise
Made it so loud. O bright, pure eye of Heaven,
Wilt thou still search me out and blazon me
Thus, wheresoe'er in darkness I would hide?
Blest moon, why smile upon a murderer?
He hates thy glitter on him, like a leprosy!
It mads me, wolf-like, and I feel bedript
With a cold, sealding mildew!—Why, that's well,
Thou starest at me no more!—Alas, shine forth!
Leave me not thus to night's dark angels swaying
Their gleamless swords about me!—

(*Kneels at the tomb.*) I will kneel!—
O thou whose spirit hovering o'er this tomb
Look'st down upon thy prostrate brother here,
And see'st his penitence, and his soul's pain,
Say with thy heart-heard voice, shall he, for ever
Shall he be unforgiven?

SONG FROM "ETHELSTAN."

O'er the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse coursers!
O'er the whale's heritance
Gloriously steering!
With beaked heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-necked, pitchy-ribbed,
Steads of the ocean!

O'er the sun's mirror green
Come the Norse coursers!
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments!
Hollow-backed, huge bosomed,
Fraught with mail'd riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battle-axe,
Canvas-winged, cable-rein'd
Steeds of the ocean!

O'er the wind's ploughing-field
Come the Norse coursers!
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravine all round them!
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
Steeds of the ocean!

THE FAIRY COURT.

(FROM "SYLVIA.")

Gently!—gently!—down!—down
From the starry courts on high,
Gently step adown, down
The ladder of the sky.

Sunbeam steps are strong enough
For such airy feet!—
Spirits blow your trumpets rough,
So as they be sweet!

Breathe them loud the queen descending,
Yet a lowly welcome breathe
Like so many flowerets bending
Zephyr's breezy foot beneath!

*MORGANA, the fairy queen, descends amid sweet
and solemn music.*

Morgana. No more, my spirits!—I have come
from whence
Peace with white sceptre wafting to and fro,
Smooths the wide bosom of the Elysian world.
Would 'twere as calm on earth! But there are
Who mar the sweet intent. Even in these bounds,
ARARACH, wizard vile! who sold himself
To Eblis for a brief sway o'er the fiends,
Would set up his dark canopy and make
Our half o' the vale, by force or fraud, his own.
We must take care he do not.—Where's that Ouphe?
That feather-footed, light-heeled, little Mercury?
That fairy-messenger? whom we saw now
Horsed on a dragon-fly wing round the fields?
Come out, sir!—Where is Nephon?

Nephon. Here am I! here am I!
Softer than a lover's sigh,
Swifter than the moonbeam I
Dance before thee duteously.

Morg. Light gentleman, say whither hast thou
been?

Neph. Over the dales and mossy meadows green.

Morg. Doing the deed I told thee?

Neph. Else would I fear thou'dst scold me.

Morg. Led'st thou the rover downward to the
glen?

Neph. Down, down to the glen,
Through forest and fen;
O'er rock and o'er rill,
I flattered him still;
With chirp, and with song,
To lure him along;

Like a bird hopping onward from bramble to briar,
I led the young wanderer nigher and nigher!

Morg. None of your idle songs. Speak to me
plain.

Neph. I laid a knotted riband in his path,
Which he took up; kiss'd—'t was so fine! and put it
Into his breast: *Ting, ting!* said I, from out
A bush half down the dale: he gazed. *Ting, ting!*
Said I again. On came he, wondering wide,
And stumbling oft, ha! ha!—but ne'er the less
He followed sweet *ting! ting!* down the hill-side,
E'en to the bottom: where I mocked and left him.

Morg. I'll bring thee a sweet cup of dew for this,
Cold from the moon.

Neph. Meantime I'll drain a flower
Fill'd with bright tears from young Aurora's eye.

Away! away! away!
Away will I skip it!
Away will I trip it!

Flowers, take care of your heads as I go!
Who has a bright bonnet
I'll surely step on it,

And leave a light print of my minikin toe!
Away! away! away!

Morg. I've seen a man made out of elder pith
More steady than that puppet!—Yet he's careful,
Even where he seems most toyish.—Virgin spirit!
Come hither, fair Floretta!

Floretta. As the murmuring bird-bee comes.
Circling with his joyous hums
Red-lipt rose, or lily sweet,—
Thus play I about thy feet!

Morg. Thou art the queen of flowers, and lovest
to tend
Thy beauteous subjects. Thou dost spread thy wing
Between the driving rain-drop and the rose,
Shelt'ring it at thy cost. I've seen thee stand
Drowning amid the fields to save a daisy,
And with warm kisses keep its sweet life in.
The shrinking violet thou dost cheer; and raise

The cowslip's drooping head: and once didst cherish
In thy fond breast a snowdrop, dead with cold,
Even till thy cheek grew paler than its own.

Flor. Ay, but it never smiled again! Ah, me!

Morg. Go now, since beauty is so much thy care,
Sweetness and innocence;—go now, I say,
And guard the human lily of this vale.
Follow thy madeap brother, and restrain
His ardour with thy gentleness.

Flor. Ere thou say *begone!* I'm gone:

'Tis more slowly said than done!

[*Vanishes.*

Morg. Osme, thou fragrant spirit. Where art
thou?

Osme. Rocking upon a restless marigold,
And in its saffron, leafy feathers roll'd;
But with a bound I'm with you here—behold!

Morg. Hast thou been sipping what the wild
bee hides

Deep in his waxen cave,—thou smell'st so sweet?

Osme. No: I would never rob the minstrel-thing
That lulls me oft to sleep with murmuring,
And as I slumber fans me with his wing.

Morg. My gentle elfe!—Come thou, come thou
with me:

I've an apt business for thy strength. Sit here,
On my light car, and be the charioteer;
Guide thou my trembling birds of paradise,
That prune themselves from this dull earth to rise,
And cry with painful joy to float amid the skies.—
Ascend, ye other spirits, all with me!

Chorus. See the radiant quire ascending,
Leaving misty earth below,
With their varied colours blending
Hues to shame the water-bow.

LOVE SONG.

Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty
slumbers,

Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her
hair;

Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute, 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow-banks that lure him
from above;

Oh, that in tears from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love.

Ah! when the woodbines with sleepy arms have
wound her,

Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo
round her

To her lost mate's call, in the forest far away.

Come then, my bird, for the peace thou ever
bearest,

Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me;
Come, this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love
for thee.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1850.

[Sir Martin A. Shee, the eminent portrait-painter, and a writer of considerable merit, was born in Dublin on the 20th of December, 1769. He early showed a taste for the fine arts, and became a scholar of the Dublin Royal Society. On the death of his father, a reduced Dublin merchant, young Shee, although only sixteen years of age, had made so much progress in his profession that he was able to start as a portrait-painter in his native city. He soon obtained extensive patronage, but wishing to acquire a wider reputation he left Dublin in 1788 and went to London. Here he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, procured admission to the school of the Royal Academy, and in 1789 contributed his first picture to the Academy exhibition. In 1798 he was elected an associate, and in 1800 a member of the Academy. He continued to

rise rapidly in the estimation of his brother artists, and also with the art-loving public, who patronized him extensively. After the death of Lawrence, in 1830, Shee was elected president of the Academy, receiving at the same time the honour of knighthood.

In the midst of his career as a successful portrait-painter Shee constantly turned to another loved art—that of poetry, and in 1809 astonished those who thought him only a painter by the production of *Rhymes on Art*, a poem in six cantos. In 1814 he published *Commemoration of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and in 1825 *Alasco*, a tragedy of very considerable power, but which was never acted. In 1829 he published *Old Court* and *Harry Calverley*, both novels, and in 1837 *Outlines of a Plan for the Natural Encouragement of Historical Painting in the United Kingdom*. He died

at Brighton on the 29th of August, 1850. His memoirs were published by his son in 1860.

Ottley, in his *Dictionary of Painters*, says, "It would be a mistake to attribute Sir Martin Shee's success in his profession, and above all the high official position to which he was elected, to his merit as an artist. The latter, at least, may be more truly assigned as a tribute to his literary attainments . . . and to his courteous manners, combined with certain gifts in diplomacy, which qualified him in an eminent degree to act as the champion [of the Royal Academy]. If he did not achieve anything great as a painter, he was always ready, to use his own words, 'to break a lance with the vandalism of the day.'"]

EXTRACT FROM "ALASCO."

[A meeting of Poles resolved to strike for freedom. Alasco, their leader, reproaches the chiefs for harbouring projects of private revenge.]

Alasco. Sacred powers!

I thought I had joined me to a noble band.

Riensi. And such, we dare assert our deeds will prove us.

Alasco. Away you'll crouch like slaves or kill like cowards:

What! you have swords! by Heaven, you dare not use them;

A sword's the brave man's weapon—you mistake
Your instruments—knives—daggers best become you;

Heavens! am I leagued with cut-throats and assassins,

With wretches who at midnight lurk in caves
To mark their prey, and meditate their murders!
Well then! to your office! if you must stab
Begin with me;—here—here, plant all your daggers.

Much rather would I as your victim die,
Than live as your accomplice.

Riensi. Spare us, my lord!

Nor press this past endurance; your reproof
Has sunk into our hearts and shamed away
All passions but for freedom and our country.

Alasco. Your country's freedom! say your own discharge

From wholesome rule and honest industry!—
You mean immunity for blood and spoil,
The privilege of wild riot and revenge,
The liberty of lawless depredation.

Conrad. O! brave friends,

Or let me close the breach or perish in it,
For 'tis a gap that's wide enough for ruin.

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Come! let us clear our honour and our cause
At once from this foul taint; let each man here
Who bears a patriot's heart draw forth his sword,
And on that hallow'd cross the soldier holds
An emblem of his faith, defence, and service
Swear to repress all promptings of revenge,
All private interests, ends, and enmities,
And as he hopes for honour, fame, or safety,
Seek alone his country's weal and freedom.

(*The chiefs all draw their swords, kneel down and kiss the hilt.*)

Riensi. We swear—and as our hearts are in the oath

So may our wishes prosper.

Alasco. (*Kneels also.*) Record it, Heaven!
And in a cause so just vouchsafe thy guidance.
This solemn sanction, Conrad, reassures me.
Now once again I pledge me to your fortunes.
My friends, your hands.

Whate'er of comment harsh in heat has passed
To chafe or wound one generous spirit here,
Your candour, sirs, will in its cause excuse.

Riensi. The fault is ours—we own it, and our swords

To-morrow shall redeem it on the foe.

Alasco. Then to our work like men who are fit for liberty,

Fierce in the field as tigers for our rights;

But when the sword is sheathed, the friends of peace,

And firm for law and justice.

NAPOLÉON AND DAVID THE PAINTER.¹

October, 1802.

Proceeded with Messrs. Vincent and Merance to the Consular Palace. Introduced into the presence chamber, where I saw the medals distributed to the different candidates, and had the pleasure of standing for an hour and twenty minutes within six feet of Bonaparte, and without any other person intervening to obstruct my view, being one of the front line in a circle composed of the three consuls, the generals, senators, and councillors of state, with the members of the Institute, forming the jury which decided the distribution of the prizes. This long and complete view of Bonaparte is a favour which no other strangers, no matter how high their rank, have been able to obtain. A regular introduction to him would have only given the opportunity of a short observation or a slight bow; but to stand

¹ This and the following extract are from the Paris journal in *Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee*, by his son. London, 2 vols. 1860.

for more than an hour face to face with him, to examine him from head to foot with perfect convenience and leisure, to hear him talk, and study his character through all its pacific changes, was an advantage for which many curious strangers here would have given five hundred pounds. Bonaparte is scarcely taller than I am, and much thinner. His figure is not very good. His face is in my eyes handsome, sedate, steady, and determined. The prints of him do him no sort of justice. When you see him you are satisfied that such a man may be Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the grand monarch of France, and the pacifier of Europe. In short nothing could be more impressive and interesting than the whole scene.

Saturday.—In the museum at eight. Met L—— at one to go and see David's pictures of the "Horatii," his "Brutus," and portrait of Bonaparte. David has no feeling of the higher art, no eye for colour, and no power of execution. He draws well, however, and has, I think, a good knowledge of composition. His merit as an artist is, I think, always overrated or underrated; I find him neither so good nor so bad a painter as I have heard him described. As a portrait-painter he is almost contemptible.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

13th October, 1802.

My dear Aunt,—I dare say you were somewhat surprised to learn that I had set off for Paris, and indeed I have often been surprised at it myself. Mary and George were my instigators, and allowed me no peace till they persuaded me to a step which they thought was essential to my consequence as an artist, and my character as a man of taste. Indeed, the emigration of the whole Academy, with the president at their head, and particularly the visits to Paris made about this time by my competitors in portrait-painting, made it a sort of necessity on my part, as not to have visited the treasures of art in Paris will be a sort of stigma on the character of a painter or a connoisseur. I therefore set out in company with a Mr. Rogers, a banker and celebrated poet here, and after a pleasant journey of five days (two hours and three-quarters of which were spent in the passage from Dover to Calais), arrived safe in Paris. . . . Paris, as to its houses, its habits, and its inhabitants, is a kind of new world to a stranger from our islands,

more splendid, more magnificent than London, but by no means so neat, so comfortable, or so large,—more populous for its size, more crowded in its streets, more numerous and gorgeous in its palaces and public buildings, and more liberal and extensive in all its public establishments. The whole city built of stone or stuccoed to resemble it; the people exhibiting the ludicrous in all its varieties, at once elegant and *outré*, carrying fashion to its extreme, and setting caricature at defiance. An inconsistent mixture of meanness and magnificence runs through the whole nation that alternately excites our ridicule and our admiration. The rage of ornament is the passion of the place. It pervades all ranks, and spreads over the whole country in a torrent of false taste and frippery profusion. Hotels splendid as palaces; palaces filthy as pigsties; every man with earrings, and whiskers meeting under his chin; every woman, from Madame Bonaparte at St. Cloud to the oyster-wench who attends the tables of an eating-house, with pendants reaching to her shoulders, a sparkling cross or locket on her breast, and her hair turned up *à la grecque*. The plunder of the world has enriched Paris with treasures of art beyond number and above praise. In short Italy is now in Paris. Politically speaking, there is about as much freedom in France as in Algiers. The word of the little great man is law and gospel.

"His smile is fortune, and his frown is fate."

All ranks execrate the revolution without ceremony or concealment. The trees of liberty are everywhere either torn up or decayed. The term "citizen," though still retained in their public addresses, is considered almost an affront in private life, as expressive of everything degrading and reminding them of everything disagreeable. The manners, the appearance, the dress of the French—everything, in short, is fast returning to the character of old times; and I am much mistaken if the word liberty will not shortly be as much laughed at in France as the thing itself has been abused there.

THE DILETTANTI OF THE DAY.

(FROM "RHYMES ON ART.")

Painting dejected views a vulgar band,
From every haunt of dulness in the land,
In heathen homage to her shrine repair,
And immolate all living merit there!

From each cold clime of pride that glimmering lies,
 Brain-bound and bleak, 'neath Affectation's skies,
 In critic crowds new Vandal nations come,
 And—worse than Goths—again disfigure Rome;
 With rebel zeal, each graphic realm invade,
 And crush their country's arts by foreign aid.
 Dolts, from the ranks of useful service chased,
 Pass muster in the lumber-room of Taste,
 Soon learn to load with critic shot, and play
 Their pop-guns on the genius of the day.
 No awkward heir that o'er Campania's plain
 Has scampered like a monkey in his chain,—
 No ambushed ass that, hid in learning's maze,
 Kicks at desert, and crops wit's budding bays,—
 No baby grown that still his coral keeps
 And sucks the thumb of science till he sleeps,—
 No mawkish son of sentiment who strains
 Soft sonnet drops from barley-water brains,—
 No pointer of a paragraph,—no peer
 That hangs a picture-pander at his ear,—
 No smatterer of the Ciceroni crew,—
 No pauper of the parish of Virtù,—
 But starts an Aristarchus on the town,
 To hunt, full cry, dejected merit down,
 With sapient shrug assumes the critic's part,
 And loud deplores the sad decline of art.

The dunce, no common calling will endure,
 May thrive in taste and ape the connoisseur,
 No duties there of sense or science paid:—
 Taste's a free port where every fool may trade,
 A mart where quacks of every kind resort,
 The bankrupt's refuge and the blockhead's forte.
 Hear him, ye gods! harangue of schools and styles,

In pilfered scraps from Walpole and De Piles;
 Direct the vain spectator's vacant gaze,
 Drill his dull sense, and teach him where to praise:
 Of every toy some tale of wonder frame,
 How this from heaven or Ottoboni² came,
 How that long pendant on plebeian wall,
 Or lumbered in some filthy broker's stall,
 Lay lost to fame till by his taste restored,
 Behold the gem-shrined, curtained, and adored.
 Hear him, ye powers of ridicule! deplore
 The Arts extinguished and the Muse no more;
 With shrug superior now in feeling phrase
 Commiserate the darkness of our days;
 Now loud against all living merit rage,
 And in one sweeping censure—damn the age!
 The patron is a name disown'd—disgraced,
 A part exploded from the stage of Taste;
 While fierce from every broken craft supplied
 Pretenders armed in panoply of pride
 'Gainst modern merit take the field with scorn
 And bear down all in our dull era born;
 With bigot eyes adore, and beating hearts
 The time-worn relics of departed arts,—
 Gem, picture, coin, camêo, statue, bust,
 The furbished fragments of defrauded rust,
 All worship all, with superstitious care,
 But leave the living genius to despair.

Dug from the tomb of taste-refining time,
 Each form is exquisite, each block sublime,
 Or good, or bad,—disfigured, or depraved,—
 All art is at its resurrection saved,
 All crown'd with glory in the critic's heaven,
 Each merit magnified, each fault forgiven.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

BORN 1803 — DIED 1840.

[Gerald Griffin, poet and novelist, was born in Limerick on the 12th of December, 1803. His father was a respectable farmer, and his mother, the sister of a celebrated doctor of that city, is described as a woman of extreme piety and of a refined and sensitive nature. This nature her ninth son Gerald largely inherited. When only seven years old his parents removed to Fairy Lawn, on the banks of the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles from Limerick, where, doubtless, the lovely river did much to foster the poet in him. In early life he endured a bitter trial in being parted from his parents, who were induced by a relative abroad to emigrate to the United States of America. Gerald, who was intended for the medical profession, was, with

two of his sisters and a brother Daniel, left with their elder brother Doctor Griffin, who resided in the little village of Adare, about eight miles from Limerick. Here he applied himself to study, and began to contribute to the Limerick newspapers. He also aided in the formation of a dramatic society in that city. By this means he made the acquaintance of John Banim, who wrote criticisms on the performances. He went to London in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed his twentieth year; and after some weary searching, found his friend John Banim. He at once set about disposing of the tragedy on which he had built his hopes. The public taste of the time demanded the sensational drama in its fullest sense, and although ap-

proved of and corrected by Banim, himself an able dramatist, poor Griffin's play was rejected. Undismayed, he set about the preparation of another tragedy, entitled *Gisippus*, which dealt with Grecian scene and character, and "was written in coffee-houses and on little slips of paper." But although performed in Drury Lane with some success after the author's death, this tragedy during his lifetime met the same fate that befel the unfortunate *Aguire*—complete rejection.

By the advice of Banim he now abandoned dramatic authorship, and began to contribute short poems to the magazines; but the method of payment, we are told, was so unsatisfactory that he gave this up in disgust. He next turned to writing for the newspapers, and spent a considerable time as correspondent and reporter. At length his talent began to be recognized, and his brilliant articles attracted such attention as to procure for him the offer of one pound per page for his contributions to *The Fushion News*. Encouraged by this measure of success, he determined to venture on a work descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and the result was the production in 1827 of his first novel, *Hollandtide*, which at once brought him into public notice. Anxious to see a sister who was in a precarious state of health, and wearied with the long struggle he had maintained in London, Griffin decided to return for a time to his peaceful home near Limerick. In February, 1827, he arrived there, only to find that his sister had died the previous evening. He felt the stroke severely, and the beautiful lines beginning "Oh! not for ever lost," were written by him in memory of this sister. After a short interval of rest he produced his *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, in the incredibly short space of four months. These consisted of *Card-Drawing*, *The Half-Sir*, and *Suil Dhuv the Coiner*, and were highly praised by the critics. In the latter part of 1827 he returned to London, and soon afterwards wrote the most successful of his works, *The Collegians*, or, as it is otherwise called, *The Colleen Bawn*. It appeared in the winter of 1828, and was pronounced "the most perfect Irish novel published."

Griffin seems at this time to have tired of a literary life; perhaps, as one of his critics says, "It (dramatic authorship) was the passion of his life, checked by circumstances, and thrown back upon his heart, and thus, true to his first love, his soul was never satisfied with his second; and to his disappointment may be

traced his disgust of literature, and his retirement to a convent." For a short time he entered himself at the London University as a law student, and attended a course of lectures; but this he soon gave up and turned with all the delight of a true antiquary to the study of Irish history. One outcome of this was the appearance of his novel *The Invasion*. This work was received with commendation by the reviewers, to the students of ancient manners it was acceptable, but with the reading public its success was limited. For a year or two after the publication of *The Invasion* we know little of Griffin, except that he spent his time partly in London and partly with his brother in Ireland. He has given us an amusing account of his visit to Moore at Sloperon in 1832, as one of a deputation who sought unsuccessfully to prevail on the poet to offer himself for the representation of Limerick in parliament. In 1830 he published his *Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses*; and in 1835 appeared in succession *The Rivals*, *The Duke of Monmouth*, and *Tales of my Neighbourhood*. Afterwards a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, a country which he loved to visit, furnished material for a series of letters full of buoyant and sportive gaiety blended with admiration for the wild scenery through which he passed.

On his return a great change was visible upon him. For some years a morbid sensibility had been growing up in his mind: he feared his works had not conduced to the benefit of mankind, and that all his dreams of fame, now that they were being realized, were but "vanity of vanities." From his earliest youth, also, the idea had haunted him that his life would be cut short—that he would never live to be an old man. All these thoughts and feelings combined led to the resolution which he now announced, of retiring to a monastery. As a preliminary to this step he collected all his unpublished manuscripts, the tragedy of *Aguire* among the rest, and committed them to the flames. He divided his property among his brothers, and on the 8th of September, 1838, he was enrolled in the monastery of the Christian Brothers in Dublin under the name of Brother Joseph. Here he fulfilled the lowliest offices and practised the severest vigils and fasts of his order. His brother says that "his habits of piety were even then found to be of so fixed a character that he was admitted to the religious habit on the feast of St. Teresa on the 15th of the following October." In the summer of 1839 he

removed to the North Monastery, Cork, where, we are told, he soon became a mere skeleton, and in this weak state he caught a fever, of which he died, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-six years. He was interred in the cemetery of the convent, and a stone with the inscription "BROTHER GERALD GRIFFIN" marks the spot.

The *Dublin University Magazine* says of Griffin:—"He died young; yet what of that? so do the great proportion of all our men of genius; so did the brightest spirits it has been our fortune to know during our weird world journey. They had too little clay. He died early, and though his works rather show what he could do than satisfy us with what he has actually effected—rather lead us to expectation than contentment—yet we feel he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of the *Collegians* must live—and as an able delineator of our national feelings—as an expounder of that subtlest of problems, the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten; but with Carleton, and Banim, and Miss Edgeworth, and one or two more, he will take his place in our Irish firmament, and form a portion of that galaxy to which we are wont to look with wonder and pride."

The contents of the collected edition of his works are as follows:—"Life" by his brother; *The Collegians*; *Card-Drawing*; *The Half-Sir*; *Suil Dhuv*; *The Rivals*; *Tracy's Ambition*; *Hollandtide*; *Duke of Monmouth*; *Tales of the Jury-room*; and Poetry.]

A HAPPY HOME.

(FROM "THE COLLEEN BAWN.")

It was a favourable moment for any one who might be desirous of sketching a family picture. The windows of the room, which were thrown up for the purpose of admitting the fresh morning air, opened upon a trim and sloping meadow, that looked sunny and cheerful with the bright green after-grass of the season. The broad and sheety river washed the very margin of the little field, and bore upon its quiet bosom (which was only ruffled by the circling eddies that encountered the advancing tide) a variety of craft, such as might be supposed to indicate the approach to a large commercial city. Majestic vessels, floating idly on the basined flood, with sails half furled, in keeping with the languid beauty of the scene—lighters, burdened to the water's edge with bricks or sand—large rafts of tim-

ber, borne onward towards the neighbouring quays, under the guidance of a shipman's boat-hook—pleasure-boats, with gaudy pennons hanging at peak and topmast—or turf-boats, with their unpicturesque and ungraceful lading, moving sluggishly forward, while their black sails seemed gasping for a breath to fill them; such were the incidents that gave a gentle animation to the prospect immediately before the eyes of the cottage dwellers. On the farther side of the river arose the Cratloe Hills, shadowed in various places by a broken cloud, and rendered beautiful by the chequered appearance of the ripening tillage, and the variety of hues that were observable along their wooded sides. At intervals the front of a handsome mansion brightened up in a passing gleam of sunshine, while the wreaths of blue smoke, ascending at various distances from amongst the trees, tended to relieve the idea of extreme solitude which it would otherwise have presented.

The interior of the cottage was not less interesting to contemplate than the landscape which lay before it. The principal breakfast-table (for there were two spread in the room) was placed before the window, the neat and snow-white damask cloth covered with fare that spoke satisfactorily for the circumstances of the proprietor, and for the housewifery of his helpmate. The former, a fair, pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a huge buckled cravat and square-toed shoes, somewhat distrustful of the meagre beverage which fumed out of Mrs. Daly's lofty and shining coffee-pot, had taken his position before a cold ham and fowl which decorated the lower end of the table. His lady, a courteous old personage, with a face no less fair and happy than her husband's, and with eyes sparkling with good nature and intelligence, did the honours of the board at the farther end. On the opposite side, leaning over the back of his chair with clasped hands, in an attitude which had a mixture of abstraction and anxiety, sat Mr. Kyrle Daly, the first pledge of connubial affection that was born to this comely pair. He was a young man already initiated in the rudiments of the legal profession; of a handsome figure, and in manner—but something now pressed upon his spirits which rendered this an unfavourable occasion for describing him.

A second table was laid in a more retired portion of the room for the accommodation of the younger part of the family. Several well-burnished goblets or porringers of thick milk flanked the sides of this board, while a large

dish of smooth-coated potatoes reeked up in the centre. A number of blooming boys and girls, between the ages of four and twelve, were seated at this simple repast, eating and drinking away with all the happy eagerness of youthful appetite. Not, however, that this employment occupied their exclusive attention, for the prattle which circulated round the table frequently became so boisterous as to drown the conversation of the older people, and to call forth the angry rebuke of the master of the family.

The furniture of the apartment was in accordance with the appearance and manners of its inhabitants. The floor was handsomely carpeted, a lofty green fender fortified the fire-place, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasions for the frequent repetition of a favourite conundrum—"Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?"—a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscotted walls were ornamented with several of the popular prints of the day, such as Hogarth's Roast Beef, Prince Eugene, Schomberg at the Boyne, Mr. Betterton playing Cato in all the glory of

"Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair;"

of the royal Mandane, in the person of Mrs. Mountain, strutting among the arbours of her Persian palace in a lofty tête and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings done by Mrs. Daly in her school-days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were prettily framed. In justice to the fair artist, it should also be mentioned that, contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never re-touched by the hand of her master, a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one who saw the pictures was tempted to call in question. A small bookcase, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and, on examination, might be found to contain a considerable number of works on Irish history, for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a circumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbourhood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books, and a few volumes on cookery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more startling description. A gun-rack, on which were suspended a long shore-gun, a

brass-barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse-pistols, manifested Mr. Daly's determination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son, "you had better let me put a little goose (with an emphasis) on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who understood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any railery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house, but without being more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof, "do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent—I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly with a smile, "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anna Chute, and that you were just meditating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear! Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing. I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice, however. "But speaking seriously, my boy, you take this affair too deeply to heart; and whether it be in our pursuit of wealth, or fame, or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah! sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table with a magnanimous affectation of cheerfulness, "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment when he is certain of success."

"Why, I was not bidden to despair, in-

deed," said Mr. Daly, extending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance. "I have, I believe, been more fortunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know, my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospects you may have shaped out of the future; but I will not wish you a better fortune than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table, with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife, while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:—

"How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly cling,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
And with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I——"

with a glance at Kyrle—

"And I go wooing with the boys."

"And this," thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that ensued, "this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning—whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me; or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money-hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?"

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all housekeepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast table, not disdaining, with her own fair hands, to restore the plate and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called all his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally, as they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face towards a lofty pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar, which stood near his elbow.

"North-east!" Mr. Daly began, addressing the eldest.

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; for, sensible as the Dalys were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Three of Mrs. Daly's children died at nurse, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents that if the next little stranger were baptized by the name of North-east, the curse would be removed from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

"North-east," said the old gentleman, "when was Ireland first peopled?"

"By Bartholanus, sir, in anno mundi 1956, the great-great-great-great-great-grand-son of Noah."

"Six greats. Right, my boy. Although the Cluan-Mac-Nois makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years, at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?"

"The Metamorphoses, sir, book the thirteenth."

"Ah, poor Ajax! he's an example and a warning for all Irishmen. Well, North-east, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this: *Mater mea sus est mala*."

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little, and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"*My mother is a bad sow*," said North-east, laughing: "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, North-east! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cupboard.

"Tis dadda you should blame, ma'am; 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day, and your

translation was correct, North-east, in point of grammar, at all events. But (he continued, with a look of learned wisdom) the true meaning of the sentence is this: *Mater*, mother, *mea*, hasten, *sus*, the sow, *est*, eats up (*edere*, my boy, not *esse*), *mala*, the apples."

"O, it's a *cran*, I see," said the boy, with some indignation of tone. "One isn't obliged to know *crans*. I'd soon puzzle you if I was to put you all the *crans* I know."

"Not so easily as you suppose, perhaps," said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who really thought him a profound linguist. "But you are a good boy. Go to school, North-east. Here, open your satchel."

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above-mentioned was dropt into it, and North-east set off south-south-west out of the house.

"Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?"

"Henry Grattan, sir."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because he says we must have a free trade, sir."

"You shall have a lump of sugar with your bread for that. Open your satchel. There; run away now to school. Patey!"

"Sir?"

"Patey, tell me who was the first Lord-lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign?"

Patey, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundered nag. At last he said stoutly—

"Julius Caesar, sir."

"That's a good boy. Ah! you young villain, if I had asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many hookers went by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Cesar sailed round the revenue cutter, near Tarbert, the other day?"

"No, sir, it was Larry Kett."

"I'll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I'll forgive you! Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan."

"Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilbao ship into Youghal after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen—the fellows, *dadda*!"—the boy continued, warming with his subject—"were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship, and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen."

"Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics, and comparative physiology. There's some hope of you. Go to school." And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed amongst the girls, to whom the happy father put questions in history, geography, catechism, &c., proportioned to the capacity of each. At length he descended to the youngest, a little cherub, with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

"Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar?"

"I, *dadda*."

"Ah! Sally's a wag, I see. You do stand for it, indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature," he added, looking at his wife, and tossing his head. "Every beginning is weak, and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock."

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, each under each, having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to despatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

"I'll step over to the meadow, my dear, and see how the hay gets on. And give me that pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to Father Malachy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall, the tax-gatherer, to sleep here to-night. And, Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving the fellow a fright about them; and, above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow-field with them. I'll be back at five."

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster "Middleman" sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue, humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song:—

"And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,

Which I have worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.
My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
For this old worn-out stuff that is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow!

To-morrow! To-morrow!
May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term "middleman" has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the labourers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honourable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes; while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into his character or fortune, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which in progress of time swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class as prosperous, many as intelligent and high principled, as Mr. Daly.

THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS.

(FROM "THE COLLEEN BAWN.")

During the few weeks that followed the conversation just detailed, Eily perceived a rapid and fearful change in the temper and appearance of her husband. His visits were fewer and shorter than before, and when he did come, his manner was restrained and cautious in an extraordinary degree. His eye looked troubled, his voice was deep and broken, his cheek grew pale and fleshless, and a gloomy air, which might be supposed the mingled result of discontent and dissipation, appeared in all his person. He no longer conversed with that noisy frankness and gaiety in which he was accustomed to indulge in all societies where he felt perfectly at ease. To Eily he spoke sometimes with coldness and impatience,

and very often with a wild affection that had in it as much of grief as of tenderness. To the other inmates of the cottage he was altogether reserved and haughty, and even his own boatman seldom cared to tempt him into a conversation. Sometimes Eily was inclined to think that he had escaped from some unpleasing scenes at home, his demeanour during the evening was so abstracted and so full of care. On other occasions, when he came to her cottage late at night, she was shocked to discover about him the appearance of a riotous indulgence. Born and educated as she was in the Ireland of the eighteenth century, this circumstance would not have much disturbed the mind of our heroine, but that it became gradually more frequent of occurrence, and seemed rather to indicate a voluntary habit, than that necessity to which even sober people were often subjected, when they mingled in the society of Irish country gentlemen of that period. Eily thus experienced for the first time, and with an aching spirit, one of the keenest anxieties of married life.

"Hardress," she said to him one morning when he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence, long unbroken, "I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more, if you be thinking of them always when you come to me again."

Her husband started like one conscience-struck, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say, then," said Eily, smiling and nodding her head with a pretty affectation of authority. "Those fine ladies mustn't take you from Eily. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress. Whisper." She laid her hand on his shoulder, raised herself on tip-toe, and murmured in his ear: "I'll not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know yourself," Eily continued, nodding and smiling; "it is a teaching that you would never learn from Eily, if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there e'er a priest living in this neighbourhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eily, bending on him a look

of piercing sweetness, "if I thought he would forgive me afterwards as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear of that," said Eily. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep thought Eily resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands in the still expanded one of her husband, she continued: "Well, then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me: I'm afraid I'm going wrong entirely this time back. I got married, sir, a couple o' months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman, that I'm very fond of."

"Too fond, perhaps."

"I'm afraid so, rightly speaking, although I hope *he* doesn't think so. But he told me when he brought me down to Killarney, that he was going to speak to his friends [the brow of the listener darkened], and to ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily. And there's nearly two months now since I came, and what I have to charge myself with, sir, is, that I am too fond of my husband, and that I don't like to vex him by speaking about it, as maybe it would be my duty to do. And, besides, I don't keep my husband to proper order at all. I let him stop out sometimes for many days together, and then I'm very angry with him; but when he comes, I'm so foolish and so glad to see him that I can't look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get all Ireland for it. And more than that, again; I'm not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don't ever question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes to, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner; for, indeed, my husband is often more merry than wise, when he comes home to me late at night, and still Eily says nothing. And, besides all this, I think my husband has something weighing upon his mind, and I don't make him tell it to me, as a good wife ought to do; and I like to have a friend's advice, as you're good enough to offer it, sir, to know what I'd do. What do you think about him, sir? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy? Or do you think he's growing tired of Eily? Or that he doesn't think so much of her now that he knows her better? What would you advise me to do?"

"I am rather at a loss," said Hardress, with some bitterness in his accent; "it is so difficult to advise a *jealous* person."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eily with a slight blush. "Ah! now I'm sorry I came to you at all, for I see you know nothing about me, since you think that's the way. I see now that you don't know how to advise me at all, and I'll leave you there. What would I be jealous of?"

"Why, of those handsome young ladies that your husband visits."

"Ah! if I was jealous that way," said Eily, with a keen and serious smile, "that isn't the way I'd show it."

"How, then, Eily?"

"Why, first of all, I wouldn't as much as think of such a thing, without the greatest reason in the world, without being downright sure of it; and if I got that reason nobody would ever know it, for I wouldn't say a word, only walk into that room there, and stretch upon the bed, and die."

"Why, that's what many a brutal husband in such a case would exactly desire."

"So itself," said Eily, with a flushed and kindling cheek—"so itself. I wouldn't be long in his way, I'll engage."

"Well, then," Hardress said, rising and addressing her with a severe solemnity of manner, "my advice to you is this. As long as you live, never presume to inquire into your husband's secrets, nor affect an influence which he never will admit. And if you wish to avoid that great reason for jealousy, of which you stand in fear, avoid suffering the slightest suspicions to appear; for men are stubborn beings, and when such suspicions are wantonly set afloat, they find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible."

"Well, Hardress," said Eily, "you are angry with me, after all. Didn't you say you would forgive me? Oh, then, I'll engage I'd be very sorry to say anything, if I thought you'd be this way."

"I am not angry," said Hardress, in a tone of vexation. "I *do* forgive you," he added in an accent of sharp reproof, "I spoke entirely for your own sake."

"And wouldn't Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke?"

"Joke!" exclaimed Hardress, bursting into a sudden fit of passion which made his eyes water, and his limbs shake as if they would have sunk beneath him. "Am I become the subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Give me your hand! Do you



THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS

feel how that heart beats? Is that a subject, Eily, for joke or jest? Do you think this face turns thin and yellow for nothing? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!—"

"Yes!—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! Let go my knees! Let go my arm! I hate you! Take the truth, I'll not be poisoned with it. I am sick of you, you have disgusted me! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk and make myself the beast you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you."

"Oh, Hardress!" shrieked the affrighted girl, "you are not in earnest now?"

"I am; *I do not* joke!" her husband exclaimed with a hoarse vehemence. "Let go my knees! you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly."

"Oh, my dear Hardress! Oh, my own husband, listen to me!—hear your own Eily for one moment! Oh, my poor father!"

"Ha!"

"It slipped from me! Forgive me! I know I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress, but forgive me! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off! I will do anything to please you—I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that! Oh, heaven!" she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture and clasped her husband's feet. "Merciful heaven, direct him! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home. Think of all you promised me, and how I believed you. Stay with me for a while at any rate. Do not——"

On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms without doing her a violence, Eily felt a swimming in her head, and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless.

The first face which she beheld, on recovering from her insensibility, was that of Poll Naughten, who was seated in a low chair, and supporting Eily's head against her knees, while she was striking her in the open palm with a prodigious violence.

"Ah! there she draws the breath," said Fighting Poll. "Oh, wirra, missiz, what brought you out on your face and hands on the middle of the floore, that way?"

Eily muttered some unmeaning answer, and remained for some minutes struggling with the consciousness of some undefined horror. Looking around at length, and missing the figure of Hardress, she lay back once more, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Phil Naughten, who was smoking a short pipe by the fireside, said something in Irish to his wife, to which the latter replied in the same language, and then turning to Eily, said, "Will you take a dhrop of anything, a-chree?"

Eily raised her hand in dissent.

"Will you come in and take a stretch on the bed, then?"

To this Eily answered in the affirmative, and walked, with the assistance of her hostess, into her sleeping-chamber. Here she lay during the remainder of the day, the curtain suffered to fall so as to keep the broad sunshine from her aching eyes and head. Her reflections, however, on the frightful and sudden alteration which had taken place in her condition were cut short ere long by a sleep, of that sound and dreamless nature which usually supervenes after an excess of passionate excitement or anxiety.

In the meantime Hardress hurried along the Gap-road with the speed of one who desires to counteract, by extreme bodily exertion, the turbulence of an uneasy spirit. As he passed the lonely little bridge, which crosses the stream above the Black Lake, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice which appeared to reach him from the clouds. Looking over his shoulder to the summit of the Purple Mountain, he beheld Danny Mann, nearly a thousand feet above him, moving towards the immense pile of loose stones (from the hue of which the mountain has derived its name), and driving before him a small herd of goats, the property of his brother-in-law. Turning off the road, Hardress commenced the ascent of this toilsome eminence—partly because the difficulty afforded a relief to his spirits, and partly because he wished to converse with his dependant. . . .

His attendant now met and greeted him as usual. "It's well for you, Masther Hardress, dat hasn't a flock o' goats to be huntin' after dis mornin'; my heart is broke from 'em, dat's what it is. We turn 'em out in de mornin', an' dough dey have plenty to ait below dere, dey never stop till dey go to de top o' de moun-

tain. nothin' less would do for 'em; like many o' de Christians demselves, dey'll be mountin' always, even when 'tis no good for 'em."

"I have no remedy," said Hardress, musing, "and yet the thought of enduring such a fate is intolerable."

"What a fine day dis would be for de water, master?" continued his servant. "You don't ever care to take a sail now, sir?"

"Oh, Kyrle, Kyrle Daly, what a prophetic truth was in your words! Giddy, headlong wretch that I have been! I wish that my feet had grown to my mother's hearth when I first thought of evading her control, and marrying without her sanction." He paused in a mood of bitter retrospection. "I'll not endure it," he again exclaimed, starting from his reverie; "it shall not be without recall. I will not, because I cannot. Monster! monster that I am! Wed one, and woo another! Both now are cheated! Which shall be the victim?"

The devil was at his ear, and whispered, "Be not uneasy; hundreds have done the same before you."

"Firm as dat mountain stands, an' as it stood dis hundred, aye, dis thousand year, maybe," continued Danny Mann, "still an' all, to look up dat way at dem great loose stones, dat look as if dey were shovelled up above us by some joyants or great people of ould, a body would tink it hardly safe to stand here onder 'em, in dread dey'd come tumblin' down, maybe, an' make *smidereens* of him, bless de mark! Wouldn't he now, Master Hardress?"

The person so addressed turned his eyes mechanically in the same direction. A kind of desperate satisfaction was visible on his features, as the idea of insecurity which his servant suggested became impressed upon his mind. The latter perceived and understood its expression on the instant.

"Dere's something troublin' you, Master Hardress; dat I see plain enough. An' 'tisin't now, nor to-day, nor 'isterday, I seen it, aider. Is dere anyting Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say de word dis moment, an' I'll be bail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress, after a pause, "I am troubled. I was a fool, Danny, when I refused to listen to your advice upon one occasion."

"An' dat was de time when I tould you not to go again de missiz, an' to have no call to Eily O'Connor?"

"It was."

"I tought it would be dis way. I tought, all long, dat Eily was no wife for you, Master Hardress. It was not in nature she could be;

a poor man's daughter, widout money, or manners, or book-larnen', or one ha'p'ort'. I told you dat, Master Hardress, but you wouldn't hear me, by any means, an' dis is de way of it now."

"Well, well, 'tis done," said Hardress, with sullen impatience; "I was to blame, Danny, and I am suffering for it."

"Does she know herself de trouble she is to you?"

"I could not keep it from her. I did not know myself how utterly my dislike had prevailed within me, until the occasion arose for giving it utterance, and then it came forth at once like a torrent. I told her what I felt; that I hated, that I was sick of her. I could not stop my tongue. My heart struck me for the base unkindness, the ungrateful ruffianism of my speech, and yet I could not stop my tongue. I have made her miserable, and I am myself accursed. What is there to be done? Have you only skill to prevent mischief? Have you none to remedy?"

Danny took thought for a moment. "Sorrow trouble would I ever give myself about her," he said at last, "only send her home packin' to her fader, an' give her no tanks."

"And with what face should I appear before my honourable friends, when that old rope-maker should come to demand redress for his insulted child, and to claim her husband's promise? Should I send Eily home to earn for myself the reputation of a faithless villain?"

"I never tought o' dat," said Danny, nodding his head. "Dat's a horse of anoder colour. Why, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. Pay her passage out to Quebec, and put her aboard of a three-master, widout ever sayin' a word to anybody. I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress. Do by her as you'd do by dat glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as it come on, and if it fits too tight, take de knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me the word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, only, if you're agreeable, take off dat glove an' give it to me for a token. Dat'll be enough; lave de rest to Danny."

A doubtful, horrible sensation of fear and anxiety gathered upon the heart of the listener, and held him for a minute fixed in breathless agitation. He gazed upon the face of his servant with an expression of gaping terror as if he stood in the presence of the Arch Tempter himself. At length, walking up to him, he laid his open hand upon his neck, and then draw-

ing his fingers close, until the fellow's face was purple with blood, he shook him as if he would have shaken his joints out of their sockets.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, with a hoarseness and vehemence of tone which gave an appalling depth to his expressions. "Dangerous villain and tempter! If you ever dare again to utter a word, or meditate a thought of violence towards that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb between my hands."

"Oh, murder, Master Hardress! Dat de hands may stick to me, sir, if I tought a ha'p'ort o' harm!"

"Do you mark me well, now? I am quite in earnest. Respect her as you would the highest lady in the land. Do as she commands you without murmuring. If I hear her say (and I will question her upon it) that you have leered one glance of those blood-longing eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world."

"Oh, vo! Dat I may never die in sin, Master Hardress, if——"

"Begone! I am glad you have opened my eyes. I tread more safely now. My heart is lighter. Yet that I should have endured to be so tempted! Fellow, I doubt you for worse than you appear. We are here alone; the world, the busy world, is hid beneath us, and we stand here alone in the eye of the open heaven, and without roof or wall to screen us, even in fancy, from the downright reproach of the beholding angels. None but the haughty and insulting Lucifer himself could think of daring Providence upon the threshold of his own region. But be you fiend or mortal, I defy and dare you; I repel your bloody temptation. I tell you, fiend or mortal, that my soul abhors your speech and gesture both. I may be wretched and impious; I may send up to heaven a cry of discontent and murmuring; the cry of blood shall never leave this earth for me. Blood! *Whose* blood? Hers! Great heaven! Great heaven defend me!" He covered his face with his hands, and bent down for a moment in dreadful agitation; then suddenly starting up, and waving his hand rapidly, he continued, "Away, away at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom. My heart may burn for years within my breast, if I can find no other way to soothe it. I know how to endure, I am wholly ignorant of guilt like this. Once more," he added, clenching his fist, and shaking it towards his startled dependant, "Once more I warn you, mark my words and obey them."

So saying, he hurried down the hill, and was hid in the ascending mist, while his affrighted

servant remained gaping after him, and muttering mechanically such asseverations as "Dat I may never sin. Master Hardress! Dat de head may go to de grave wid me! Dat I may be happy! Dat de hands may stick to me, if I tought any harm!"

More than half of the frantic speech of Hardress, it may be readily imagined, was wholly unintelligible to Danny, who followed him down the mountain, half crazy with terror, and not a little choked into the bargain.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Oh! not for ever lost, though on our ear

Those uncomplaining accents fall no more,

And earth has won, and never can restore

That form that well-worn grief made doubly dear.

Oh! not for ever lost, though hope may rear

No more sweet visions in the future now,

And even the memory of that pallid brow

Grows unfamiliar with each passing year.

Though lowly be thy place on earth, and few

The tongues that name thee on thy native plain,

Where sorrow first thy gentle presence cross'd,

And dreary tints o'er all the future threw,

While life's young zeal yet triumphed in thy veins,

Oh! early fall'n thou art—but not for ever lost.

If in that land where hope can cheat no more,

Lavish in promise—laggard in fulfilling;

Where fearless love on every bosom stealing,

And boundless knowledge brighten all the shore;

If in that land, when life's old toils are done,

And my heart lies as motionless as thine,

I still might hope to press that hand in mine,

My unoffending—my offended one!

I would not mourn the health that flies my cheek,

I would not mourn my disappointed years,

My vain heart mock'd, and worldly hopes
o'erthrown,

But long to meet thee in that land of rest,

Nor deem it joy to breathe in careless ease

A tale of blighted hopes as mournful as thine
own.

GILLE MA CHREE.

*Gille ma chree,*¹

Sit down by me,

We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours for ever!

¹ "Brightener of my heart."

When I was poor,
 Your father's door
 Was closed against your constant lover;
 With care and pain,
 I tried in vain
 My fortunes to recover.
 I said, "To other lands I'll roam,
 Where fate may smile on me, love;"
 I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
 And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 Come live with me, your own true lover—
 I know a spot,
 A silent cot,
 Your friends can ne'er discover,
 Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only;
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
 And the linnet sings so lonely!
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse
 With tyrant force
 That have been blest in heaven.
 But then I said, "In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her,
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her."
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

"Oh, no," I said,
 "My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn for ever,
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty—never.
 From home and thee though, wandering far,
 A dreary fate be mine, love—
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*, &c.

Far, far away,
 By night and day,
 I toiled to win a golden treasure;
 And golden gains
 Repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcomed me, love;
 I poured my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love;
 Sing, *Gille ma chree*,
 Sit down by me,

We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
 This hearth's our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours for ever.

ADARE.

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
 Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendour!
 Nor summer sun, nor morning gale,
 E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
 How shall I tell the thousand charms
 Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
 Where, lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
 Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
 The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
 Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
 With odour of the harebell taken.
 Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
 Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
 O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
 And many a grove and glancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
 When summer heats the open meadows,
 O'er parched hill and valley fair,
 All coolly lie your veiling shadows.
 Ye rolling shades and vapours gray,
 Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
 How soft ye seal the eye of day,
 And wreath the dusky brow of even.

In sweet Adare the jocund spring
 His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
 The wild birds in the woodland sing,
 The wild flowers in the vale are wreathing.
 There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing;
 There, fragrant in the early year,
 Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
 Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
 Where graceful droop, and clustering dank,
 The osier bright and rustling willow.
 The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
 In thicket lone the stag is belling,
 And sweet along the echoing vale
 The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

I love my love in the morning,
 For she like morn is fair,—
 Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
 Its clouds, her golden hair.

Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind;
 Her tears, its dewy showers;
 And her voice, the tender whispering wind
 That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at noon,
 For she is bright, as the lord of light,
 Yet mild as autumn's moon:
 Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
 Her faith my fostering shade,

And I will love my darling one,
 Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
 I love my love at even;
 Her smile's soft play is like the ray
 That lights the western heaven:
 I loved her when the sun was high,
 I loved her when he rose;
 But, best of all when evening's sigh
 Was murmuring at its close.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

BORN 1803 — DIED 1849.

[Much of the personal history of this gifted but unfortunate son of genius is involved in obscurity. He was born in Dublin in the year 1803, and received his education at a humble school in Derby Square, near to his father's grocer shop and to Dean Swift's birthplace. When fifteen years old he was placed in a scrivener's office, where, as a copyist, he laboured for seven years at a small weekly salary. He left this employment for an attorney's office, where he spent about two years. During these years, says his biographer Mr. Mitchel, "he must have been a great devourer of books, and seems to have early devoted himself to the exploration of those treasures which lie locked up in foreign languages. Mangan had no education of a regular and approved sort; neither in his multifarious reading had he, nor could he brook, any guidance whatever." These years of his life were spent in misery. His fellow-clerks, with whom he had no thought in common, laughed at what they could not understand; and he early realized the truth of the sacred words, "A man's foes are those of his own household," in a home where he was constantly reminded of his poverty, and the necessity of unceasing toil for his own and the household's support. The family at this time consisted of a mother, sister, and brother. As is sometimes the case, the constant reproaches of these relatives, and their want of affection or even common gratitude, at length did their fell work upon the sensitive nature of the unhappy poet. We may well ask with his biographer: "Is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy?" To add to his misfortune, also, it seems that the poet had fixed his

affections upon an unworthy object, a certain "Frances," the fairest of three sisters, who had only beauty to recommend her, for after encouraging his passion for a time, and cruelly amusing herself with his fervour, she contemptuously dismissed him.

About 1830 his contributions to the Dublin periodicals of short poems from the Irish and German began to attract attention, and through the interest of Drs. Anster, Petrie, and Todd he got employment in preparing a new catalogue for Trinity College Library. His appearance at this time is thus described: "It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer."

About 1833 he was employed in conjunction with O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and others, on the staff of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Dr. Petrie. In this congenial work he continued for some years, at the same time contributing poems to the magazines. In 1840, when Dr. Petrie edited *The Irish Penny Journal*, he was one of its principal contributors. He wrote much, but many of his poems are either now altogether lost or exist without his name; even Mr. Mitchel, who has made a large collection of them, states that he believes the work does not contain more than two-thirds of the poet's productions. As to his translations, those from the Irish were supplied

to him in literal prose translations by his friends O'Donovan, O'Daly, and others; yet, as the spirit of the original being so happily caught, as in the poems "Dark Rosaleen" and "The Woman of Three Cows," many of his readers have concluded that he had a sufficient knowledge of the language to translate it for himself. His poems from the German were chiefly and avowedly translations. In this department of literature Mr. Hayes does not hesitate to say of him: "As a translator he was inimitable; and he translated from the Irish, the French, the German, the Spanish, the Italian, the Danish, and the eastern languages, with such a versatile facility as not only to transfuse into his own tongue the substance and sense of his original, but the appropriate graces of style, and ornament, and idiomatic expressions which are peculiar to the poetry of every country."

It has been supposed that his translations from the Ottoman are really original poems, but there is no definite proof on the subject. His own admission, that "Hafez is more acceptable to editors than Mangan," is the only evidence adduced in proof of their originality. Certain it is that they show as intimate a knowledge of the idioms of eastern poetry as does Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. In 1842 he began to contribute to *The Nation* newspaper, and some of his best productions appeared in its columns during a period of five years. When Mr. Mitchel started *The United Irishman* Mangan, although taking no active part in politics, yet sympathized so deeply in his friend's sentiments that during its brief career he wrote almost entirely for this paper.

In spite of his own efforts and those of his friends, Mangan's habits of intemperance continued to hold sway over him, and he found himself drifting towards what he himself calls "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns." Day by day, as he became more feeble, he the more persistently flew for comfort to the twin fiends (brandy and opium) which were sapping his life. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "he could not be found for weeks; and then he would reappear, like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue glittering eye, as of one who has seen spectres." Through all his degradation and misfortune his tried friends never deserted him, and had he only permitted Father Meehan, Petrie, Anster, and others to assist him in the right way, his fate might have been a happier one. But he would brook neither advice nor remonstrance, and held to his own course, although no one could bewail

his conduct more than himself, the constant cry of his spirit being, "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come?" His *German Anthology* was published in 1845. It comprises his translations from the German, many of which are remarkable for sweetness and beauty of finish. Early in June, 1849, he was seized with cholera, and although he rallied from the disease itself, his constitution was too much enfeebled to overcome the strain, and on the 20th of that month he died. His remains were laid in Glasnevin Cemetery, and no suitable memorial as yet marks the spot of his last resting-place. Let us hope that the wish he expresses in his poem "The Nameless One," for "a grave in the bosoms of the pitying," may be accorded to the gifted but ill-fated poet. In 1859 Mr. John Mitchel published in New York a collection of his poems with a memoir prefixed, from which we take most of our facts.

Notwithstanding Mangan's genius his name is very little known, except among his own countrymen, who, it is said, "prize him above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed." "He has not, and perhaps never had," says the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy, "any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue; his power over it is something wholly wonderful." Mr. Hayes, in a short sketch of Mangan in his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, tells us that in the library of Trinity College "he acquired that knowledge of languages which he afterwards turned to such good account," but that "he frequently surpassed his originals in the freedom and fluency of his language; and many of the poems which he has called translations are entirely his own." At the same time he observes that Mangan was "a Dervish among the Turks, a Bursch among the Germans, a Scald among the Danes, an Improvisatore in Italy, and a Senachie in Ireland." Mr. Mitchel says: "Mangan's pathos was all genuine, his laughter hollow and painful. In several poems he breaks out into a sort of humour, not hearty and merry fun, but rather grotesque, bitter, fescennine buffoonery; which leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and at all the world; purposely marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque, and showing how meanly he regarded everything, even the art wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideal of art and life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances.]"

THE NAMELESS ONE.¹

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which always, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears,
long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for
him;

(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

DARK ROSALEEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep;
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
Their wine . . . from the royal pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart . . . in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

¹ A picture of the poet's own life and sorrows.
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'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan-ery,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

O Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your
tongue thus rattle!
O don't be sauey, don't be stiff, because you may
have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only
say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so
proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't
be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats
the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from
haughty human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good
Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's¹ heroes lie, proud Owen
More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the
grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal
bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of
Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the
land to mourning!
*Mavrone!*² for they were banished, with no hope
of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths
were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of
Three Cows!

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom
nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronieled,
unehanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder
cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud? good
Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names
are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made
Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds
and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman
of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only
for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and
oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or
carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good
Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big
with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!*³ you've got three cows—one more,
I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than
charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman
of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! you still, of course, keep up
your scornful bearing;

¹ Munster.

² My grief.

³ Forsooth.

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak
 I'm wearing,
 If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you
 were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman
 of Three Cows?

THE BARD O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.

Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night,
 mavrone?
 Oh cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night
 for Hugh;
 Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet, pierceth one
 through and through,
 Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid light
 Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the
 midnight dim
 The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate
 that persecutes him,
 Nothing hath crueller, venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this meseems,
 The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think,
 have been burst wide;
 Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto
 headlong ocean's tide,
 Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round
 green woods,
 Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the
 untamable sea,
 Though he were a wild mountain eagle he could
 scarce bear, he,
 This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

Oh mournful is my soul this night for Hugh
 Maguire;
 Darkly as in a dream he strays; before him
 and behind
 Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding
 wind,
 The wounding wind that burns as fire.

It is my bitter grief, it cuts me to the heart,
 That in the country of Clan-Darry this should
 be his fate;
 Oh woe is me! where is he? wandering, house-
 less, desolate,
 Alone, without a guide or chart.

Medreams I see but now his face, the strawberry-
 bright,
 Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the
 tempestuous winds

Blow fiercely over and round him, and the
 smiting sleet shower blinds
 The hero of Galang to-night.

Large, large afflictions unto me and mine it is,
 That one of his majestic bearing, his fair,
 stately form,
 Should thus be tortured and o'erborne, that
 this unsparing storm
 Should wreak its wrath on head like his.

That his great hand so oft the avenger of the op-
 pressed,
 Should, this chill, churlish night, perchance, be
 paralysed by frost;
 While through some icicle-hung thicket, as one
 lorn and lost,
 He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
 It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and
 ponds;
 The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in
 icy bonds,
 So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale, bright margins of the streams are seen
 by none;
 Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood
 on every side,
 It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings,
 far and wide,
 Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark wood 'mid bones of monsters
 Hugh now strays,
 As he cries unto the storm with anguished heart
 but manly brow;
 Oh, what a sword-wound to that tender heart of
 his, were now
 A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his, thoughts that can
 still inspire
 With joy and an onward-bounding hope the
 bosom of MacNee;
 Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright
 billows of the sea,
 Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire.

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of
 his eyes,
 And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble, fine,
 fair fingers o'er,
 A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he
 ever wore,
 The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.

*Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see
 him so depart;
 And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-
 drenched, sad, betrayed;*

*But the memory of the lime-white mansions
his right hand hath laid
In ashes, warms the hero's heart.*

KATHALEEN-NY-HOULIHAN.¹

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our
land,
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas ! and
banned ;
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exiles'
brand,

But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen-
ny-Houlihan.

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be
seen,
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless
Kathaleen ;
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be
crowned a queen
Were the king's son at home again with Katha-
leen-ny-Houlihan.

Sweet and mild would look her face, oh, none so
sweet and mild !
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is
reviled.
Woollen plaids would grace herself, and robes of
silk her child,
If the king's son were living here with Katha-
leen-ny-Houlihan.

Sore disgrace it is to see the arbitress of thrones
Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones !
Bitter anguish wrings our souls ; with heavy sighs
and groans
We wait the young deliverer of Kathaleen-ny-
Houlihan.

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in his
hands,
Him who formed the mighty globe with all its
thousand lands ;
Girding them with seas and mountains, rivers
deep, and strands
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen-ny-
Houlihan.

He who over sands and waves led Israel along,
He who fed with heavenly bread that chosen
tribe and throng,
He who stood by Moses when his foes were fierce
and strong,
May He show forth His might in saving Katha-
leen-ny-Houlihan.

LOVE BALLAD.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Lonely from my home I come
To cast myself upon your tomb,
And to weep.

Lonely from my lonesome home,
My lonesome house of grief and gloom ;
While I keep
Vigil often all night long,
For your dear, dear sake,
Praying many a prayer so wrong
That my heart would break.

Gladly, oh my blighted flower,
Sweet apple of my bosom's tree,
Would I now
Stretch me in your dark death-bower
By your side, and lovingly
Kiss your brow.

But we'll meet ere many a day,
Never more to part,
Even now I feel the clay
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
And through its dreary, winding caves
ever flows,
Ever flows with moaning swell
One ebbless flood of many waves,
Which are woes.
Death, love, has me in his lures,
But that grieves not me ;
So my spirit meet with yours
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbours near my cot,
Think me sunk in slumber deep
I arise ;
For oh it is a weary lot,
This watching long and wooing sleep
With hot eyes.

I arise and seek your grave,
And pour forth my tears,
While the winds that nightly rave
Whistle in my ears.

Often turns my memory back
To that dear evening in the dell,
When we twain,
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
Laughed and talked while thick sleet fell,
And cold rain.
Thanks to God, no guilty leaven
Dashed our childish mirth ;
You rejoice for this in Heaven,
I not less on earth.

Love, the priests are wroth with me
To find I shrine your image still
In my breast,

¹ One of the allegorical names of Ireland.

Since you are gone eternally,
 And your body lies in the chill
 Grave at rest.
 But true love outlives the shroud,
 Knows not cheek nor change,
 And beyond time's world of cloud
 Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
 The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts
 They long tried
 On the child they left forlorn.
 They broke the tenderest heart of hearts
 When you died.
 Curse upon the love of show,
 Curse on pride and greed,
 They would wed you high, and woe!
 Here behold their meed!

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE.¹

(A JACOBITE RELIC—FROM THE IRISH.)

Lift up the drooping head,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin.
 Her blood yet boundeth red
 Through the myriad hills of Erin.
 No, no, she is not dead,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin;
 Lo, she redeems
 The lost years of bygone ages,
 New glory beams,
 Henceforth, on her history's pages;
 Her long, penitential night of sorrow
 Yields at last before the reddening morrow.

You heard the thunder shout,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin,
 Saw the lightning streaming out
 O'er the myriad hills of Erin,
 And bide you yet in doubt,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin?
 Oh doubt no more!
 Through Ulidia's peaceful valleys,
 On Shannon's shore,
 Freedom's burning spirit rallies.
 Heaven unites in sign and omen,
 Bodeful of the downfall of our foemen.

Thurot commands the north,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin;
 Louth sends her heroes forth
 To hew down the foes of Erin.
 Swords gleam in field and garth,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin;
 Up, up, my friend,
 There's a glorious goal before us,

Here will we blend
 Speech and soul in this grand chorus;
 By the heaven that gives us one more token,
 We will die or see our shackles broken.

Charles leaves the Grampian hills,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin;
 Charles, whose appeal yet thrills
 Like a trumpet blast through Erin;
 Charles, he whose image fills
 Thy soul too, Mac-Giolla-Kerin!
 Ten thousand strong,
 His clans move in brilliant order,
 Sure that ere long
 He will march them o'er the border;
 While the dark-haired daughters of the High-
 lands
 Crown with wreaths the monarch of three
 islands.

Fill then the ale-cup high,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kerin;
 Fill! The bright hour is nigh
 That shall give her own to Erin.
 Those who so sadly sigh,
 Even as you, Mac-Giolla-Kerin,
 Henceforth shall sing.
 Hark, o'er heathery hill and dell come
 Shouts for the King;
 Welcome, oh deliverer, welcome!
 Thousands this glad night, ere turning bed-
 ward,
 Will with us drink hail to Charles Edward.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD, KNIGHT OF KERRY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

There was lifted up one voice of woe,
 One lament of more than mortal grief,
 Through the wide South, to and fro,
 For a fallen Chief.
 In the dead of night that cry thrilled through me,
 I looked out upon the midnight air;
 Mine own soul was all as gloomy,
 And I knelt in prayer.

O'er Loch Gur that night—yea, once, twice, thrice—
 Passed a wail of anguish for the brave,
 That half-curved into ice
 The moon-mirroring wave.
 Then uprose a many-toned wild hymn, in
 Choral swell from Ogra's dark ravine,
 And Mogeely's phantom women
 Mourned the Geraldine.

¹To Dark Michael M'Gilla Kerin, Prince of Ossory.

Far on Carah Mona's emerald plains
 Shrieks and sighs were blended many hours,
 And Fermoy, in fitful strains,
 Answered from her towers.
 Youghal, Kinalmeaky, Imokilly
 Mourned in concert, and their piercing keen
 Woke to wondering life the stilly
 Glens of Inehiquin.

From Loughmoe to yellow Dunanore
 There was fear; the traders of Tralee
 Gathered up their golden store,
 And prepared to flee;

For in ship and hall, from night till morning,
 Showed the first, faint beamings of the sun,
 All the foreigners heard the warning
 Of the dreaded one.

For the high Milesian race alone
 Ever flows the music of her woe,
 For slain heir to bygone throne,
 And for Chief laid low.
 Hark again, methinks I hear her weeping,
 Yonder, is she near me now as then?
 Or was but the night-wind sweeping
 Down the hollow glen.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

BORN 1791 — DIED 1851.

[This eminent orator, politician, and author was born on the 16th of August, 1791, at the residence of his father, Bellevue House, on the river Suir, a little below Waterford. He received his early education from a French abbé, who had fled from his country during the revolution, and had found refuge in the hospitable home of Sheil's father. After the Peace of Amiens the refugee returned to France, and Sheil was sent to a school at Kensington, London, conducted by the Prince de Broglio, a son of Marshal Broglio. The greater number of the pupils here were sons of French refugees of rank, and Sheil became so proficient in the French language as almost to forget his own. His father's wish was that he should study for the priesthood, and with this end in view he proceeded to the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst. His own tastes, however, led him in a different direction. He decided on the bar as a profession, and in November, 1807, entered Trinity College, Dublin. Becoming a member of the College Historical Society, he took a prominent part in its debates, but his speeches at this time were more remarkable for metaphor than argument. His figure was ungainly, his gestures theatrical, and his voice shrill. While perfectly conscious of these defects, he never entirely overcame them, though the practice of public speaking tended in time to strengthen his voice and modify his abruptness of manner. When only eighteen years of age he delivered his first speech in public at a meeting of the Catholic Association. At the outset he was received with marked impatience, but warm-

ing with his subject he gained firmness, and at the conclusion was loudly cheered. About this time Sheil's father was completely ruined by the failure of a mercantile firm in Dublin in which he had invested his money, and the family residence of Bellevue had to be sold. This misfortune could not fail to affect the future of young Sheil. He gained his degree of B.A. in 1811, and was enabled to complete his studies for the bar at Lincoln's Inn by the pecuniary help of friends. In 1813 he returned to Ireland and took a leading part in the work of the Catholic Association, siding with the vetoists and so against O'Connell.

To aid in defraying the expense connected with his call to the bar, Sheil wrote a tragedy entitled *Adelaide or the Emigrants*. This play when brought out in Crow Street Theatre, Dublin gained a temporary success through the clever acting of the celebrated Miss O'Neil, who undertook the rôle of the heroine; but it possessed no intrinsic merit, and when afterwards put on the stage at Covent Garden proved almost a failure. He was called to the bar in 1814, but his engagements being as yet inconsiderable, he continued to apply himself to authorship, and produced another tragedy entitled *The Apostate*. In this play he seeks to demonstrate that religious intolerance under all circumstances is objectionable. The cast included Miss O'Neil, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Young, and on the night of its first production at Covent Garden the author was called before the curtain to receive an enthusiastic ovation. Mr. Murray paid him £300 for the copyright of this play,

and from the manager of the theatre he received £400.

In 1816, the year in which *The Apostate* was written, Sheil married Miss O'Halloran, niece of Sir William Macmahon, master of the rolls. In 1817 he produced *Bellamira or the Fall of Tunis*, a play that met with a favourable reception, although not so successful as *The Apostate*. He was now advised by a friend to make an adaptation of Shirley's play *The Traitor*. He began the work, but after a time threw Shirley aside, and out of the new material which he had written he produced the tragedy of *Evadne or the Statue*. This became the most popular of Sheil's pieces, and elicited the praise of many eminent critics. His next play, *Montoni*, was a failure. *The Fatal Dowry* and *The Huguenots* followed, but also proved failures, owing possibly to the absence through illness of the actors intended for the principal parts. The author, who had expected great things from *The Huguenots*, was so disappointed at the failure that he resolved to renounce dramatic literature for ever.

After receiving for his dramatic writings a sum of about £2000, he, in 1822, turned his attention to his profession once more, and set himself to work up the practice so long neglected. Like many lawyers of that period he took an active part in the prevailing political agitation, and wrote a severe criticism on O'Connell, which drew forth a not very flattering retort; but all this was forgiven and forgotten when Sheil gave the laudatory portrait of the Agitator which appeared in the "Sketches of the Irish Bar." He was then contributing to *The New Monthly Magazine*. In the same year (1822) Sheil sustained a great blow in the loss of his wife, shortly after the birth of an only child. For some time after this calamity he continued quietly attending to his profession, and continuing to contribute to *The New Monthly Magazine* papers on the Irish bar, written in conjunction with W. H. Curran. The *Sketches of the Irish Bar* were afterwards published collectively. An accidental meeting of Mr. O'Connell with Mr. Sheil at the house of a mutual friend in 1822 led to the former antagonists becoming fast friends in the work of Catholic emancipation. Shortly afterwards, at a meeting held in Dublin, it was resolved to petition parliament to institute an inquiry into the unjust manner in which the laws were administered in Ireland. At O'Connell's request Sheil drew up the petition. When laid before parliament Mr. Brougham proposed to refer it to the "Committee on Courts of Justice;"

but Mr. Peel strongly opposed this motion, and would not consent to any reference of a petition which he characterized as "more in the declamatory style of a condemned tragedy than a grave representation to the legislature." In 1825, when Mr. Goulburn brought in a bill for the suppression of political associations, Sheil, O'Connell, and others formed a deputation, proceeded to London, and demanded to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons. The deputation was received most cordially by the leaders of the Whig party, but their mission, notwithstanding, was unsuccessful, the Duke of York declaring in the House of Lords, that in the event of his succeeding to the throne he would never consent to Catholic emancipation. This raised a storm of indignation against the duke, in which Sheil took an active part.

Sheil's business at the Nisi Prius bar was now considerable, yet he found time to go heart and soul with O'Connell into the struggle for emancipation. He hurried about from county to county, and in the number and variety of his speeches almost equalled the great Agitator himself. To escape for a short time from the constant pressure and turmoil of public life he visited France in 1826. Here his friend the Abbé Genoude was so much struck with his description of the state of Ireland, that he induced him to contribute to *L'Etoile*, a paper of which he was editor, a series of anonymous articles on the subject written in the French language.

On the death of the Duke of York Sheil made, in a speech at a public meeting, a kind of apology for the severity of his former attacks, but it seems to have had little effect in allaying the resentment felt towards him in high quarters. At length proceedings were instituted against him, founded on a speech which he had delivered on Theobald Wolfe Tone, in which he appeared to approve of the sentiments and doings of that patriot. Plunket was attorney-general at the time, and most reluctantly took up the case, well aware that this act would destroy for ever his influence in Ireland. Canning said afterwards of Sheil's speech that it might have been delivered in the House of Commons without even drawing forth a call to order. Sheil, "to cut down," as he said, "Goliath with his own sword," asked Plunket to conduct the prosecution in person, intending to cite passages from his (Plunket's) earlier speeches, which were, at least, equally as violent and unconstitutional as his own. Matters had assumed a somewhat

serious aspect for Sheil, who, by rashly acknowledging the authorship of the letters in *L'Etoile*, gave his enemies fresh weapons wherewith to wreak their vengeance. He was desirous to let the case take its course, but O'Connell, his counsel, wisely put in a claim for the defendant's delaying his answer to the indictment. This delay was a great relief to Plunket, who was only too glad to grant it. The dissolution of government, on the death of Lord Liverpool, still further postponed the trial, and on Mr. Canning's accession to office it was entirely abandoned.

In 1827 a serious accident withdrew Sheil for a time from public life. When able to return to it once more, Canning, on whose aid the emancipation party had reckoned, was dead, and the Duke of Wellington was at the head of the government. With these changes came the Clare election, and the passing of a resolution by the Catholic Association to oppose any Irish member who should accept office under government. When the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, Lord John Russell advised the withdrawal of this resolution, with which advice O'Connell would have been willing to comply had not his opinion been overruled. The point was speedily brought to issue by Mr. Fitzgerald, the candidate for Clare, accepting office as president of the Board of Trade. By the advice of Sheil and others O'Connell was induced to stand for the county. Sheil was indefatigable in canvassing for his friend. He went from place to place, delivering in out-of-the-way country towns speeches eloquent enough to move a House of Commons. The result is well known—O'Connell's triumph was secured.

Sheil, at the request of the viceroy, advised O'Connell to put a stop for a time to the mass meetings, and on 25th September, 1828, O'Connell indicated his desire, which was law to the people. At this time the question of emancipation was under discussion, and the people of Kent, apprehending danger, held a great meeting on Penenden Heath for the purpose of recording the opposition of the Protestants of England to any concessions the government might be disposed to make. On hearing of their intention he determined to be present, and in order that he might be entitled to speak he proceeded to London, purchased a freehold, and on the 24th of October, 1828, presented himself at the meeting. Upwards of 20,000 men were present, and after appealing to their generosity for a hearing he made a speech, which, in consequence of fre-

quent interruptions, was scarcely heard, but nevertheless his object was gained, as it appeared in *The Times* with others delivered on the same occasion. Filled with admiration of his courage as a man and brilliancy as an orator, the people received him on his return to Ireland with a great ovation.

Shortly after this the passing of the Emancipation Bill relieved Sheil from his incessant toil in the Catholic cause, and opened for him an entirely new field for labour and triumph. In 1830 he received the silk gown, and the same year he adopted the name of Lalor, on the occasion of his second marriage with the widow of Mr. Power of Gurteen, a lady who inherited large property in the county of Tipperary from her father Mr. Lalor of Crenagh. Sheil now resolved to attempt to enter parliament. After some disappointment and a defeat in contesting Louth, the Marquis of Anglesea offered him the seat for Milborne Port, which he accepted. His first speech in the House of Commons was made on the Reform Bill in March, 1831, and it produced a very favourable impression.

On the dissolution of parliament after the rejection of the Reform Bill Mr. Sheil was urged by his friends to stand again for Louth. He hesitated, but at last consented, and this time was returned member. He now took a prominent part in opposing the plan for changing into rent-charge the tithes which the Irish groaned under, and supported O'Connell in the Irish Reform Bill, proposing that it should be similar in its provisions to the English bill which had preceded it. His advocacy did not gain anything for the cause. The bill was only a poor imitation of the English one, and instead of giving more liberty to the Irish subject, rather restricted what little he had.

Sheil did not at first take part in the new agitation for repeal of the union; but as time passed, and he saw that emancipation had not brought the changes it had promised, he determined to rejoin his old friends the agitators, by whom he was warmly welcomed. At the next general election, in 1832, he was returned for the county of Tipperary, which he continued to represent in parliament till 1841, when he became member for Dungarvan. His wife's fortune rendering him entirely independent of his profession, he now retired from the bar, and devoted himself exclusively to a political career. His speeches on "Repeal of the Union" in 1842, "Turkish Treaties" in the same year, "Orange Lodges" and the "Church of Ireland" in 1839, the "Corn Laws" in 1842,

"Vote by Ballot" in 1843, and "Income Tax" in 1845, were among the most important of those made by him in the House of Commons.

After the death of William IV. Sheil accepted office under government as commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, an appointment which was only temporary. In 1839 he was made vice-president of the Board of Trade. The acceptance of these offices was resented by his friends in Ireland, and he was stigmatized in some of the more democratic papers as a place-hunter. That this charge was unfounded his speeches and votes in the House of Commons proved. The good of Ireland was always his first consideration. He opposed the movement for repeal in 1840, but did so under the conviction that it could effect no good end, and that the House of Commons would not concede it. In 1841 he was appointed judge advocate-general, a more remunerative office than the one which he held in the Board of Trade.

The repeal agitation was ended, and with the beginning of the year 1844 the O'Connell trial came on. Sheil ably defended John O'Connell, son of the Liberator, and in his speech exposed the system of jury-packing, bringing forward as a sample of this great injustice the case of Charles Gavau Duffy, and his notable trial for an article in *The Bel-fust Vindicator*. About this time a proposal was laid before the House of Commons for providing unsectarian colleges in Ireland, and this measure was warmly advocated by Sheil, whose desire was "to have the common truths of Christianity" taught in every school.

In 1845 the death of his only son at Madeira, where Mrs. Sheil and he had gone for the sake of the young man's health, threw him into deep melancholy, and for a time he could not be induced to leave the island. Ultimately, in 1846, he was prevailed upon to return to England, and again to enter upon public life. In parliament he found a new coercion bill proposed. This roused him from his lethargy, and in an eloquent speech he reviewed Sir Robert Peel's Irish policy, and urged the Liberal party to unite in driving the ministry from power. The result of this speech was the resignation of Peel next day, and the accession of Lord John Russell to power. On this change of ministry Sheil was appointed master of the mint, a state office usually held by members of the cabinet.

The year 1850 saw the close of Mr. Sheil's parliamentary career, and the failing health of his wife caused him to seek a change of

scene and climate. He went to Florence as ambassador at the court of Tuscany, where he spent some very happy days, surrounded as he was by treasures of art in which his poetical nature delighted. His familiarity with French enabled him to mix in society, where his wit and geniality were highly appreciated. In this city he died on 25th May, 1851, of an attack of gout. His remains, which were conveyed to Ireland in a ship of war, are interred at Long Orchard in Tipperary. Several editions of Sheil's *Speeches* with a memoir by T. MacNevin have appeared; also *Memoir and Speeches of Richard Lalor Sheil* by W. Torrens M'Cullagh, two vols. London, 1855.

In a speech delivered at the City Temple, March 22, 1877, Mr. Gladstone thus gives his recollections of the great orator:—"I am afraid no one here ever recollects hearing Mr. Sheil. If nobody recollects him there is nothing which I can appeal to; but if you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it knocked first against one side and then against the other, that is really one of the nearest approximations that I can make to my remembrance of the voice of Mr. Sheil. Then again, in anybody else I would not, if it had been in my choice, like to have listened to that voice; but in him I would not have changed it, for it was part of a most remarkable whole, and nobody ever felt it painful when they listened to it. He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation, I believe, carried even to words, with a very vivid imagination and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half-wildness in his aspect and delivery; his whole figure, and his delivery, and his voice, and his matter were all in such perfect keeping with one another that they formed a great parliamentary picture; and although it is now thirty-five years since I heard Mr. Sheil, my recollection of him is just as vivid as if I had been listening to him to-day.]"

SPEECH AT THE CLARE ELECTION.¹

. . . But, sir, while I have thus made the acknowledgment which was due to Mr. Fitzgerald, let me not disguise my own feelings of legitimate, but not I hope offensive exultation at the result of this great contest,

¹ This election took place in September, 1823, when O'Connell defeated Mr. Fitzgerald.

that has attracted the attention of the English people beyond all example. I am not mean enough to indulge in any contumelious vaunting over one who has sustained his defeat with so honourable a magnanimity. The victory which has been achieved has been obtained not so much over Mr. Fitzgerald, as over the faction with which I excuse him to a great extent for having been allied. A great display of power has been made by the Catholic Association, and that manifestation of its influence over the national mind I regard as not only a very remarkable, but a very momentous incident. Let us consider what has taken place, in order that we may see this singular political phenomenon in its just light. It is right that we attentively survey the extraordinary facts before us, in order that we may derive from them the moral admonitions which they are calculated to supply. What then has happened? Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists, and in the want of any other candidate Mr. O'Connell stood forward on behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favour with a favourite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity to power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you which does not labour under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary, and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favourable circumstances—to the political friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the

eloquent advocate at the head of all the patrician opulence of the county, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the cabinet minister and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded to the ground. Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should!) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No, but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, gentlemen of the county Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant. Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us; on the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect.

But, sir, do you, or does any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this formidable ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external co-operation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace: and I will tell you who that confederate is—it is the law of the land itself that has been Mr. O'Connell's main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. The rod of oppression is the wand of this enchanter, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this poli-

tical Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer.

But why should I have recourse to illustration which may be accounted fantastical, in order to elucidate what is in itself so plain and obvious? Protestant gentlemen, who do me the honour to listen to me, look, I pray you, a little dispassionately at the real causes of the events which have taken place amongst you. I beg of you to put aside your angry feelings for an instant, and believe me that I am far from thinking that you have no good ground for resentment. It must be most painful to the proprietors of this county to be stripped in an instant of all their influence; to be left destitute of all sort of sway over their dependants, and to see a few demagogues and priests usurping their natural authority. This feeling of resentment must be aggravated by the consciousness that they have not deserved such a return from their tenants; and as I know Sir Edward O'Brien to be a truly benevolent landlord, I can well conceive that the apparent ingratitude with which he was treated has added to the pain which every landlord must experience; and I own that I was not surprised to see tears upon his eyelids, while his face was inflamed with the emotions to which it was not in human nature that he should not give way. But let Sir Edward O'Brien and his fellow-proprietors who are gathered about him recollect that the facility and promptitude with which the peasantry have thrown off their allegiance are owing not so much to any want of just moral feeling on the part of the people, as to the operation of causes for which the people are not to blame. In no other country except in this would such a revolution have been effected. Wherefore? Because in no other country are the people divided by the law from their superiors and cast into the hands of a set of men who are supplied with the means of national excitement by the system of government under which we live. Surely no man can believe that such an anomalous body as the Catholic Association could exist excepting in a community which had been alienated from the state by the state itself. The discontent and the resentment of seven millions of the population have generated that domestic government which sways public opinion, and uses the national passions as the instruments of its will. It would be utterly impossible, if there were no exasperating distinctions amongst us, to create any artificial causes of

discontent. Let men declaim for a century, and if they have no real grievance their harangues will be empty sound and idle air. But when what they tell the people is true—when they are sustained by substantial facts, effects are produced of which what has taken place at this election is only an example. The whole body of the people having been previously excited, the moment any incident, such as this election, occurs, all the popular passions start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them. Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should throw off their allegiance, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are actuated would make them not only vote against their landlord, but would make them scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach; and, gentlemen, give me leave to ask you whether, after a due reflection upon the motives by which your vassals (for so they are accounted) are governed, you will be disposed to exercise any measure of severity in their regard.

I hear it said that before many days go by there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance. I trust that you will not, when your own passions shall have subsided and your blood has had time to cool, persevere in such a cruel, and let me add, such an unjustifiable determination. Consider whether a great allowance should not be made for the offence which they have committed. If they are under the influence of fanaticism, such an influence affords many circumstances of extenuation:—you should forgive them, “for they know not what they do.” They have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. You will ask wherefore they should prefer their priests to their landlords, and have a higher reverence for the altars of their religion than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. I will take for my example an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who from the windows of a palace looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and have their land at a moderate rate. But what

are his claims when put into comparison with those of Mr. Murphy of Corofin, to the confidence, to the affection, and to the fidelity of the peasants who are committed to his care? He is not only the minister of that humble altar at which their forefathers and themselves were taught to kneel, but he is their kind, their familiar, yet most respected friend. In their difficulties and distresses they have no one else to look to; he never fails when consulted by them to associate his sympathy with his admonition; for their sake he is ready to encounter every hazard, and in the performance of the perilous duties incident to his sacerdotal office he never hesitates to expose his life. In a stormy night a knocking is heard at the door of the priest of Corofin. He is told that at the foot of the mountain a man of guilt and blood has scarcely more than an hour to live. Will the teacher of the gospel tarry because of the rain and of the wind, and wait until the day shall break, when the soul of an expiring sinner can be saved, and the demons that are impatient for him can still be scared away? He goes forth in the blackness of the tempestuous midnight—he ascends the hill, he traverses the morass—and faint, and cold, and dripping, finds his way to the hovel where his coming is awaited:—with what a gasping of inarticulate gratitude—with what a smile of agony is he welcomed! No fear of contagion, no dread of the exhalations of mortality reeking from the bed of the pestilential man can appall him, but kneeling down at the side of the departing culprit, and sustaining him in his arms, he receives from lips impregnated with death the whisper with which the heart is unloaded of its mysteries, and, raising up his eyes to heaven, pronounces the ritual of absolution in the name of Him of whose commission of mercy he is the befitting bearer, and whose precepts he illustrates in his life and inculcates in his example.

And can you feel wonder and resentment that under the influence of such a man as I have described to you, your dependants should have ventured upon a violation of your mandates? Forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your tenants, for forbearance. Pardon them, in the name of One who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of those who have sinned against yourselves. Do not persecute these poor people: don't throw their children upon the public road, and send them forth to starve, to shiver, and

to die. For God's sake, Mr. Fitzgerald, as you are a gentleman and a man of honour, interpose your influence with your friends, and redeem your pledge. I address myself personally to you. On the first day of the election you declared that you would deprecate persecution, and that you were the last to wish that vindictive measures should be employed. I believe you—and I call upon you to redeem that pledge of mercy, to perform that great moral promise. You will cover yourself with honour by so doing, in the same way that you will share in the ignominy that will attend upon any expedients of rigour. Before you leave this country to assume your high functions, enjoin your friends with that eloquence of which you are the master, to refrain from cruelty, and not to oppress their tenants. Tell them, sir, that instead of busying themselves in the worthless occupation of revenge, it is much fitter that they should take the political condition of their country into their deep consideration. Tell them that they should address themselves to the legislature, and implore a remedy for these frightful evils. Tell them to call upon the men in whose hands the destiny of this great empire is placed to adopt a system of peace, and to apply to Ireland the great canon of political morality—*pacis imponere morem*. Let it not be imagined that any measure of disfranchisement, that any additional penalty, will afford a remedy. Things have been permitted to advance to a height from which they cannot recede.

Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that it is not a mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that tranquillity which is formidable indeed? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling power; dis-

array us by equality ; instead of angry slaves make us contented citizens ; if you do not, tremble for the result.

SPEECH AT PENENDEN HEATH.¹

Let no man believe that I have come here in order that I might enter the lists of religious controversy and engage with any of you in a scholastic disputation. In the year 1828 the Real Presence does not afford an appropriate subject for debate, and it is not by the shades of a mystery that the rights of a British citizen are to be determined. I do not know whether there are many here by whom I am regarded as an idolater because I conscientiously adhere to the faith of your forefathers, and profess the doctrine in which I was born and bred ; but if I am so accounted by you, you ought not to inflict a civil deprivation upon the accident of the cradle. You ought not to punish me for that for which I am not in reality to blame. If you do you will make the misfortune of the Catholic the fault of the Protestant, and by inflicting a wrong upon my religion cast a discredit upon your own. I am not the worse subject of my king, and the worse citizen of my country, because I concur in the belief of the great majority of the Christian world ; and I will venture to add, with the frankness and something of the bluntness by which Englishmen are considered to be characterized, that if I am an idolater, I have a right to be one if I choose ; my idolatry is a branch of my prerogative, and is no business of yours. But you have been told by Lord Winchelsea that the Catholic religion is the adversary of freedom. It may occur to you, perhaps, that his lordship affords a proof in his own person that a passion for Protestantism and a love of liberty are not inseparably associated ; but without instituting too minute or embarrassing an inquiry into the services to freedom which in the course of his political life have been conferred by my Lord Winchelsea, and putting aside all personal considerations connected with the accuser, let me proceed to the accusation.

Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country ? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland the annals of

England afford the confutation. The body of your common laws was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high sheriffs—(you, sir, hold your office, and have called this great assembly, by virtue of his institutions)—your courts of justice, your elective system, and the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. When Englishmen peruse the chronicles of their glory, their hearts beat high with exultation, their emotions are profoundly stirred, and their souls are ardently expanded. Where is the English boy who reads the story of his great island, whose pulse does not beat at the name of Runnymede, and whose nature is not deeply thrilled at the contemplation of that great incident when the mitred Langton, with his uplifted crosier, confronted the tyrant, whose sceptre shook in his trembling hand, and extorted what you have so justly called the Great, and what, I trust in God, you will have cause to designate as your everlasting Charter ? It was by a Catholic pontiff that the foundation-stone in the temple of liberty was laid ; and it was at the altars of that religion which you are accustomed to consider as the handmaid of oppression, that the architects of the constitution knelt down. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, the representation of the people ? The Catholic Edward the First ; while in the reign of Edward the Third perfection was given to the representative system, parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, foully, infamously false, that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influences the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence ; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation I cannot help, I cannot refrain from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone ? whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot ; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed ; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed ; whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not

¹ Delivered in October, 1823, on the occasion of the inhabitants of Kent taking alarm on learning that some great measure connected with the Irish Roman Catholics was under discussion in the cabinet.

politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not re-echo? And to pass to a more recent period, was it not on the very day on which Russell perished on the scaffold that the Protestant University of Oxford published the declaration in favour of passive obedience, to which your Catholic ancestors would have laid down their lives rather than have submitted?

These are facts taken from your own annals, with which every one of you should be made familiar; but it is not to your own annals that the recriminatory evidence, on which I am driven to rely, shall be confined. If your religion is the inseparable attendant upon liberty, how does it come to pass that Prussia, and Sweden, and Denmark, and half the German states should be Protestants, and should be also slaves? You may suggest to me that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. Look at Italy, not indeed as she now is, but as she was before Martin Luther was born, when literature and liberty were associated, and the arts imparted their embellishments to her free political institutions. I call up the memory of the Italian Catholic republics in the great cause which I am sufficiently adventurous to plead before you. Florence, accomplished, manufacturing, and democratic, the model of your own municipal corporations, gives a noble evidence in favour of Catholicism; and Venice, Catholic Venice, rises in the splendour of her opulence and the light of her liberty, to corroborate the testimony of her celebrated sister with a still more lofty and majestic attestation. If from Italy I shall ascend the Alps, shall I not find, in the mountains of Switzerland, the sublime memorials of liberty, and the reminiscences of those old achievements which preceded the theology of Geneva, and which were performed by men by whom the ritual of Rome was uttered on the glaciers, and the great mystery of Catholicism was celebrated on the altars which nature had provided for that high and holy worship? But Spain, I may be told, Spain affords the proof that to the purposes of despotism her religion has always lent its impious and disastrous aid. That mistake is a signal one, for when Spain was most devotedly Catholic, Spain was comparatively free — her cortes assumed an attitude nobler even than your own parliament, and told the king, at the

opening of every session in which they were convened, that they were greater and invested with a higher authority than himself. In the struggles made by Spaniards within our own memory we have seen the revival of that lofty sentiment; while amongst the descendants of Spaniards, in the provinces of South America, called into existence in some sort by yourselves, we behold no religion but the Catholic, and no government of which the principle is not founded in the supremacy of the people. Republic after republic has arisen at your bidding through that immeasurable expanse, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say (if I may allude to a noble passage in one of the greatest writers of our time), that liberty, with her "meteor standard" unfurled upon the Andes, "Looks from her throne of clouds o'er half the world."

False, I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this—to any other charge I can listen with endurance: tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvas glowing with the imagery of heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition:—and as you traverse the churchyards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence:—yes; call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin to which mercy shall not be extended:—all this I will bear—to all this I will submit—nay, at all this I will but smile:—but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave:—*that* my countrymen cannot brook; in their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false or more detestably calumnious. I do not believe that with the passion for true liberty a nation was ever more enthusiastically inspired—never were men more resolved—never were men more deserving to be free than the nation in whose oppression, fatally to Ireland and to themselves, the statesmen of England have so madly persevered.

What have been the results of that system which you have been this day called together to sustain? You behold in Ireland a beautiful country, with wonderful advantages agricultural and commercial—a resting-place for trade on its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by numerous rivers;

with a fortunate climate in which fertility is raised upon a rich soil, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and, with all their faults, a generous and enthusiastic people. Such is Ireland as God made her—what is Ireland as you have made her? This fine country, swarming with a population the most miserable in Europe, of whose wretchedness, if you are the authors, you are beginning to be the victims—the poisoned chalice is returned in its just circulation to your lips. Harvests the most abundant are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost—the rivers that should circulate opulence, and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel—the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbours. In place of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot

defray its own expenses; her discontent costs millions of money; she debilitates and endangers England. The great mass of her population are alienated and dissociated from the state—the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up, and exercises a despotic sway; while the class inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction—the most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south, and the smaller faction, with discipline and with arms, are marshalled in the north—the country is like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion, and of which England would not only feel, but perhaps never recover from the shock

JOHN KEEGAN.

BORN 1809 — DIED 1849.

[John Keegan, a peasant poet, was born in a small farmhouse on the banks of the Nore, Queen's county, in 1809. In those days the national system of education was unknown in Ireland, and only the hedge-school was attainable for the children of the small farmers and peasantry. To a hedge-school Keegan was accordingly sent; and although his parents were anxious for his progress in education, he seemed to take in book-learning very slowly. But the boy was educating himself in another way, by close observation of the habits and feelings of the people among whom he lived. Their loves, sorrows, joys, and hopes he understood and shared in, and very early in life he began to write tales, poems, and sketches illustrative of the people. These he contributed to Irish periodicals, particularly to one called *Dolman's Magazine*. They were, as we might expect, crude and unfinished, but were sufficient to show that the author possessed the true poetic gift combined with intense earnestness.

In the intervals of his labours in the field Keegan produced ballad after ballad, and among the minor poets of Ireland none have been more successful in depicting the feelings and affections of the people. His "Caoch the Piper," a simple and pathetic ballad, and "The

Dark Girl at the Holy Well," are among the most popular of his productions. Keegan did not think of collecting his widely-scattered poems until 1848, and had only commenced the work when he died in the following year. A full collection of his pieces has yet to be made; they are at present fugitive.

CAOCH¹ THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fíneen Burke, and Shaun Magce,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

¹ "Blind."

Oh! God be with those happy times!
 Oh! God be with my childhood!
 When I, bareheaded, roamed all day—
 Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.
 I'll not forget those sunny hours,
 However years may vary;
 I'll not forget my early friends,
 Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
 And in the morning early
 He called me up to hear him play
 "The wind that shakes the barley;"¹
 And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
 And cried, "God mark my deary!"
 And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,
 And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still
 Old Caoch was not forgotten,
 Although we thought him dead and gone,
 And in the cold grave rotten;
 And often, when I walked and talked
 With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 We thought of childhood's rosy hours,
 And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped—
 'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woebegone!
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay—time is even blending
 The colours on his thread-bare "bag"—
 And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
 And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,
 "Far, far be hell's black viper;
 Does any body hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?"
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
 The old man murmured, "Deary,
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking—
 "And where, a *vic machree*,"² he sobbed,
 "Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago?"
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary;

Enough to say—there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 "Pray let me in, *astore machree*,
 And I'll go home to-morrow.
 My 'peace is made;' I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary;
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night:
 Next day his wish was granted:
 He died; and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
 The neighbours came; we dug his grave
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
 God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

THE DARK GIRL AT THE HOLY WELL.³

"Mother! is that the passing-bell?
 Or yet the midnight chime?
 Or rush of angels' golden wings?
 Or is it near the *time*—
 The time when God, they say, comes down
 This weary world upon,
 With holy Mary at his right,
 And at his left St. John?"

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb,
 My blood forgets to run;
 But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—
 God's will must still be done.
 I hear but tone of warning bell
 For holy priest or nun;
 On earth God's face I'll never see!
 Nor Mary! nor St. John!"

"Mother! my hopes are gone again—
 My heart is black as ever!
 Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,
 And see can you discover
 God's glory in the crimson clouds—
 See does he ride upon
 That perfumed breeze—or do you see
 The Virgin, or St. John?"

² *Dark* is here used in the sense of *blind*.—It is believed that the waters of St. John's Well, near Kilkenny, possess healing powers, and that, as the angel troubled the pool at Bethesda at certain seasons, so St. John, the Virgin, and Jesus would at certain times, and at the hour of midnight, descend in the form of three angels in white, and pass with lightning speed into the fountain. The patients who saw this wonderful sight were cured; those who only heard the rushing of the wings might still continue to endure their disease or infirmity.

¹ Son of my heart.

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of peace,
Grant me thy blessing still;
Oh, make me patient with my doom,
And happy at thy will;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch thy shining light,
With Mary and St. John!

"Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,
Before we part below;
Or watch the silver moon and stars,
Where Slaney's ripples flow;
Oh! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

"But no! ah, no! it cannot be;
Yet, mother! do not mourn;
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace let us return.
The dark girl's doom must aye be mine,
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John!"

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"Oh God, it is a dreadful night,—how fierce the
dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *banshee*,¹ its breathings
speak of woe;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently,
oh wild blast,
My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace
at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents
from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my
children's eyes:—
Oh God of heaven, stop your hand until the dawn
of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take
our way.

"But, ah! my prayers are worthless—oh! louder
roars the blast,
And darker frown the pitchy clouds, the rain falls
still more fast;
Oh God, if you be merciful, have mercy *now*, I
pray—
Oh God forgive my wicked words—I know not
what I say.

¹ *Banshee*—a spirit, or being of Irish superstition, which comes to mourn the approaching death of individuals destined for the grave.

"To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek
and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild
beasts in their lair:
Like wild beasts! No! the vixen cubs that sport
on yonder hill
Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food
they've had their fill.

"Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that
black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's
cry;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my
children rest,
Oh watch and guard them this wild night, and
then I shall be blest!"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain!—in vain
her mournful cry;
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten
that dark sky:
But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly
radiance shed,
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened,
grim, and dead!

THE HOLLY AND IVY GIRL.

"Come buy my nice fresh Ivy, and my Holly-
sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me
home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Time,' and a
'Happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you buy my Ivy? the loveliest ever
seen!
Ah! won't you buy my Holly-boughs?—all you
who love the green!
Do! take a little branch of each, and on my knees
I'll pray,
That God may bless your Christmas, and be with
your New Year's Day.

"The wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones
do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff
entangled hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I
say—
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the
coming New Year's Day."

—'Twas a dying maiden sung, while the cold hail
rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dub-
lin's dreary town;

One stiff hand clutched her Ivy-sprigs and Holly-
boughs so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops
from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident
that Death

Was lurking in her footsteps, whilst her hot im-
peded breath

Too plainly told her early doom, though the bur-
den of her lay

Was still of life, and Christmas joys, and a Happy
New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad bleak Thomas Street I heard
the wanderer sing;

I stood a moment in the mire beyond the ragged
ring—

My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts
were far away

Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy
New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst
the Holly Green;

I dreamed of my own native eot, and poreh with
Ivy screen;

I dreamed of lights for ever dimmed—of hopes
that can't return—

And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never
more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one
came to buy;

The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did
not heed her cry:

She uttered one low piercing moan—then cast her
boughs away,

And smiling cried, "I'll rest with God before the
New Year's Day."

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a
new-made grave,

Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring
wave:

The minstrel maid from earth to heaven has
winged her happy way,

And now enjoys with sister-saints an endless New
Year's Day.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1853.

[This illustrious soldier was the son of Colonel Napier, of Castletown, county Kildare, and was born on 10th August, 1782. Like many other distinguished officers, he entered the army in very early boyhood, becoming an ensign in the 22d Regiment before he had completed his twelfth year, and at the age of sixteen the Irish rebellion gave him his first active service. He obtained his company at a correspondingly early period, and proceeded to Spain in command of the 50th Foot. He was with Sir John Moore during that famous general's retreat upon Corunna, and in the battle which took place at the termination of that memorable march, received five wounds, and was taken prisoner. He returned to England a major, and found his friends in mourning for his supposed death. His sword being sheathed for a time, young Napier employed the interval of peace with his pen, and produced *An Essay on the State of Ireland*, *Military Law*, and *Colonies and Colonization*. In 1809 he volunteered into the army serving in Spain, was wounded in the battle of Busaco, and took an active part in the siege of Badajoz. In 1813 he served in North America, and was

promoted to the rank of colonel. Returning to Europe, he reached Waterloo on the 21st of June, 1815, three days after the battle; but he was present at the storming of Cambrai, and entered Paris with the British troops. He was afterwards appointed governor of Cephalonia, and in the execution of his new duties, exhibited great foresight and administrative talent. But it was not until late in life that this able and gallant officer won the renown which secured for him a place for all time in the temple of Fame. In 1841 the Ameers of Scinde having given signs of a disposition to dispute British authority, and the disasters of the first war in Afghanistan having lowered the prestige of the British arms, Major-general Napier was despatched to India. As commander-in-chief of the Bengal army, he diligently applied his energies towards the reform of the military organization of the forces, and then framed and submitted to the governor-general, Lord Ellenborough, his plan for a second Afghan campaign. This being accepted, he promptly attacked the enemy, dismantled the hitherto impregnable fortress of Emaum Ghur, and at the battle of Meanee,

in 1843, completely routed the foe, who mustered 30,000 men against his 16,000. His brilliant strategy in outflanking the wily Dost Mohammed, and the incredibly short time within which he subjugated the province of Scinde, are matters of history. Having brought the war to a successful conclusion, he devoted his attention with indefatigable and patriotic energy to the civil government of the conquered people, and created a permanent administration—one calculated to secure lasting and amicable relations with the various peoples inhabiting Scinde.

Returning to England in 1847, he received an enthusiastic welcome. Always the conscientious soldier of duty, he did not rest contented because he had left for a while the tented field. With a view to secure more firmly the preservation of India to the British crown he resumed his pen, and produced *Civil and Military Defects of the Indian Government*, which was published in 1853. During this interval also he edited De Vigny and Blaze's *Lights and Shades of Military Life*. But the interval of quiet which he was employing so usefully, was again to be interrupted. Reverses had occurred in the campaign against the Sikhs, and the valiant old general was again ordered to the East to repair the disaster. Before his arrival, however, the tide of success had turned, and the Sikhs were utterly defeated. Sir Charles returned home in 1850, worn out with fatigue and in shattered health, and his honourable and brilliant career soon afterwards came to a close at Oaklands, near Portsmouth, where he died on 29th August, 1853. A bronze statue was erected to his memory in Trafalgar Square, London. His *Minutes of the Resignation of Command of the Army* were published in 1854, and *William the Conqueror, a Historical Romance*, from which our extract is taken, in 1858.]

FRICA THE VALA.¹

"Perhaps, Editha, you are right; but the wisest may gain knowledge from an expert sorceress; and as the height of all wisdom is to foresee and propose, I think there can be no great sin in a Christian consulting a Vala. There is one named Frica, who, as you know, lives at her small strong tower in the bosom of the forest. Thence she goes to the castles

of the great and the dwellings of the humble. The Saxon people love and fear her; for few have ever incurred her anger that misfortune has not blighted them.

"I have never heard that any one has been allowed to enter her high tower; a dwarf attends her, and many large and ferocious dogs. What she needs she receives from Winchelsea; it is deposited in an outer dwelling by the butcher of that town. Her riches are great, but secure. A band of robbers once assaulted her tower; they tried to loosen the stones at the base, but scarcely had they struck a dozen blows when the basket, by which she usually descended, was lowered from the top. It contained a square box.

"‘If you want riches,’ said the Vala from above, ‘take them—Frica values them not.’

"The robbers collected round the box, and, as the basket reascended, tried to open the lid with a battle-axe; it was but raised an inch, when an explosion like thunder took place, and three of the robbers fell dead, torn to pieces. Several others were dreadfully lacerated, and all were struck to earth amidst a thick smoke.

"‘Great riches, but small profit, knaves!’ cried the Vala, in a shrill voice of derision. ‘Waes Hael!’ added she, and a shower of boiling water fell upon the stricken men, who shrieked in agony.

"‘What, no drinc Hael! uncourteous dogs? An I don’t please ye, caittifs, even get ye hence, or sorrow will betide ye, for I will let my imps out even now, and two legs must run fast if four can’t catch ’em.’

"Those who were able fled, but ere they could escape a small iron door at the foot of the tower was raised by an unseen hand, and forth rushed six furious dogs, pulling the fugitives down; soon a horn sounded from the tower, whereupon the dogs came back and killed the wounded men who lay there. The basket then again descended with the Vala; she tied a cord to the feet of the dead, and, having kennelled her dogs, reascended.

"From the top she and her dwarf pulled each body up, then boiled them all and fed her dogs with the flesh. The skeletons she hung from the top of the tower, and such terror did she thereby strike through the country that the army of King Edward would not attack that magic tower! Editha, to this Vala will I go, and pray her to visit us and tell our fate."

A messenger was accordingly despatched to the butcher of Winchelsea, who on his return

¹ By permission of Messrs. Routledge & Co.

from the tower said, "Frica thus replies to the Childe's message:—

"Let Alfnoth come to the wood at night before the hour of twelve. If he sees the tower dark, let him return; if not, then shall he remain and observe in silence; but he must be unattended, save by his daughter Editha, his own people, and a palfrey for me, which must wait at the outskirt of the wood."

The Childe, attended by some armed men, a led palfrey, Editha, and myself, proceeded that night to the tower: we reached the wood about eleven. Alfnoth and Editha dismounted, and leaving me in charge of the armed party, entered.

The night was dark, and the thickness of the trees made it so completely black, that it was with great difficulty the father and daughter proceeded. However, they reached the site of the tower and halted, alarmed by the fearful barking of fierce dogs within, while without all was quiet. Suddenly a loud explosion, which made Editha tremble, was heard, and a flash of fire illuminated all the wood,—then all was dark again. Yet still the barking of the dogs was heard.

"Be quiet, ye curs!" exclaimed the sorceress within the tower; and silence reigned.

"Let us return, dearest father!" said Editha; "I am dreadfully frightened."

"No, girl! we are under the protection of the Vala—nothing dare hurt us."

"The holy Virgin protect us!" said Editha; "this is awful,—hark! I hear a step. O my father, let us go back! I fear me this is unhallowed work;" and she repeated in a low voice the sacred rhymes or paraphrase of the Lord's prayer, made by the Saxon pope, which was rife among that people:—

"Ure fadyr in heaven rich
Thy name be halyed ever lich,
Thou bring us thy michell blisse,
Als hit in heaven y-doe,
Evar in yearthe beene it also . . ."

A heavy step approached,—the Childe drew his sword.

"Who art thou that dares to enter the wood of the tower without leave of the Vala?" said Alfnoth, in a determined but not a loud voice.

"Harding," answered the intruder. "I heard you were to be here, and obtained the Vala's leave to join you; for, though believing you to be secure, Editha's safety is too dear to me to let her risk the dangers of this neighbourhood with so slender a train. Deeds are doing that you are a stranger to, brave Alf-

noth; and men are abroad who might in their ignorance harm you."

A strong female voice now cried out, "Do friends or foes approach the castle of the Vala?"

"Friends! friends!" cried Harold; and as he spake a vivid flame arose on the summit of the tower, casting a deep blue light around, brilliant as the day, but giving a ghastly hue. The tower was high and smooth; at the top there was a door, and various narrow and grated windows were visible. A small house stood a few paces from the foot of the tower, and from the battlements of the latter hung the robbers' skeletons, which, with the stems of the oaks, the leaves, the branches, were all tipped with a blue silvery glare, while the deep black back-ground of the forest marked the limit of the magic effulgence. The lovely Editha, wrapped in a white tunic and resting on her father's iron-clad figure, which reflected the ghastly light, would have been like the good genius of the place, if her pallid face had not made her appear rather as a beautiful apparition from the dead.

"Fear not, Editha," said the Childe, "all here is safe!"

"Safe!" echoed a deep voice from amidst a cloud of smoke which had, as the blue splendour died away, arisen with a red flash and hissing noise. As it cleared off, the gigantic form of the sorceress appeared above the battlements; she seemed clothed in a silver robe sparkling with diamonds, for the eye could scarcely bear the brightness.

Motionless she stood, with hands high above her head, as if in the act of evocation.

"God and the Virgin defend me!" again uttered Editha. "I hope we are safe, but I like not these dismal, perhaps unlawful rites."

"Our ancestors held them, Editha," said her father; "but silence—look!"

As he said this the basket of the tower ascended and disappeared, the light was extinguished, and darkness again prevailed.

"Harold!" cried a voice from the tower.

"Here stands Harding," was the reply; "Harold is in Ireland."

"Does the great Harold fear his friends? does he seek to hide himself from her from whom he cannot hide?" hissed the Vala.

"No," said Harold in a low tone, "but there may be other ears shrouded by the darkness, good Fricka!"

"False! Who dares be here without leave from the Vala?" A pause ensued, and then the same voice called out, "Alfnoth."

"Here," said the Childe.

"Editha!"

"Here," she replied, trembling and crossing herself devoutly.

"You have a Norman with your party; let him come. Be quick, Harold."

Darting off fast as the darkness would permit, he came to me, and I as quickly returned with him.

"Is the Norman come?" inquired the prophetess.

"Yes."

"Ragnar, descendant of Lodbrog! Scandinavian by birth and lineage, of Norseman's blood the purest in Normandy! child of the sea, all hail and welcome!"

My companions marvelled much.

"Even so, great prophetess! The blood and lineage of my family have never been contaminated: such is my lineage."

"And such is the Vala's," said the sorceress. "Our stock is one; in all these lands none are so near to me in blood as Ragnar, or, if he will, Mallet; but the new name is vile."

"Not so, good cousin; I gained it from my companions in arms by good deeds and heavy blows struck in battle, and thus let it be."

"As you will, good knight; but the daughter of the North holds lightly the men of new names and new faith. Odin is my god. I worship the Walchyrries; the evil genius of Loke I abominate, and I live in Asgaard when I pass from Midgaard. But few are they who are true! few are the heroes fit to quaff from the skull-cap in the halls of Odin! Answer not, Ragnar, my kinsman, for I fret and am sore vexed to see thou, who art a Scandinavian in blood and in stature, a Christian in faith and name."

"Boy," said the knight, "when I heard her thus speak, strong was my inclination to pull her tower down; but she was a woman, my kinswoman, and, by the mass! a crazy hag to boot, so I left her to her own way."

Here Sir William crossed himself, ejaculated a paternoster, and continued the narrative.

"Now," again rose the voice of the prophetess, "what is the pleasure of Alfnoth, Childe of Sussex, with the Vala Frica?"

"Powerful and highly-descended Vala, you well know how many troubles beset the land, you know that many beset me; my head is weak to judge, and confiding in—" Here the Childe hesitated.

"God!" cried Editha.

"Odin!" said the Vala sternly.

"In the God of peace and of war," cried Harold; for the Saxon hero, though he held

lightly the religion of his ancestors and the incantations of the prophetess, knew the value of both in the great enterprise on which his commanding spirit was bent.

"Even so," continued Alfnoth; "and my mission here is to pray, most wise and excellent Vala, who knoweth all things, that thou comest to my castle of Bodiam and there partake of my hospitality for such time as thou deemest good unto thee, and there to say what good or evil hangeth over the house of Alfnoth."

"Have you a palfrey, good Sir Childe?"

"Yea, lady, certes, and a gentle one; even that of my daughter Editha."

"Then abide you awhile, and ye shall have my company."

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which all was in utter darkness; but soon a blaze of fire made every object visible, and the Vala stood before them.

She was of an extraordinary and commanding stature, large of bone and meagre, but of an upright portly presence; her face was fair, of a reddish hue and freckled; her features regular, but of a severity approaching ferocity; her eyes were gray, almost blue, small, but when fixed—and they moved not with that frequent and unsteady quickness which is so often noticed in such strange and observant people—the eyeballs stood out and showed the white all round. Her fine brow was broad, high, and prominent, but deeply wrinkled horizontally; her nose was aquiline and sharp upon the ridge; her thin lips compressed, marking habitual ill-temper and violence of disposition. Her voice, unharmonious, was deliberate and oracular; unpleasing, but emphatic, absorbing the attention. She seemed one whose sex was more designated by her attire than by nature, which had so fashioned her that whatever garb she donned she might pass for male or female accordingly.

Her dress was as striking as her appearance. A light blue tunic descended below her knees; the cape, buttoned round her throat, was studded with globes of glass, and on each glass were cut mystical characters. A band of black sheepskin, lined and edged with that of a white cat, confined her thick and long silvery hair, which fell like an avalanche down her back and over each shoulder. From her zone, which was a large serpent's skin studded with precious stones all marked with cabalistic signs, was suspended a large bag containing her instruments of magic. Her sandals were of untanned calfskin, tied with long thongs, which

were again fastened with buckles of bright steel. She held a wand, hung with many charms, and at the end of it was a globe formed of a human skull set in a cup of crystal.

"Are you ready to depart, friend?" said the Vala.

"Yes," replied Alfnoth.

"Then will I call my guards; fear not, gentle damsel, they will not harm ye. Ho! Vafthrudner!"

A deep low bark from a dog within answered.

"Ho! Gangrader!" And again the answer was a similar growl.

Then the small door of the tower opened, and forth stalked Vafthrudner and Gangrader, in all the majesty of canine dignity. They were heavy-looking animals of enormous size, such as are seen in the Alps; but these seemed more fierce. Their paws were white, their coats a reddish ground with dark spots, and their flat broad heads were more like tigers' than lions'. First they licked the feet and hands of the Vala, and then walked with slow and stately steps round the strangers, smelling each, and as it were making acquaintance.

The Vala mounted the palfrey and flung the reins over its head to the dogs, who took them in their mouths and walked before, leading the horse. Thus they reached the castle, and the Vala retired to her chamber with the animals, having first ordered a peculiar dish to be prepared for herself at supper.

At the end of the great eating-room, on a raised platform, the repast was soon placed, and Alfnoth gently tapped at the door of the prophethess. "I come," she said, and straightway appearing was, by the Childe, led to the supper-room, her dogs following close. On reaching the platform she ordered the chair placed for her to be removed, and herself set down a tripod carried in the mouth of one of her dogs; the legs were of bones, the seat was the skin of an ancient Briton, killed by one of her ancestors in fight.

Eating in presence of the assembled household, all gazing at her in silence, she slowly consumed her prepared dish. Having finished, she took a crystal bowl filled with goat's milk and rose up to bless the house, but doing so overturned the tripod. Pale, deathly pale, then became her face, and she dropped the bowl, which shivered to pieces. Harold replaced the tripod; but the Vala trembled violently, and all but the Saxon chief stood aghast.

"Danger! danger approaches," she said in deep terrified tone. "Give me mead!" A bowl

was presented by Alfnoth, while Editha fervently kissed a small crucifix.

"That avails not! that avails not!" cried the Vala; "Virgin with the neck of a swan! Virgin with the braided golden hair! that avails not! The power of the hateful Loke prevails over my god and thine! This night I will look no farther into fate, nor seek the will of Odin." Then drinking the mead, she drew forth a pencil and a bit of parchment, wrote some words, and called "Vafthrudner! Gangrader!" Their huge heads were instantly raised in expectation. "Hie thee, good dogs! Hie thee swift with this to Alwise the dwarf, and return as swiftly—but stop! Give meat to my messengers, they have much to do." Rapidly the dogs devoured what was brought, and the Vala, who had been sitting with eyes on vacancy, tied the parchment to Vafthrudner's collar, pointed to the door, and in a low voice said, "Begone!" Both dogs rushed out. "Lower the drawbridge, Harding," cried Alfnoth.

"Let your drawbridge remain up; who or what shall stop the charmed messengers of the Vala in their course?" and Frica frowned.

The noble dogs plunged from an open casement into the deep moat beneath, and swimming across were far on their way in a few moments.

The people of the castle now retired to rest, more or less affected by the untoward events of the night as they were given to belief in the Vala's incantations.

As the warden looked from the tower next morning at dawn he saw the two dogs descending the hills, carrying a heavy box, which they alternately took from each other.

The drawbridge was lowered, and they went straight to Frica's chamber, which was opened to them.

"Good dogs!" said she, kissing the head of each, "ye are sorely spent. Let them be fed quickly, for their guerdon has been hardly earned."

When meat and drink came she mixed a powder with the one and a liquor with the other, and immediately the animals seemed as fresh as if they had not quitted the castle.

"Now sleep, varlets!" said she, and the dogs lay down in a corner.

"Hah! we will invoke Odin," muttered the Vala. "Let none disturb me for some hours."

At an hour before midnight a terrific explosion shook Bodiam Castle to its foundations, and terror fell upon all. A rush to the Vala's door ensued, but they found her standing with great composure.

"Harold! Alfnoth! Editha! ye have called me to tell your fates. My power to answer depends upon the will of Odin; but know that I have no power to hide or avert the evil which he may choose to reveal. Are your hearts resolved to hear, and to bear the future? It is now in your power to remain ignorant of that future, and abide your fate in darkness. But it will not be in my power nor in yours to bury in oblivion that which has once been revealed. Reflect, then answer."

"O father! dearest father!" cried Editha, in terror, "ask her not, seek not fate—abide all things, trusting in God."

"Trembling with!" cried Harold, with a sternness he well knew how to assume with those who attempted to trifle with his courage and firmness, and of which the Vala herself stood in awe; "I care not what Odin says; my course is declared, and despite of Odin, or with his help, I will pursue it. The trusty retainers of this house are all faithful Saxons; they know why I am here, and that a few days will tell the fate of Harold. Let Odin speak; the steps of Harold may be arrested, but shall not be turned; the good of the Saxons is his object, and the God of the Saxons will aid him."

"Excellent Vala proceed," broke in Alfnoth; "the fears of the swan-necked Editha cannot shake the heart of Alfnoth. Editha, my beloved! it is weak to fear; there is no harm in seeking for that which, if the God of Christians thinks fit to forbid, we cannot find."

"Then enter," said the Vala, "and let none speak."

Harold, Alfnoth, Editha, and myself entered, and the door of the chamber closed. Darkness concealed the Vala.

In a few minutes a diffused misty light, which trembled in the air, appeared afar off and was gradually condensed into a sort of medallion of bright light. It increased to the size of a plate, and shadows seemed to form upon its surface. Soon the face of Harold became distinct, and on his head there seemed to be a crown, dropping with gore; beneath lay an arrow, also stained with blood. The image approached, progressively enlarging to a great size, and on coming close to them, Editha exclaimed, "O God! preserve him!"

The phantom vanished, but Editha had fainted in the arms of Harold, who bore her out of the room. She quickly revived, but would not again enter. Harold, however, laughed at the vision, and returned.

The small light again began to tremble, again it condensed itself, then expanded and

approached, once more assuming a pictorial appearance. The face was now that of a stranger, and very stern. His head sustained a brilliant crown, twisted with laurels; while below, in the same place where the bloody arrow lay under the head of Harold, there was a bent bow without arrows.

"Who have we here?" said Harold. The vision disappeared.

The next moment the light reappeared, and the head of Alfnoth became visible; it was pale in death, and beneath was a broken battle-axe.

"By the head of Mimer!" said Alfnoth, "but a man must die somehow, and a battle-axe is as good as a bed."

Again the light vanished, and again the small medallion trembled in the air; it approached, bearing on its surface the whole figure of Editha. She was kneeling, her hands were clasped in prayer, and the bloody arrow lay before her.

Neither Harold nor Alfnoth spoke, and the vision fled. Then the voice of the Vala was heard, low and mournful.

"Beyond this Odin will not go. Ye have seen the signs, more is not permitted, be satisfied, let me be gone."

We left the chamber, and shortly afterwards the Vala mounted Editha's palfrey, and, guarded by her dogs, departed. She was attended by Alfnoth, Harold, a groom, and some men-at-arms, and when they left her at the tower—"Beware, beware! That tripod fell not without cause, mischief awaits you," she cried aloud.

"Strange," said Alfnoth, as they rode together. "Strange are these visions, Earl Harold."

"No, Childe Alfnoth, they seem simple to expound. I am to die by an arrow, and the knight who is to slay me is he of the bow, and a fierce daring warrior he seems."

"But the bloody crown?" said Alfnoth.

"Ho!" replied Harold; "that I am to gain a bloody victory; and this stranger, who is probably some one of our good friends from Norway, Danemarke, or Sweden, is to slay me, just as I am crowned with victory: his crown of precious stones shows that he is a king already, and gained his laurels without losing his blood—just the reverse of mine. You also seem doomed to die in battle, and what better can we hope or wish for, brave Alfnoth? Let our cause be just, and then—why let us die the death of warriors. For my part it is what I pray for. The fate of dear Editha touches me differently; she will see us fall,

and without our protection may suffer great indignity. Her grieving over the arrow is too clear an indication of her fate, and makes my heart bleed; but if, as I believe, there is truth in the doctrine of the Roman Church, the great God will surely protect one so virtuous."

In this mood they reached the castle. It was dark ere they entered the yard, and Editha, when they dismounted, threw her arms round her father's neck, saying,—

"Oh, how I rejoice that the Vala is gone. I was foolish this morning, dear father, but of late my spirits have been so tried that melancholy, impossible to account for, fell upon me. It is gone—Earl Harold and yourself will forgive my weakness."

"Ay, my Editha! and the more willingly that my own spirits have rather flagged. But let us forget all this, and to supper, for we are hungered with our ride."

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

BORN 1780—DIED 1857.

[John Wilson Croker is one of the many Irishmen whose length of residence in England and prominence in English life have made people partially forget that their birth was Irish, and that they had something of an Irish career. Croker, the son of the surveyor-general of Ireland, was born in the town of Galway, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and after he had served his terms in Lincoln's Inn, London, was called in 1802 to the Irish bar. He early gave proof that he had no intention of devoting himself exclusively to the framing of pleas and the cajoling of juries, for while still a youth he produced a satirical composition, entitled *Familiar Epistles to F. E. Jones, Esq.*, and in 1807 he entered on parliamentary life as member for Downpatrick. In the previous year he had married a daughter of Mr. William Pennell, for many years consul-general at the Brazils. He represented in succession several constituencies—Dublin, Yarmouth, Athlone, and Bodmin. Meantime his pen was incessantly active, and among its productions may be mentioned: *An Intercepted Letter from Canton*—a vigorous satire on the city of Dublin; *Songs of Trafalgar*, a *Sketch of Ireland Past and Present*, and *Stories from the History of England*.

In 1809 he was appointed secretary to the admiralty, and the period of twenty years during which he held that office was memorable in the history of the department. Gifted with a quick eye, a marvellous power of mastering details, and untiring industry, he kept the affairs of the office in a state of efficiency not very common in olden days. In parliament he was a frequent and effective debater, though the strong party spirit, the occasional bitter-

ness, and a certain arrogance of tone in his speeches, procured him the strong enmity of his opponents. The most noteworthy of Croker's antagonists was Lord Macaulay, and throughout the lives of both, passages at arms were frequent and usually fierce. At first they met as rival speakers, and—though Macaulay was unquestionably a great orator—Croker was not, in the opinion even of impartial critics, always worsted in the contest.

The reform bill of 1832 brought a crisis in the political career of Croker. Of that measure he was one of the most vehement and untiring opponents, and, when it had passed, he retired from parliamentary life never to enter it again. He continued, however, to take a keen interest in politics, and to considerably influence their course as editor of *The Quarterly Review*. In the period when the quarterlies, free from the competition of cheap and numberless daily papers, wielded some of the mystic power of the ancient oracle, his judgments on political and literary affairs exercised great influence. His articles were, like his speeches, full of information, graphic, often vigorous, but defaced by blind party spirit, and weakened by violence of epithet. He continued to publish miscellaneous works. Of those we may mention *The Battle of Talavera*, *Letters on the Naval War with America*, *The Suffolk Papers*, *Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George the Second*, and *Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrouther*. He also published translations from various foreign authors, the best known being *Bassompierre's Embassy to England*; and several of his essays in *The Quarterly Review* were reproduced in book form. The most important work, however, which he produced, and the one on which he bestowed the great-

est care, was an edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. The publication of this book provoked the most bitter of the many quarrels between him and Macaulay. The brilliant contributor to *The Edinburgh Review* wrote in that periodical an essay on the book of his enemy, which was one of the most powerful and the severest that ever appeared from his pen, vigorous though it always, and severe though it usually was. Croker attempted his revenge when in his turn he was the critic and Macaulay the author; but his attack on the famous *History of England* will perhaps be best remembered by Sydney Smith's definition, as an attempt at murder which ended in suicide. It must be said, however, that, apart from the merits of the points in dispute between the two men, the readiness of Croker to recognize the abilities of his opponent contrasts not unfavourably with the uniform and untiring bitterness of Macaulay towards him. Croker, in addition to the works already mentioned, published editions of *Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford* and *Lady Hervey's Letters*, as well as several poems of some merit. For many years he had acted as *fuctotum* to the Marquis of Hertford, the wealthy and profligate, heartless and tyrannical nobleman who stood for the "Marquis of Steyne" in *Vanity Fair* and "Lord Monmouth" in *Coningsby*. Such a position in the household of such a nobleman laid Croker open to several imputations, the truth or falsehood of which it is not yet possible to ascertain. He is alluded to cursorily in *Vanity Fair*, but he is the original of "Rigby" in *Coningsby*, one of Lord Beaconsfield's most finished and most successful portraits. During his last years Croker had retired completely from the world of literature and politics. He died at Hampton, August 10, 1857.]

REVOLUTIONARY SYMPATHY.

(FROM "ESSAYS ON THE GUILLOTINE.")

There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom, printers and proprietors of the *Moniteur*, were convicted for forgery of bank-notes, and sentenced to be hanged. This condemnation excited—from the youth and antecedent respectability of the parties—great public interest. It might be naturally expected that this sympathy would have exerted itself in trying to procure a pardon, or

at least some commutation of punishment, for these young men, whose crime was really nothing compared with those of which Paris was the daily and hourly scene; but no! There seems, on the contrary, to have been a pretty general desire that they should suffer the full sentence of the law, in order that the National Assembly and the *good people* of Paris might have a practical opportunity of carrying out the new principle that "*the crime does not disgrace the family*." In the evening sitting of the 21st January (a date soon to become still more remarkable in the history of the guillotine) an Abbé Pepin mounted hastily the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, which had been, he said, too long neglected, and stated that a case had now occurred which required the instant passing of the three articles which related to the abolition of the prejudice and of confiscation of property, and to the restoring the body to the family. That most foolish of the National Assemblies loved to act by impulses, and the three articles were enthusiastically passed for the avowed purpose of being applied to the individual case—as they, in fact, were in the following extraordinary manner:—Three days after the passing of the decree the battalion of National Guards of the district of St. Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, first, to condole with his affliction, and, secondly, to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and, as a first step, they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the grenadier company of the battalion; and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth and complimented on their new rank by M. de Lafayette, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all; a deputation of the battalion were formally introduced into the National Assembly and were harangued and complimented by the president on this touching occasion. They were afterwards entertained at a banquet, at which Lafayette—then in more than royal power and glory—placed them at his sides, and "*frequently embraced them*." They were also led in procession to St. Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous patriotic

and philanthropic toasts were drunk, and then, in an "*ivresse*," not altogether of wine, the newspapers say, but of patriotism *and joy*, the two youths were marched back through half Paris, preceded by a band of music, to the house of the uncle, where the rest of the Agasse family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the tipsy crowd. Can we imagine any greater cruelty than the making a *show* of the grief of these unhappy people, and thus forcing them to celebrate, as it were,—in the incongruous novelties of gold lace and military promotion, and public exhibitions,—the violent death of their nearest and dearest relations?

While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all partake of the kind of enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons: but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution in a kind of triumph—of which it was remarked that they felt nothing but the aggravation of their own personal misery,—and were hanged with as much tenderness as old Izaak Walton hooked his worm; and, that preliminary process being over, the bodies were delivered with a vast parade of reverence and delicacy to the family. The surviving brother was confirmed in the lucrative property of the *Moniteur*, which he enjoyed throughout the revolution, as his widow did after him, under the title of "*Madame Veuve Agasse*," and as we believe her representative does to this hour; and in the great work of Aubert, printed by Didot, called *Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution*, there is a plate of the two Agasses going to be hanged, as if it had been a matter of the same historical importance as the *Serment du Jeu de Paume*, or the execution of the king.

A REPLY TO MACAULAY.

[On September 20, 1831, Macaulay made his greatest speech on parliamentary reform. The most remarkable part of his speech was that in which he appealed to the English aristocracy to take warning by the fate of the *noblesse* of France. "And why," asked Macaulay, "were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they

scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people, no discernment of the signs of the times; because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them theorists and speculators; because they refused all concession till the time had arrived when no concession would avail." This was Croker's reply.]

"But did the nobles on that vital occasion show that blind and inflexible obstinacy which the learned gentleman has attributed to them? Did they even display the decent dignity of a deliberative assembly? Did they indeed exhibit a cold and contemptuous apathy to the feelings of the people, or did they not rather evince a morbid and dishonourable sensibility to every turn of the popular passion? Was it, sir, in fact their high and haughty resistance, or was it, alas! their deplorable pusillanimity, that overthrew their unhappy country? No inconsiderable portion of the nobility joined the *Tiers Etat* at once, and with headlong and heedless alacrity; the rest delayed for a short interval—a few days only of doubt and dismay, and after that short pause, those whom the learned gentleman called proud and obstinate bigots to privilege and power, abandoned their most undoubted privilege and most effective power, and were seen to march in melancholy procession to the funeral of the constitution with a fallacious appearance of freedom, but bound in reality by the inevitable shackles of intimidation, goaded by the invectives of a treasonable and rancorous press, menaced and all but driven by the bloody hands of an infuriated populace. And in that celebrated night which has been called "the night of the sacrifices," but which is better known by the more appropriate title of "the night of insanity," when the whole frame and order of civilized society was thrown in the delirium of popular compliance, who led the way in the giddy orgies of destruction? Alas, the nobility! Who was it that in that portentous night offered, as he said, on the altar of his country the sacrifice of the privileges of the nobility? A Montmorency! Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seignorial rights? A Noailles! And what followed? We turn over a page or two of this eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile and the Noailles on the scaffold."

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.

BORN 1794 — DIED 1850.

[This popular author was born in Newry, in 1794, and was one of those Ulstermen in whom the blending of the cool Scotch nature with fiery Irish blood has been productive of such excellent results. This will be gathered from his works, although apart from them the Scotch element appears to be wanting, for in pecuniary matters, for example, he displayed true Hibernian recklessness. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with honours in his nineteenth year. His relatives were disposed to his being trained for the church or the bar, but his ardent desire to travel engendered a longing for a military life. For five years, being unable to decide upon a profession, he occupied himself chiefly with country sports. During this interval he was visited by a wealthy maternal aunt, whose fancy was completely taken by the frank and dashing sportsman, and who promised to make him her heir if he would abandon his military notions and enter holy orders. After considerable hesitation, Maxwell, to please his relative, partially complied with her wishes by taking deacon's orders. He could not, however, bring himself at once to complete the clerical course, and before adopting his new kind of life he made a lengthened tour, in the course of which he visited many of the victorious fields of Wellington. During these travels, doubtless, he collected many of the incidents so graphically described in *The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War*. In order to procure the means wherewith to continue his travels he extended and confirmed leases for life on property which came to him through his mother. On the death of his aunt he returned home, only to find that his expectations of the wealth which she had promised to bequeath to him were nothing more than vain delusions, as owing to a testamentary informality the whole of her property passed to another. This disappointment induced him to make preparations for emigrating; but the death of a friend, who was to have accompanied him to America—that haven of refuge for unfortunate Irishmen—caused him to alter his decision, and as a last resource he adopted the course which had hitherto been distasteful to him, and took full orders. His prospects soon brightened, however, for in 1819 he married a lady of good

family, and in the following year was presented by the Archbishop of Armagh to the rectory of Ballagh, in Connaught, of which place he was at the same time made prebend. His new residence was situated in a wild and romantic district, eminently suited to his tastes as a sportsman and novelist, and although his parochial duties were not light, they did not altogether prevent him from following his natural bent. It was at his shooting-lodge in Balyeroy that he wrote his first novel, *O'Hara*, which was published anonymously. In 1829 appeared *Stories of Waterloo*, his first acknowledged work, which at once gained the popularity which it still maintains. It was the merit of this and similar tales which led the *Dublin University Magazine* to credit Maxwell with being the first to produce what may be called the military novel.

In the writing of his books he also drew largely on his experience as an enthusiastic lover of the country and of field sports. His first venture as a sporting novelist was *Wild Sports of the West*, which soon became exceedingly popular. It was of these delineations that Christopher North wrote: "They contain many picturesque descriptions of the wildest scenery in Connaught, many amusing and interesting tales and legends, and much good painting of Irish character."

To the *Dublin University Magazine* and *Bentley's Magazine* he was a valued contributor. It is said that his latter days were much embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. He died at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, on the 29th of December, 1850. "If a brilliant fancy, a warm imagination, deep knowledge of the world, consummate insight into character, constitute a high order of intellectual gift, then he is no common man," says the *Dublin University Magazine*; "uniting with the sparkling wit of his native country the caustic humour and dry sarcasm of the Scotch, with whom he is connected by the strongest ties of kindred, yet his pre-eminent characteristic is that of sunshiny temperament, which sparkles through every page of his writings. Rarely or never does an unpleasant image present itself."¹

¹ The following is a complete list of Maxwell's works:—*O'Hara, A Historical Novel; Stories of Waterloo*, 1829; *Wild Sports of the West*, 1833; *The Field Book, or Sports*

CAPTAIN KENNEDY'S ESCAPE.¹

(FROM "STORIES OF WATERLOO.")

When Kennedy decided on taking the shortest apparent route from the mountain lough to his quarters, he was little aware of the difficulty of the ground he had determined on traversing. Scarcely had he lost sight of the lake, by crossing the steep rising ground above it, before he found his further progress interrupted by the course of one of the many mountain streams tributary to the river of Woodford. The valley where he now stood was a natural amphitheatre formed by the curving of the rivulet; and the banks rising precipitously from the water, and in many places beetling over their base, forbade all approach to human footsteps.

The soldier paused disconcerted; he must either retrace his steps and pursue the path he had taken in the morning, or by a tedious *détour* through a marsh which terminated the valley, and which his quick eye at once detected as a perilous mode of egress, endeavour to recover the track from which the unexpected obstruction of this mountain barrier had so unfortunately diverted him. Evening was coming on fast; the night mists were already rising from the low grounds, and the sportsman decided on making an attempt higher up the valley, and there endeavour to surmount the obstacle which lay between him and his destination.

Nor were his efforts unsuccessful. Farther on a small spring trickled over the ridge of the precipice, and an irregular channel had been gradually formed by its waters in the cliff; a few bushes of wild myrtle were growing on its verge, and the heath there was strong and well rooted. Kennedy without hesitation attempted an ascent, and in a few minutes, with powerful exertion, the dangerous effort was successful, and he stood safely on the brow of the precipice.

and Pastimes in the United Kingdom, 1833; Adventures of Captain Blake, 1836; The Dark Lady of Doona, 1836; The Bivouac, 1837; The Life of the Duke of Wellington, 1839. ("In our opinion," says the Times of this work, "it has no rival among similar publications of the day.") The Naval and Military Almanack for 1840; Victories of the British Army, 1840; Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune, 1842; Wanderings in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 1843; The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran, 1844; Naval and Military Remembrances, 1844; History of the Irish Rebellion of '98, 1845; Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan, 1846; Hillside and Border Sketches, 1847; Bryan O'Lynn, 1848; The Irish Movements, 1848.

¹ This and the following extract are by permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

To his dumb companion, however, the cliff was impracticable. After several efforts he found that he could not succeed, and, with the astonishing instinct which distinguishes that species of the canine race, having surveyed the valley for an instant, Sailor started at full speed to cross the morass which formed its termination.

While Kennedy paused to recover his breath and observe the course his dog would pursue to rejoin him, he remarked a small cut made in the turf, from the place where the spring was gushing from the rock, and easily discerned that this little canal was not the work of nature. Where it led to was not visible; and he determined to follow its course, as offering the easiest mode of egress from the intricate spot where he stood. The water ran in crystal brightness for a short distance, and then winding round the base of a huge rock, disappeared. Kennedy was turning it abruptly, but started; for before him, and within a step or two, a woman stood, her finger placed upon her lip, and her arm extended to bar his farther progress. For a few moments he gazed on her with surprise. She was young and strikingly handsome: her dress was that of a peasant, but arranged with perfect neatness: her hair was partially screened by a broad riband across the forehead, and partly fell in luxuriant tresses down her back and shoulders: her eyes were particularly dark and intelligent; and her red lips, half apart, indicative of anxiety and attention, revealed within a row of even teeth as white as ivory itself.

The fisher's surprise was momentary: struck with the uncommon loveliness of the mountain nymph, he seized her extended hand and began to offer the customary tribute of admiration; but a speaking look and a gesture of peculiar meaning restrained him. After gazing for a moment round her, she inquired in an emphatic whisper the object of his present journey.

"Faith, astore," replied the soldier, "nothing but the simple one of endeavouring to reach home before night overtakes me in these bleak hills, or the bleaker moors beneath us;—but now, you shall be my guide, and I will be your protector."

Again he would have taken her hand, but her impressive action prevented him. She sprang upon the brow of the rock,—looked anxiously around, and then placing herself beside Kennedy, pointed to the marriage ring upon her finger, and in a low and earnest whisper, continued,—

"Captain Kennedy—for God's sake return—

move as silently as a ghost; your safety—your life depend upon a feather. I have watched you, and saw you like a doomed man hurry to the very spot where destruction was inevitable: return promptly, quickly, silently;—steal back, cautious as a midnight robber; for if one awakes (and he is fearfully near you), your life, if a kingdom rested on it, would not be worth the purchase of a farthing.”

While she still spake, the noise of a slight rustling in the heath was heard; her glance rested quickly on the brow of the hillock opposite; by an expressive turn of her eye she directed Kennedy's observation to the spot; and, nearly concealed by the thick heather, a man's head was visible.

“Attend,” she said in a deep whisper. “We must now follow a different course to what I had intended, or you are lost: go on boldly; enter the hovel beyond the hill, and ask for refreshment and a guide: conceal who and what you are: be bold, be prudent; for a stout heart and a ready wit alone can save you. I will be with you as soon as I can find one who will protect you with his life; but, till I come, leave not the cabin: show neither alarm nor uneasiness, but trust to no one; and now to deceive yonder spy, who watches us——”

In a moment she assumed an air of rustic coquetry; the soldier perceived her object, and seizing her hand, attempted to snatch a kiss—while apparently struggling in his arms, she muttered—“Go on—cross the hill without hesitation—be collected, for your life depends upon your acting;” and springing from his hold, she struck him playfully on the face with her open hand, and then bounding from him with a loud laugh, and the speed of a hunted deer, she turned the rock and was out of sight in an instant. . . .

When Kennedy gained the summit of the ridge he found himself above a little dell, situated in the bosom of the hill he had surmounted. It was a spot of singular loneliness; a stranger might pass near it repeatedly, and yet nothing but accident reveal to him its existence. It had been evidently used for what the peasantry call a *bouilie*, or temporary residence in the summer for the young persons of the lowland villages, who annually frequent these mountains with their cattle, which at stated times are driven up to be depastured. The roofless walls of several huts were still remaining, and one long hovel was covered with a rude thatch of bent-grass, which grew abundantly in the numerous swamps with which these wilds abounded.

This hovel was inhabited: a clear blue smoke eddied from the imperfect roof, and through the fissures of its loosely-constructed walls; and the small canal, which led from the spring which we have before described, was artfully conveyed by many an ingenious winding, until it discharged its water into a rude trough which rested on the walls of the hovel. This, and the flashing of a large fire from the open doorway, at once showed Kennedy that this wild spot had been prepared for illicit distillation. . . . While Kennedy was examining this lone retreat he felt himself rudely touched upon the shoulder, and on turning round, his eye met the same wild face which he had before indistinctly observed watching him when talking to the young female. There could not be a more savage-looking being than the man who now stood beside him. He was a low-sized person, of gaunt and bony proportions; his limbs thin and sinewy, and, like his face and bosom, covered with red hair; his eye was wild and unsettled, and his hair indicated a mixture of ferocity and cunning. Except a tattered shirt and short woollen drawers, he was perfectly naked. He roughly demanded, in Irish, from the soldier what business brought him there, and pointing to the hovel, signed that he must go there before him. To resist the mandate of the mountaineer would have been equally idle and impolitic; and, remembering the directions given him by his fair mistress, Kennedy, although he understood his native language well, at once affected ignorance, and signing to the stranger to that effect, he preceded him in silence to the hut.

The interior of the hovel displayed a melancholy and revolting picture of savage life; a still was at full work, attended by an old man and a lad. The former was one of those persons who, in the remote districts where private distillation cannot be prevented, travel through the mountains, preparing the vessels used in the process, and either working them, or instructing those who may engage them in the mysteries of this wretched trade. The lad was employed under the directions of the old man, and appeared as anxious to receive his precepts in this art as if he had been acquiring a safe and reputable calling. At the farther end of the cabin a quantity of dry fern was spread. A torn blanket, and two or three frieze coats were lying on the heap, and formed the covering of the occupants of the hut both by night and day. A *cleeve* or pannier filled with potatoes, with a metal pot, were standing in the corner, and a couple of *loys* (narrow

spades) and a rusty musket comprised all the articles which the hovel contained. In a recess in the wall were a few earthen vessels and a glass; these were for the customary uses of drinking, or ascertaining the strength and flavour of the spirit as it fell from the worm.

Kennedy's eye, while traversing the hut, rested suspiciously on the old fire-lock; but he quickly remarked that it was without a flint, and consequently useless. The men had withdrawn to a corner, and were conversing in a low whisper. From their frequently turning an inquisitive look to the farther end of the cabin, which was wrapped in darkness, the soldier concluded there were more in the hut than he had yet discovered. Nor was he wrong: the still fire suddenly threw out a strong flash of light, and although the blaze was momentary, he observed a human figure stretched in a dark recess beyond the still; but whether it was male or female, living or dead, the partial light prevented him from determining.

While pondering on the course he should adopt—whether to address the inmates of the hut at once, or await patiently the result of their deliberation, a fourth person entered. . . . He measured Kennedy from head to foot with his eye, and beckoning to the two elder peasants, while he threw a malignant glance at the soldier, he retired from the hut accompanied by the mountaineers.

At a little distance from the door they stopped, and a deep and earnest consultation was carried on in a low tone of voice, which prevented Kennedy from hearing a syllable of their conversation—but he well knew that it boded him no good. For an instant he determined to attempt an escape; but a moment's consideration told him that the thing was hopeless. The chances of success were desperate. It was nearly dark; he had four persons to contend with beside the sleeper; and, for aught he could tell, others whom he had not seen were near him. Even could he free himself from these men, he was bewildered in a labyrinth of rocks and morasses, from which, even in safety and daylight, he would find it nearly impossible to extricate himself:—an escape would then be little short of miraculous.

While thus deliberating the outlaws re-entered; and lifting a sort of wicker door from the wall, placed it across the entrance and secured it with a spade; and the armed man addressing Kennedy in excellent English, demanded his name, residence, and the object which brought him to the mountains. With

assumed calmness the soldier replied that he was a sportsman and stranger, and allured by the report he had heard of the mountain lough he had been induced to visit it.

The robber shook his head, and turning to his companions whispered in Irish, "It is as I told you—we are *set*; and if he had a thousand lives, he dies."

Kennedy started: he knew the language intimately; he heard his doom pronounced; and that too by an idiomatic phrase in Irish, which conveyed the certainty of his murder in terms for which the English has no words sufficiently expressive.

Kennedy's agitation did not escape the outlaw, who rapidly exclaimed, "Does he understand us?" The old man answered in the negative, but added, "Try him yourself."

In this moment of mental anguish Kennedy's natural *hardiesse* saved him. The robber, confronting him, addressed him in his native tongue; and while he eyed him with a searching look, Kennedy, with astonishing composure, requested him to speak to him in English, "for unfortunately he was an Englishman, and of course ignorant of the Irish language."

Apparently satisfied the outlaw turned to his companions:—"You're right," he said, "the spy's a Sassenach;" and, advancing to the fire, lighted a small torch composed of split bog-deal, and went to the corner of the hut, where, on a heap of fern, the human figure already remarked by the soldier was extended.

During the momentary action of applying the torch to the fire, the old man, by emphatic gestures, would have prevented him; and when he saw him advance to the fern where the sleeper lay, he muttered as he crossed himself, and threw a look of pity on the victim,—*"Mary, mother of God, be good to him! for Johnny Gibbons never yet showed mercy."*

Every nerve in Kennedy's frame jarred; the blood rushed back to his heart as the dreaded name of Gibbons was pronounced: the old outlaw indeed spoke truly—for that ruffian never had shown mercy! Kennedy knew him well by character; he had been an outcast from society since the rebellion of ninety-eight; and while the other delinquents had generally received pardon, the ear of mercy was justly closed to him. He was the only one of the western rebels who had been guilty of deliberate bloodshed; and his truculent disposition had not only been displayed to those whom he looked upon as his enemies, but also, and not unfrequently, to his misguided

companions. For many years he had infested the wilds of Connemara; but the wanton murder of a comrade, and his repeated aggressions on the peasantry, whom he plundered and ill-used, removed all that mistaken sympathy which the lower Irish, in the remoter parts of the kingdom, cherish for malefactors: and the ruffian became an object of such general detestation, that he was forced to abandon the mountains which for fifteen years had sheltered him. The party disturbances which prevailed in the neighbourhood of Woodford induced him to seek this wilderness as a suitable retreat; and in consequence of the disaffection of some, and the wild character of the peasantry, who, even when unconnected with treasonable associations, were generally, from the nature of their pursuits, opposed to the operations of the law, the outcast from Connemara here found protection and support.

Gibbons had been latterly joined by another ruffian named Garland, who had also been obliged to screen himself from justice. This desperado had been a sort of agent employed by the mountain people to dispose of their whisky in the adjacent counties. In an affray with the revenue men, an officer had lost his life by Garland's hand: he became of course a refugee; and now rendered desperate, he had planned and executed Morton's murder, which has been already alluded to;—and a fit associate for Gibbons, their names became formidable to the country around.

No wonder the soldier's heart sank when he saw the sleeping ruffian roused by his companion, and heard him angrily demand "why he was awakened?" The low dialogue was quickly terminated; for with an execration he bounded on his feet, and lifting a blunderbuss from beside him, staggered forward where Kennedy was leaning against the wall of the hovel. His look and air were indescribably savage; his features inflamed by inebriety, alarm, and revenge; and as he steadied himself within a few paces of his victim, he shot a glance of malignant exultation from beneath his shaggy eyebrows which seemed to preclude all hope.

The peasants appeared alarmed at the expectation of a scene of cold-blooded butchery, and murmured prayers mingled with entreaties, which seemed unregarded by the ruthless being to whom they were addressed; for after eyeing Kennedy deliberately, he suddenly raised and snapped the blunderbuss. It did not discharge; and Gibbons, pouring out execrations, proceeded to reprime it from an im-

mense flask of gunpowder which he took from his pocket.

Kennedy desperately sprang in and seized him; but the struggle would have been a short one, as Garland drew a pistol and advanced to the relief of his comrade, when suddenly the wicker door was driven in with violence, a huge dog rushed into the hut, and leaping at the ruffian's throat, pulled him in an instant to the ground, and a terrible struggle, in which the robber's pistol went off without effect, ensued.

If Kennedy's impending fate had excited a momentary feeling of remorse in the other savages, his desperate resistance, and the unexpected appearance of his faithful ally, removed it; for the red mountaineer seized a loy and endeavoured to strike the dog from his hold, while the young savage struck fiercely at the soldier, as he rolled upon the floor locked in the deadly grasp of Gibbons.

The scene of murder was hurrying to its close—Kennedy was suffering from the heavy blows of the lad, and Sailor was cut down by the edge of the spade; but, at the moment, a pistol was discharged from the door, a man fell dead across the prostrate soldier, and the powder-flask rolled from Gibbons, and, falling on the red embers of the still fire, exploded with tremendous violence. The roof was blown off the hut, the walls rent asunder, and a scene of horrible confusion followed. The still being overturned, the boiling liquor fell upon the young savage and Gibbons, who, already scorched by the explosion, testified their pain by howls and terrific execrations. Kennedy, nearly suffocated, was with difficulty dragged from under the fallen roof: he looked round in astonishment: he was supported by a tall and powerful man; and the young female he had encountered before he entered this murderous den bathed his temples in cold water, which she had carried in a hat from the spring.

GENERAL O'DOHERTY'S VISITORS.

(FROM "THE BIVOUAC.")

It was soon after the affair of New Ross that I obtained leave of absence from the general of the district, and repaired to the metropolis. I had been wounded by a rebel from a window with a slug; and though it traversed the bone without causing any injury, yet from the eccentric direction it had

taken, an experienced practitioner was required to discover and extract it.

Two or three days after the operation had been successfully performed I found myself able to move about, and set out to visit some of my acquaintances who happened to be sojourning to the capital. Among others there was a kinsman of my mother, named Roderick O'Dogherty. He resided constantly in town, occupying a small house in Kildare Street, and thither I directed my course. . . .

I found the commander ensconced in an easy chair, with his infirm foot resting on a hassock, and a thick-winded pug reposing before the sounder member. . . . The commander was wrapped in a flannel dressing-gown, and wore a purple velvet nightcap. His hair, white as snow, was combed back into a queue, and secured with an ample bow of black riband. As a sort of moral for a soldier's use, there was no weapon visible in the apartment; while a crutch standing in one corner gave silent intimation that the warrior's career was done. . . .

"Well—so you had that slug extracted. Pish! Nowadays men make a work about nothing. I remember Count Schroeder got a musket-bullet in the hip at Breda, and he had it out and was on horseback again the second morning. Soldiers were soldiers then! What the devil were you about at Ross? You managed matters prettily."

"I think we did," I replied stoutly.

"Pish! Why did you let the rebels into the town?"

"Why—because we could not keep them out."

"Pshaw!" he growled testily. "I tell you how poor dear Puffenberg and I would have managed matters. We would have laned them with artillery—guns double loaded with grape and canister at point-blank distance—charged while the head of the column was broken, and supported the cavalry with——"

"We had no artillery but a few battalion pieces and a couple of old ship-guns."

"Humph!" growled the commander. "Why not try cavalry?"

"Cavalry could not act. The masses were dense, the streets filled with pikemen, and the windows crowded with musketeers. What impression could cavalry make against rebels in close column with pikes sixteen feet long?"

"Humph!"

"It was the gallantest affair during the rebellion, and old Johnson fought it nobly."

"Humph! Well, you dine here to-day at

five. You'll meet your cousin Hector. . . . Hector is not pleasing me. I'm failing fast. He knows it. But if he disoblige me, and thinks I have not resolution enough to cut him off with a shilling—clip him close as a game-cock—he don't know Roderick O'Dogherty. Well, I see you are in a hurry, so good morning."

I left him, glad of escaping more of the reminiscences of Baron Puffenberg; and as I was being let out found Hector, the hope of the O'Dogherties, knocking at the door. . . . Hector was scarcely twenty, and one of the handsomest lads I ever saw. His education was imperfect and his principles lax. Had he been carefully brought up, and the bad portions of his disposition eradicated while a boy, he might have made a valuable man. But he had been spoiled by a weak mother—his vices had been permitted to run riot—and at the early age of twenty Hector was a gambler and a duellist.

Hector took my arm.

"Lord—I am so glad to meet you, Pat! You have been with old square-toes. Did he blow me up?"

"Why he did hint something about clipping you like a game-cock, and marking his affection by the bequest of a shilling."

"Oh—the cross-grained rogue! Pat, you would pity me if you knew half what I undergo. Because he allows me a beggarly hundred a year, every quarter's check accompanied by a groan that would lead a stranger to suppose the old curmudgeon was in convulsions, and a torrent of abuse that a pickpocket would not stand, I must visit him twice a day, dine with him on mutton chops, dawdle four hours over a rascally pint of sherry, and listen to his d——d yarns about Puffenberg and Schroeder, and the siege of Breda. Do you dine with the old tiger to-day?"

"I should be devilish sorry to interrupt your *tête-à-tête*. I told him I was engaged."

"Well, you will meet me at Darcy's? We'll have a grilled bone and some sober conversation."

I declined; but Hector was so urgent that at last I reluctantly consented.

Fortunately for myself I was an hour too late in keeping my engagement with my cousin; and when I reached Earl Street found Darcy's whole establishment in desperate commotion. There were in every direction the eye turned to incontestable symptoms of a general row; and the mortal remains of

plates, dishes, and decanters were strewn about the room, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. From a waiter, who had been complimented with a black eye, I learned some particulars of the battle. Hector had been there and ordered supper; sat down in expectation of my arrival, and managed to kill time while waiting for me by quarrelling with a military party in the opposite box. Two or three Connaught gentlemen espoused his cause of course, it being the wrong one, and a desperate onslaught was the consequence. In the *mêlée* Darcy's goods and chattels were demolished—challenges given and accepted—cards interchanged by the pack—the watch called in—and my excellent cousin borne off in triumph, after performing prodigies of valour by maiming divers of the king's subjects.

Next day I repaired to Kildare Street in due time; and it was lucky that I was so regular, for Phil made a most alarming report. Over-night the gout had seized upon Roderick's better member; he was in considerable pain, and, as Clancy said, "the priest himself darn't go near him." To add to the misfortune several gentlemen had called early in the morning, stated their business to be urgent, and could scarcely be restrained by the valet from invading the sacred precincts of the commander's bed-room. Thus Roderick had been disturbed before his time, was consequently in most abominable temper, and I, alas! should in all likelihood be obliged to bear the first burst of gout and irritability.

"I had an infernal night of it—gout in the knee first; then moved to the ankle; lame in both legs; no sleep; could have dozed a little in the morning when three scoundrels, with knocks that I thought would have demolished the door, disturbed me. Well they did not break into my bed-room! Private business forsooth! I'm pestered with fellows of their kind; force their way up under false pretences, all for one purpose—begging—begging. . . . The hall-bell rang violently. "Confound it! the hotness of young men's tempers is nowadays intolerable. This is, I suppose, one of these d—d visitors; but if I don't despatch him in double quick my name's not Roderick!"

The commander was right in his supposition. Clancy announced the stranger as one of the sleep-breakers, handed in a card, on which was engraved, "Mr. Alleyn, 40th Regiment," and next moment the gentleman was ushered in.

He was quite a lad, and also a very young

soldier, for whether it was the importance of his embassy or the vinegar aspect of the comrade of Baron Puffenberg that abashed him I know not, but he coloured up to the eyes, and seemed to be in evident confusion. I pointed to a chair—a civility which Roderick had omitted—and the following colloquy ensued:—

"You are General O'Dogherty?" said the stranger as he referred to a visiting-ticket in his hand.

"Yes, sir, I have that honour; and you, sir, are Mr. Alleyn?" and the surly commander examined the young man's card.

"Yes, sir, my name is Alleyn; and, sir—hem—it has given me pain to be obliged—hem—to call on you—for—"

"Sir, I understand you; I am a plain man and hate long speeches. In a word, sir, you might have spared your call; it will procure you nothing from me."

"This is very strange, sir—your character—"

"Pish! sir. I don't care a fig what any man says—and to cut short the interview, you may be off and try some other fool."

"Sir, this is unaccountable! I am not experienced in such matters, and confess I am rather embarrassed."

"No doubt, sir, a common consequence of imprudence. I am busy, sir, and you intrude."

The young man reddened to the ears.

"Sir, this won't do. If you think to bully you are mistaken. I insist on an immediate explanation."

"Why, zounds! Do you threaten me in my own house? I suppose you intend committing a burglary. Here, Clancy, show him the door."

"You shall hear me, sir! I have claims upon you that must be satisfied before I leave this."

"Why, you audacious scoundrel! Go for a peace officer, Clancy. I'll have you settled."

"Ah! I understand you; and it is time to leave you, sir, when you resort to the police. But let me say that your conduct is ungentlemanly, and your meanness disgraceful to the profession you dishonour."

Roderick seized upon the nearest weapon of offence, the crutch, while Clancy by bodily force fairly ejected the visitor. He was expelled with great reluctance, and departed from the house vowing vengeance against the commander. . . . Once more I rose to take my departure, when another thundering summons was heard at the hall-door—another

card introduced—and immediately after “Captain Coolaghan of the South Cork” was ushered into the presence of the ex-general. He, too, as Phil Clancy mentioned in a whisper, was one of the sleep-breakers.

If the former visitor had evinced some diffidence in the opening of the interview, there was no indication of any tendency to blushing on the part of Captain Coolaghan of the South Cork. I examined his figure hastily, for it was rather remarkable. In age he was above fifty; in height, I should say, approaching to seven feet. His shoulders were broad—his legs thin—while his whole appearance had what the Irish call “a shuck look,” and told plainly that the visitor had never considered abstinence and water-drinking necessary for his soul’s weal. No man could be better satisfied with himself, or deemed his place in society less equivocal. He entered Roderick’s “great chamber” with a smile, nodded graciously to us both, established himself in a chair, produced a silver snuff-box of immense capacity, took a deep pinch, and then, protruding his long chin sundry inches beyond his black stock, politely inquired, “which of the gentlemen was the general?”

A more infelicitous opening to an interview could not have been conceived. That there could be any doubt of his identity, or that the imprint of his former glory was not stamped upon his exterior, was death to Roderick; and quickly did he remove the stranger’s uncertainty.

“I, sir!” he exclaimed testily. “I am Major-general O’Dogherty.”

“Then, sir,” responded the visitor, “I am proud of the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Your friend, I presume?” and he bowed graciously to me.

“Yes, sir; and here with me on particular business.”

“I comprehend—all right;” and Captain Coolaghan closed his left eye knowingly. “We may proceed to business, then, at once; and, faith, when a man kicks up a dust and gets into scrapes why the sooner the thing’s settled the better.”

“Kicks up a dust—gets into scrapes! Why, sir, what the devil do you mean?” exclaimed the friend of Puffenberg, as he looked daggers at his new acquaintance of the South Cork.

“Why, then, indeed, general, your treatment of my young friend of the 40th was not the civillest in the world. But come, come—when men grow ould they always get cranky. We ought to make allowances. God knows,

neither you nor I, when we come to his years, will be able to kick up such a *rookawn*,”¹ and he smiled and nodded at me; while Roderick, who was making himself up for mischief, impatiently exclaimed in a voice almost smothered by passion,—

“Who the devil are you? What do you mean? What do you want?”

“Faith, and I can answer you all. My name, Charles Coolaghan, of the South Cork—my maning, that you insulted my friend; and my business, a written apology. But come, we won’t be too hard—we’ll try and plaister it up without burning powder. Say ye were drunk. Do what my young friend asks, and there will be no more about it.” . . . Up jumped the captain—up rose the general—I flung myself between them. Coolaghan had seized his cane—Roderick grasped his crutch—while Phil Clancy, hearing the fresh uproar, rushed into the room, and was directed by his master to exclude the visitor, and that too, if necessary, *vi et armis*. The captain slowly retired, notifying his wrath as he departed.

“Pat,” said the commander, as he endeavoured to recover breath, “bring me my pistols. If any more of these ruffians come I’ll shoot them, though I hang for it. Holy Mary!” and he crossed himself devoutly, “what sins have I committed that a poor, quiet, easy-tempered old man can’t in his last days, his own house, and a land of liberty, remain in his afflictions without being tortured by a gang of villains, who first beg, then try robbery, and if you don’t submit to plunder, coolly propose your assassination?”

A thundering rap interrupted the *jêrêmiade* of the unfortunate commander. Up ran Phil Clancy, pale as a ghost.

“Another of them devils that was here this morning,” quoth the valet.

“Let him up,” replied the general, while his brows contracted, and his look bespoke desperate determination—“Let him up. If I miss him with the crutch, do you, Pat, knock him down with the poker.” And Puffenberg’s confederate prepared for action, and I to witness the termination of a scene that at present was strange and inexplicable.

The door opened—a very fashionable-looking dragoon presented himself—inquired “if General O’Dogherty was at home?” and on being answered in the affirmative, begged to have “Captain Hay of the Fifteenth” an-

¹ *Anglice*, scene of confusion.

nounced as having called. Roderick, with more politeness than I expected after his recent visitations, struck with the superior manner and address of the new comer, requested him to take a chair, and then intimated that the general was present. The dragoon looked rather sceptically at the commander, and then turned his eyes on me.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "I feel myself a little puzzled. You, sir," as he addressed me, "seem far too young to have attained that honourable standing in the army. And you, sir," and he turned to Roderick, "much too infirm for the extraordinary exertions which last night's affair at Darcy's must have required."

The commander stared—while a faint and glimmering notion of the business flashed across my mind. Of course I kept my suspicions to myself, and the general testily, but politely, entreated the captain of cavalry to be more explicit.

"May I inquire, in the first place, which is the general?"

The commander, with great dignity, announced himself to be the real Simon Pure.

"There must be a palpable mistake in the whole business," and the light dragoon laughed. May I ask, without intending the slightest disrespect, if you supped at Darcy's last night?"

"Supped at the devil!" exclaimed the admirer of Baron Puffenberg. "Sir, I beg your pardon. Excuse my being irritable. Bad gout, sir. Saints would swear under half the provocation I have endured since daybreak. You'll forgive me?"

The captain smiled and bowed.

"My dear sir," continued Roderick, "I have not been out of my house these three months."

"Then," said the dragoon, "my conjectures are correct, and it is impossible that you could be the gentleman who knocked down Captain

Edwards, blackened Mr. Heywood's eye, and broke the waiter's arm with a chair."

My worthy kinsman repeated the charges categorically in a tone of voice so ludicrous that neither Captain Hay nor I could refrain from laughing, and then added,—

"Really, sir, I am astonished, and at a loss to know why such inquiry should be made of me."

"The simplest reply, sir," returned the dragoon, "will be given in the Hibernian style, by asking another question. Pray, sir, is this card yours?" and he handed one to the friend of Puffenberg.

The general rubbed the glasses of his spectacles, and examined the ticket attentively; and then with a look of unqualified surprise replied,—

"It is mine—mine beyond a question!"

"Some one, then, has used your name and address with great freedom," observed Captain Hay.

"That person, if my suspicions be correct, shall rue his freedom dearly;" and the old man knit his brows and desired me to ring for Clancy. He came, and the commander asked for his card-case. It was brought and opened. No ticket of his was to be found, for those within were inscribed with Hector's name and residence. Conviction rested on the general's mind, and Clancy, ignorant of the consequences, sealed my cousin's fate. "Mr. Hector," he said, "had been fiddling with the case." Such, indeed, was the fact. The unlucky youth, struck with the similarity between his uncle's and his own, had been examining the cases, put the wrong one in his pocket, and in the confusion of the preceding evening had flung those of Baron Puffenberg's contemporary to his antagonists, and never discovered the mistake until the blunder had cost him an inheritance.

GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1860.

[George Crolly was born in Dublin in 1780. Destined by his father, who was a physician, for the Church, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and in due time took holy orders. His hopes of ecclesiastical preferment were at first disappointed; and he sought employment on the press. *Blackwood* accepted his story

"Colonna the Painter," which attracted considerable attention. To this followed in rapid succession tale after tale, many of which are now forgotten. Meantime his pen was busy with poetry, and a volume of verse, *Paris in 1815, and other Poems*, was received with favour. He also published *The Modern*

Orlando, Poetical Works, and Beauties of English Poets; a series of works on political subjects, of which *The Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*, and *Historical Sketches, Speeches, and Characters*, are the most ambitious. Of a kindred nature are *Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics*; and *Personal History of King George the Fourth*. With the self-confidence and versatility of which he gave so many proofs, Croly also tried his hand at play-writing, and produced the tragedy of *Catiline*, and the comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*, both of which met with a fair reception.

The ecclesiastical promotion, for which he had vainly sought in his early youth and in his own country, came when he was in London and advanced in years. In 1835 he was created rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. His pen remained busy, though it now sought other themes; his writings of this period being occupied with questions, either purely theological or half theological, half political. In 1847 he was appointed afternoon-preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and he became one of the most popular pulpit orators of the metropolis. In private life he was amiable and charitable; and his conversation, rich in information and pointed anecdote, made his company much sought after. His death was very sudden. On November 24, 1860, he left his house in Bloomsbury Square to take his accustomed walk, apparently in his usual health. On reaching Holborn he suddenly fell down, and when taken into a shop, was found to be quite dead.]

THE ESCAPE OF NAOMI.

(FROM "SALATHIEL.")

I journeyed on by sun and star in that direction which to the Jew is an instinct—to Jerusalem. . . .

While I was pacing the sand that actually scorched my feet, I heard a cry, and saw on a low range of sand-hills at some distance a figure making violent gestures. Friend or enemy, at least here was man; and I did not deeply care for the consequences even of meeting man in his worst shape. Hunger and thirst might be more formidable enemies in the end; and I advanced towards the half-naked savage, who, however, ran from me crying out louder than ever. I dragged my weary limbs after him, and at length reached the edge of a little dell, in which stood a circle

of tents. I had fallen among the robbers of the desert; but there was evident confusion in this fragment of a tribe. The camels were in the act of being loaded; men and women were gathering their household matters with the haste of terror, and dogs, sheep, camels, and children set up their voices in a general clamour. . . . I entered the first of the deserted tents, and indulged myself with a full feast of bread dry and rough as the sand on which it was baked, and of water only less bitter than that through which I had swum. Still all luxury is relative. To me they were both delicious, and I thanked at once the good fortune which had provided so prodigally for those withered monarchs of the sands, and had invested my raggedness with the salutary terror that gave me the fruits of triumph without the toil.

At the close of my feast I uttered a few customary words of thanksgiving. A cry of joy rang in my ears; I looked round; saw to my surprise a bale of carpets walk forward from a corner of the tent, and heard a Jewish tongue imploring for life and freedom. I rapidly developed the speaker, and from this repulsive coverture came forth one of the loveliest young females that I had ever seen. Her story was soon told. She was the granddaughter of Ananus, the late high-priest, one of the most distinguished of his nation for every lofty quality; but he had fallen on evil days. His resistance to faction sharpened the dagger against him, and he perished in one of the merciless feuds of the city. His only descendant was now before me. She had been sent to claim the protection of her relatives in the south of Judea. But her escort was dispersed by an attack of the Arabs, and in the division of the spoil the sheik of this little encampment obtained her as his share. The robber-merchant was on his way to Casarea, to sell his prize to the Roman governor, when my arrival put his caravan to the rout. To my inquiry into the cause of this singular success, the fair girl answered that the Arabs had taken me for a supernatural visitant, "probably come to claim some account of their proceedings in the late expedition." They had been first startled by the blaze in the island, which, by a tradition of the desert, was said to be the dwelling of forbidden beings. My passage of the channel was seen and increased the wonder; my daring to appear alone among men whom mankind shunned, completed the belief of my more than mortal prowess; and the Arabs' courage abandoned

a contest, in which "the least that could happen to them was to be swept into the surge, or tost piecemeal upon the winds."

To prevent the effects of their returning intrepidity, no time was to be lost in our escape. But the sun which would have scorched anything but a lizard or a Bedoween to death, kept us prisoners until evening. We were actively employed in the meantime. The plunder of the horde was examined, with the curiosity that makes one of the indefeasible qualities of the fair in all climates; and the young Jewess had not been an inmate of the tent, nor possessed the brightest eyes among the daughters of women, for nothing. With an air between play and revenge she hunted out every recess, in which even the art of Arab thievery could dispose of its produce, and at length rooted up from a hole in the very darkest corner of the tent that precious deposit, for which the sheik would have sacrificed all mankind, and even the last hair of his beard—a bag of shekels. She danced with exultation as she poured the shining contents on the ground before me. "If ever Arab regretted his capture," said she, "this most unlucky of sheiks shall have cause. But I shall teach him at least one virtue—repentance to the last hour of his life."

"Look to the hills," I exclaimed, as I saw a long black line creeping like a march of ants down the side of a distant ridge of sand. "Those are our Arabs," said she, without a change of countenance. "They are of course coming to see what the angel or demon, who visited them to-day, has left in witness of his presence. But from what I overheard of their terrors, no Arab will venture near the tents till night—night, the general veil of the iniquities of this amusing and very wicked world."

"Yet how shall we traverse the sands on foot?"

"Forbid it, the spirit of romance," said she. "I must see whether the gallantry of the sheik has not provided against that misfortune." She flew into the tent and drawing back a curtain showed me two mares of the most famous breed of Arabia.

"Here are the Koshiani," said she, with playful malice dancing in her eyes. "I saw them brought in in triumph last night, stolen from the pastures of Achmet Ben Ali himself, first horse-stealer and prince of the Bedoween, who is doubtless by this time half dead of grief at the loss of the two gems of his stud.

I heard the achievement told with great rejoicings, and a very curious specimen of dexterity it was. "Come forth," said she, leading out two beautiful animals white as milk. "Come forth, you two lovely orphans of the true breed of Solomon;—princesses with pedigrees that put kings to shame, unless they can go back two thousand years; birds of the Bedoween, with wings to your feet, stars for eyes, and ten times the sense of your masters in your little tossing heads."

She sprang upon her courser, and winded it with the delight of practised skill. The Arabs were now but a few miles off, and in full gallop towards us. I urged her to ride away at once; but she continued curvetting and manœuvring her spirited steed, that, enjoying the free air of the desert, after having been shut up so long, threw up its red nostrils in the wind, and bounded like a stag.

"A moment yet," said she, "I have not quite done with the Arab. It is certainly bad treatment for his hospitality to have plundered him of his dinner, his money, and his horses."

"And of his captive, a loss beyond all reparation."

"I perfectly believe so," was the laughing answer; "but I have been thinking of making him a reparation, which any Arab on earth would think worth even my charms. I have been contriving how to make his fortune."

"By returning his shekels?"

"Not a grain of them shall he ever see. No; he shall not have the sorrow to think that he entertained only a princess and a philosopher. As a spirit you came, and as a spirit you shall depart, and he shall have the honour of telling the tale. The national stories of such matters are worn out; he shall have a new one of his own, and every emir in the kingdoms of Ishmael—through the fiery sands of Ichama, the riverless mountains of Zayd; Hejaz, the country of flies and fools; and Yemen, the land of locusts, lawyers, and merchants, will rejoice to have him at his meal. Thus the man's fortune is made; for there is no access to the heart like that of being necessary to the dinners and dulness of the mighty."

"Or, on the strength of the wonder," said I, "he may make wonders of his own, turn charlatan of the first magnitude, profess to cure the incurable, and get solid gold for empty pretension; sell health to the epicure, gaiety to the old, and charms to the repulsive; defy the course of nature, and live like a prince upon the exhaustless revenue of human absurdity."

A cloud of smoke now wreathed up from the sheik's tent, fire followed; and even while we looked on, the wind, carrying the burning fragments, set the whole camp in a blaze. The Arabs gave a universal shriek and fled back, scattering with gestures and cries of terror through the sands.

"There—there," said my companion, clapping her delicate white palms in exultation; "let them beware of making women captives in future. In my final visit to the tent I put a firebrand into the very bundle of carpets in which I played the part of slave."

"Not to be your representative, I presume."

"Yes, with only the distinction that in time I should have been much the more perilous of the two. If that unlucky sheik had dared to keep me a week longer in his detestable tent I should have raised a rebellion in the tribe, dethroned him, and turned princess on my own account. As to burning him out there was no remedy. But for those flames the tribe would have been upon our road. But for those flames we might even have been mistaken for mere mortals, and your spirits always vanish as we do, in fire and smoke. How nobly those tents blaze! Now, forward!"

She gave the reins to her barb, flung a triumphant gesture towards the burning camp, and under cover of a huge sheet of fiery vapour we darted into the wilderness.

EXTRACT FROM "CATILINE."

[HAMILCAR, a Moorish prince, plots with CETHEGUS in a grove by moonlight.]

Hamilcar. I hate their feastings: 'twould have been my death

To stay in that close room! This air is cool.—
I felt my spirit choked. Gods! was I born
To bear those drunkards' tauntings on my hue,
My garb—Numidia's garb! My native tongue—
Not tunable to their patrician ears?
Will the blow never fall?

 . . . Come from your tombs,
Warriors of Afric!—from the desert sands,
From the red field—the ever-surg-ing sea,
Though ye were buried deeper than the plumb
Of seaman ever sounded.

Hamilcar.—Hannibal,—Jugurtha! Come,
My royal father! from the midnight den,
Where their curst Roman axes murder'd thee!
Ye shall have vengeance! Stoop upon my breast,
Clear it of man, and put therein a heart
Like a destroying spirit's: make me fire,
The winged passion that can know no sleep

Till vengeance has been done;—wrap up my soul
In darkness stronger than an iron mail,
Till it is subtle, deadly, deep as night,
Close as coil'd aspics, still as tigers couch'd,
But furious as them roused. Let me fill Rome
With civil tumult, hate, conspiracy,
All dissolution of all holy ties,
Till she has outraged Heaven, while I, unseen,
Move like a spectre round a murderer's bed,
To start upon her dying agony.
Hark! Who disturbs the night? (*He listens.*)

Cethegus' voice!

One of those drunkards—a hot-headed fool;
Senseless and brave as his own sword.—Hallo!
I'll try what mischief's in his mettle now.

(*Cethegus comes in.*)

Cethegus. Ho! prince of darkness—emperor of the Nile—

Star-gazer!—you are welcome to them all;—
Rome is no place for you! put on your wings,
And perch upon the moon! You left us all
Just in our own glory.

Hamilcar. 'Twas a noble set!

Cethegus. Rome has none better;—all patrician blood

Glowing with Cyprus' wine,—wild as young stags—
Bold as bay'd boars—haughty as battle steeds—
Keen as fleshed hounds—fire-eyed as mounting
hawks—

Hamilcar. 'Twill be a glorious day that lets them soar.

How was't with Catiline?

Cethegus. He seem'd to feel

The fiercest joy of all; pledged heaven and earth
In brimming goblets; talked a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as an ecstasy;
Laugh'd till his very laughter check'd our mirth,
And all gazed on him; then, as if surprised,
Marking the silence, muttered some excuse,
And sank in reverie; then, wild again,
Talked, drank, and laughed—the first of Bacchanals.

Hamilcar. That looks like madness (*aside*).—
He has been abused:

The consulate was his by right.

Cethegus. By right;

Ay, or by wrong!—had I been Catiline,
I should have knocked out Cicero's brains.

Hamilcar. Speak low;

The trees in Rome are spies. It may be done.—
The great patricians hate him, though some few
Lacquey his steps. Were Catiline but roused
To draw the sword, this talker would be left
Bare as his pedigree.

Cethegus. (*In surprise.*) Raise war in Rome?

Hamilcar. No; but take down the consul's
haughtiness;

Make the patricians what they ought to be,
Rome's masters; and restore the forfeitures
Now in plebeian hands.

Cethegus. Show me but that,
And I am his, or yours, or any man's.
My fortune's on my back; the usurers
Have my last acre in their harpy hands.

Hamilcar. You must have Catiline, for he has all
That makes such causes thrive—a mighty name,
One that the youth will cling to; a bold tongue—
A bolder heart—a soldier's skill in arms—
A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
But stript by winter stands immovable.

Cethegus. He's a tried soldier.

Hamilcar. A most gallant one!

Cethegus. You've seen him in the field?

Hamilcar. Ay, fifty times,—
I' the thickest fight, where all was blood and steel,
Plunging through steeds unridered, gory men
Mad with their wounds, through lances thick as
hail,

As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder; now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till, with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and Catiline sprang out
Red from the greaves to the helm.

Cethegus. He shall be ours!
Then, Rome is full of malcontents; the land
Cumber'd with remnants of the war; the slaves
Will crowd to his first call; then, in his house
He has the banner that the Marian troops
Still worship like a god;—but he will call
The act conspiracy.

Hamilcar. Jove, save us all!

Cethegus. How now, *Hamilcar*?

Hamilcar. (*Going.*) Fare you well, my lord.
(*He suddenly returns.*)

Conspiracy! Is not the man undone?
All over bankrupt, broken right and left—
Within this week he'll be without a rood,
A roof, a bed, a robe, a meal to eat!
Conspiracy! He's levell'd;—on the earth!
His last denarius hung upon this day,
And now you have him. This day has dissolved
His last allegiance. Go—you'll find him now
Tormented, like the hound that bays the moon,
Foaming to see the pomp beyond his reach.

Cethegus. He has forsworn the world!

Hamilcar. 'Tis laughable!

Cethegus. If he draw back!

Hamilcar. Draw back! You'll find him
flame;

Go to the banquet, ere they all break up.
Yet *should* he chill—provoke him—stir dispute—
Seize on his hasty word. The revellers there
Will take it for command; and thus his name
Be mix'd with tumult, till the lion snared
Is forced to battle.

Cethegus. Then, to Catiline!

I may be king or consul yet.

Hamilcar. Away!

(*Cethegus goes.*)

Hamilcar. The hour of blood's at hand!

(*Draws his dagger.*)

Be thou my god!

Away, bold fool! O Rome! those are thy men!
Ay—you shall have a crown,—a crown of straw;
Chains for your sceptre; for your honours stripes;
And for your kingly court a maniac's cell,
Where you and your compeers may howl to th'
night,
And rave rebellion.

SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1860.

[The subject of this memoir was a younger brother of Sir Charles James Napier, and was born at Castletown, county Kildare, on the 17th of December, 1785. He was educated at Celbridge, near Dublin, and began military life during the Irish rebellion of 1798. In 1800 he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He was present at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, and in 1808 served in the Peninsular campaign, sharing the hardships of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna. He held the post of aide-de-camp to his uncle the Duke of Richmond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for about a year, and in 1810 rejoined his regiment in Portugal, taking part

in several engagements. In one of these he was severely wounded, and the brevet rank of major was conferred upon him by Lord Wellington in recognition of his bravery. He continued in the field until the siege of Badajos, after which an attack of fever compelled him to return home. In 1812 he married a daughter of General Henry Fox, brother of Charles James Fox, and sailed for Portugal three weeks after his wedding.

He was in command of the 43d Regiment at Salamanca, and with it entered Madrid. Returning to England at the conclusion of the campaign in 1814, he interested himself for a time in politics, and began to arrange the plan

of his *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France*; but, resuming active military service shortly afterwards, he proceeded to the Continent, arriving, like his brother Charles, too late for the battle of Waterloo. The first volume of his great work was issued in 1828. On the publication of the final volume in 1840 *The Edinburgh Review* remarked:—"Colonel Napier has now, by the publication of his sixth volume, completed his arduous undertaking of recording the history of the war which England waged in the Peninsula for six years against the gigantic power of Napoleon. The task was difficult, the theme a noble one, and we may be proud that the great deeds of our countrymen have found a worthy historian." The work did not escape hostile criticism, and a series of articles, containing severe strictures, and supposed to come from the pen of Sir George Murray, caused the author to prefix to his fifth volume an "Answer to Some Attacks in *The Quarterly Review*." This answer was in turn attacked, and to the sixth volume Sir William prefixed his "Justificatory Pieces." Allibone enumerates twelve volumes of "censures and justifications, charges, replies, and rejoinders elicited by this history." The author himself states that his work was "written honestly and in good faith." It is certainly a monument of patience and industry, having cost the author sixteen years of arduous labour—he was, we may say in a parenthesis, ably assisted by Lady Napier—and, notwithstanding adverse criticism, continues to hold its place as one of the best military histories in the English language.

In 1842 Sir William was appointed governor of Guernsey, where he resided till 1848. While holding this office, he edited *The Conquest of Scinde*, written by his brother Sir Charles Napier, which was published in 1844, and wrote *Six Letters in Vindication of the British Army*, published in one volume in 1848. In the latter year he returned to England with the rank of general and the distinction of K.C.B. He now published in succession the *History of Sir Charles James Napier's Administration of Scinde, &c.*, 1851; *English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula*, 1852, a convenient work, condensed from his *History of the War in the Peninsula*; *Wellington and Napier*, 1854; *General Sir Charles James Napier and the Directors of the East India Company*, 1857, and *Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier*. He was also the author of several political pamphlets on the poor-laws and the corn-laws, and of many

reviews and miscellaneous articles. He died at Clapham on 12th February, 1860, at the age of seventy-four. A marble statue has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. Walter Savage Landor calls the historian of the Peninsular War "our English Thucydides," and Professor Wilson declares that "his Spanish campaigns are immortal;" while Sir Robert Peel pronounces him a "faithful, impartial, and eloquent historian."]

ASSAULT OF BADAJOS.

(FROM "HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.")

The night was dry but clouded, the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time, blasted and ruined, from the walls; the British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down; and both were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge, and, on either side, such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajos was become a point of honour, personal with the soldiers of each nation. But the strong desire for glory was in the British dashed with a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage: for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cæsar's centurion who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Ciudad Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the

other side of the Guadiana, were to have been simultaneously assailed, and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division; and a lighted carcass thrown from the castle, falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then, everything being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

But a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle. There General Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there General Kempt, I say, led the third division; he had passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, and then reforming and running up the rugged hill, had reached the foot of the castle when he fell severely wounded, and being carried back to the trenches, met Picton, who hastened forward to take the command. Meanwhile his troops, spreading along the front, reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks the enemy plied his musketry with a fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants, or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts, and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights.

Still, swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled, but untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle,

yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside of the first by the grenadier officer Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them, the garrison, amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve then came up; a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired, but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

During these events the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis, just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown; some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, about 500 in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in, and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and a deep cut, made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counterguard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation; into this watery snare the head of

the fourth division fell, and it is said that above 100 of the fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men, yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division were destined to storm.

Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counterguard of the Trinidad, the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets; and each musket, in addition

to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. . . .

Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, "Why they did not come into Badajos?"

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench from the burned flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas, of the engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the 43rd, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw, having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of this breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers at the head of their gallant band rushed up the slope of the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth! Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive, but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early into the ditch had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when 2000 brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault; for he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail

the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion, for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the distant flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders; then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased, many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, and some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division was lying close in the castle, and either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire, for General Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard-house at the barrier gate undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops, immediately springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic-stricken, threw down the scaling ladders. Nevertheless the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders the latter were found too short, for the walls were generally above 30 feet high. Meanwhile the fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet; beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely mauled, and the assailants, having discovered a corner

of the bastion where the scarp was only 20 feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and then drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks, and from a house in front, they thickened, and could not be driven back; half the 4th Regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

In the last of these combats General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive, and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, "A mine!" At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder a French reserve under General Viellande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, and pitching some men over the walls, and killing others outright, again cleansed the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the 38th as a reserve, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, about 200 strong, arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; but the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield; and meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated, for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen; yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around; lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards. However, the troops, with bugle sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town, and in their pro-

gress captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; but the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps; a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder.

There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse by attacking the ramparts from the town side; but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French; other parties entered the place; desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally General Viellande, and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had with great readiness pushed through the town to the draw-bridge ere they had time to organize further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult's army, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All, indeed, were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of!

Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege, and of these, including 700 Portuguese, 3500 had been stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than 700 men being slain on the spot. The five generals,

Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; about 600 men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than 2000 at the breaches, each division there losing 1200! And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this—the 43rd and 52nd Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than 100 square yards. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men, for the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, or of O'Hare of the 95th, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the 95th, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43rd, who having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw; but no age, no nation, ever sent

forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firm-

ness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

JOHN D. FRASER.

BORN 1809—DIED 1849.

[John D. Fraser—who is perhaps better known by his *nom de plume* of J. de Jean—was born in Birr, King's county. He was one of those who are poets in spite of adverse circumstances. He was by trade a cabinet-maker, and the hours he devoted to verse were only such as he could spare from those spent at the bench. The nature of his occupation, and the subject of many of his poems, procured for him the appellation of the "Poet of the Workshop." His difficulties were immensely increased by ill-health and straitened circumstances. He died in his fortieth year. Many of his poems are descriptive of quiet rural beauty; and the best of that class is "Brosna's Banks," in which he recalls, with simple pathos, his early hopes in his rural home. Others of his verses are of a political character, and are full of the fiery spirit of the excited times in which his last years were cast. His collected works, entitled *Poems for the People*, are published in a small volume by Mr. J. Brown, Dublin.]

BROSNA'S BANKS.

Yes, yes, I idled many an hour—
Oh! would that I could idle now,
In wooing back the withered flower
Of health into my wasted brow!
But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
My unimpassioned spirit ranks
Among its happiest moments those
I idled on the Brosna's Banks.

For there upon my boyhood broke
The dreamy voice of nature first;
And every word that vision spoke,
How deeply has my spirit nursed!
A woman's love, a lyre, or pen,
A rescued land, a nation's thanks;
A friendship with the world, and then
A grave upon the Brosna's Banks.

For these I sued, and sought, and strove;
But now my youthful days are gone,

In vain, in vain; for woman's love

Is still a blessing to be won;
And still my country's cheek is wet,
The still unbroken fetter clanks,
And I may not forsake her yet
To die upon the Brosna's Banks.

Yet, idle as those visions seem,
They were a strange and faithful guide,
When Heaven itself had scarce a gleam
To light my darkened life beside;
And if, from grosser guilt escaped,
I feel no dying dread, the thanks
Are due unto the power that shaped
My visions on the Brosna's Banks.

And love, I feel, will come at last,
Albeit too late to comfort me;
And fetters from the land be cast,
Though I may not survive to see.
If then the gifted, good, and brave
Admit me to their glorious ranks,
My memory may, though not my grave,
Be green upon the Brosna's Banks.

THE HOLY WELLS.

The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the
fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts
endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or
tyrant trod
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by
God.
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life
have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material
earth,
The Scripture of creation holds no fairer type than
they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human
clay.

How sweet of old the bubbling gush—no less to
antlered race,

Than to the hunter and the hound that smote
 them in the chase!
 In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the
 Druid's love,
 From that adored high fount of fire which sparkled
 far above;
 Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
 When sprinkling round baptismal life—salvation
 —from the spring;
 And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
 Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as
 its wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battle-
 mented tower,
 Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag
 and flower;
 The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence
 of health
 Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth:
 The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow
 to dip,
 And woo the water to depose some bloom upon
 the lip;
 The wounded warrior dragged him towards the
 unforgotten tide,
 And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than
 triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid
 and the saint,
 And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments
 grown faint
 Of those old ruins into which, for monuments, had
 sunk
 The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the
 monarch and the monk.
 So far into the heights of God the mind of man
 has ranged,
 It learned a lore to change the earth—it's very
 self it changed
 To some more bright intelligence; yet still the
 springs endure,
 The same fresh fountains, but become more pre-
 cious to the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire
 to erect
 For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them
 to protect;
 Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
 That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in
 the hall—
 And while night, noon, or morning meal no other
 plenty brings,
 No beverage than the water-draught from old,
 spontaneous springs;
 They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield
 from day to day,
 One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take
 away.

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

Come—pledge again thy heart and hand—
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
 Our watchword be—"Our native land"—
 Our motto—"Love for ever."
 And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me*;
 And we for one another.

Behold how green the gallant stem
 On which the flower is blowing;
 How in one heavenly breeze and beam
 Both flower and stem are glowing.
 The same good soil, sustaining both,
 Makes both united flourish;
 But cannot give the Orange growth,
 And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flow'r
 Will vainly strive to cherish;
 The stem blooms on—but in that hour
 The flower begins to perish.
 Regard them, then, of equal worth
 While lasts their genial weather;
 The time's at hand when into earth
 The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
 Our party feelings blended;
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
 On both shall have descended.
 Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me*;
 And—we for one another.

OUR COURSE.

We looked for guidance to the *blind*!
 We sued for counsel to the *dumb*!
 Fling the vain fancy to the wind—
Their hour is past and *ours* is come;
 They gave, in that propitious hour,
 Nor kindly look nor gracious tone;
 But Heaven has not denied us pow'r
 To do their duty, and our own.

And is it true that tyrants throw
 Their shafts among us steeped in gall?
 And every arrow, swift or slow,
 Points foremost still, ascent or fall?
 Still sure to wound us, though the aim
 Seem ta'en remotely, or amiss?
 And men with spirits feel no shame
 To brook so dark a doom as this?

Alas! the nobles of the land
 Are like our long-deserted halls;
 No living voices, clear and grand,
 Respond when foe or freedom calls.
 But ever and anon ascends
 Low moaning, when the tempest rolls—
 A tone that desolation lends
 Some crevice of their ruined souls!

So be it—yet shall we prolong
 Our prayers, when deeds would serve our need?
 Or wait for woes, the swift and strong
 Can ward by strength or 'scape by speed?
 The vilest of the vile of earth
 Were nobler than our proud array,
 If, suffering bondage from our birth,
 We will not burst it when we may.

And has the bondage not been borne
 Till all our softer nature fled—
 Till tyranny's dark tide had worn
 Down to the stubborn rock its bed?
 But if the current, cold and deep,
 That channel through all time retain,
 At worst, by heaven! it shall not sweep
Unruffled o'er our hearts again!

Up for the land!—'tis ours—'tis ours!
 The proud man's sympathies are all
 Like silvery clouds, whose faithless show'rs
 Come frozen to hailstones in their fall.
 Our freedom and the sea-bird's food
 Are hid beneath deep ocean waves,
 And who should search and sound the flood
 If not the sea-birds and the slaves?

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
 Too long have fallen in vain—

Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gathered grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
 The lightning, in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 Shall flash to scathe the Saxon pow'r,
 But melt the links our long, long show'r
 Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress,
 To make a *thing of time*—
 The tyranny we can repress—
Eternal by our dastardness,
 Were crime—or worse than crime!
 And we, whose *best* and *worst* was shame,
 From first to last, alike,
 May take, at length, a loftier aim,
 And struggle, since it is the same
 To *suffer*—or to *strike*.

What hatred of perverted might
 The cruel hand inspires
 That robs the linnet's eye of sight,
 To make it sing both day and night!
 Yet thus they robbed our sires,
 By blotting out the ancient lore
 Where every loss was shown—
 Up with the flag! we stand before
 The Saxons of the days of yore
 In Saxons of our own.

Denial met our just demands,
 And hatred met our love;
 Till now, by heaven! for grasp of hands
 We'll give them clash of battle-brands,
 And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
 And may the Saxon stamp his heel
 Upon the coward's front
 Who sheathes his own unbroken steel
 Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
 Who forced us to the brunt!

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

BORN 1798—DIED 1854.

[Thomas Crofton Croker, the son of Major Croker of the 38th Regiment of Foot, was born in Buckingham Square, Cork, on the 15th of January, 1798. In 1813 young Croker, by the advice of his relative Sir William Dillon, was placed in a counting-house; yet he found time to take occasional rambles in company with a Quaker gentleman of tastes similar to his own, making sketches as they went. It was in these excursions that he gained that intimate knowledge of the people, their

ideas, traditions, and tales, which he was afterwards destined to turn to such good account. The first literary effort of his that attracted attention was a poem translated from the Irish which appeared in the *Morning Post*, the poet Crabbe, amongst others, being favourably impressed with the merit of these verses. To Tom Moore, who at this time was collecting airs for his songs, Croker supplied a great number; which service the poet gratefully acknowledged.

In 1817 we find Croker exhibiting as an artist in the Fine Art Exhibition of his native city. As an artist, too, he took a place in the *Literary Examiner*, a periodical which had a short-lived existence in Cork.¹ In this publication it was Irish antiquities which worthily furnished subjects for his pencil.

On his father's death in 1818 he bade farewell to his native country and proceeded to London, and at once received an appointment in the admiralty from his well-known namesake, John Wilson Croker. Three years afterwards he visited Ireland, and the result was the production, in 1824, of his *Researches in the South of Ireland*. This work was modestly represented by the author as merely an arrangement of notes made during several excursions in the south of Ireland. An eminent critic, less diffident than Croker, states that the "volume contains a large amount of valuable information respecting the manners and superstitions of the Irish peasantry, scenery, architectural remains, &c." *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* appeared in 1825. This work sold so rapidly that in a few days the first edition was disposed of, and Mr. Murray, the publisher, advised his departure for Ireland forthwith, as the author put it, "to glean the remainder of the fairy legends and traditions which he suspected were still to be found lurking among its glens." Mr. Croker tells us he started from London with a determination to make the acquaintance of O'Donoghue's shade on May morning at sunrise, and "till the day previous to that fixed on for our personal introduction, making the most of my time in hunting up and bagging all the old 'gray superstitions' I could fall in with."

In 1828 *Legends of the Lakes*, a new arrangement of *A Tour to the Lakes*, which had been published in 1825, appeared, followed by *Daniel O'Rourke*. This tale met with great success, and during the same year was translated into both French and German. Mr. Croker was a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and

in the year 1828 he was elected president. *Barney Mahoney, My Village versus Our Village*, both of which appeared in 1832, though published in Croker's name, were, we are told by his son, written by his wife; she, with wifely affection, insisting that the stories should be put to the credit of her husband.

Mr. Croker took an active part in the formation of two literary associations, namely, the Camden Society, founded in 1839, and the Percy Society in 1840; and *Historical Songs of Ireland, with an Introduction and Notes by T. Crofton Croker*, formed part of the third year's issue by the former of those two learned bodies.

The Popular Songs of Ireland appeared in 1839. The *Naval and Military Gazette* describes this book as "a publication of real value as illustrative of the past and present condition, both mental and moral, of the most singular people of the world." So much for the critic's opinion of the "ancient race." *The Memoir of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in '98*, edited from the original MS. in the possession of Sir William Bentham, next appeared, and "is wild, eccentric, and adventurous," says the *New Monthly Magazine*, "as the adventures of an Irish rebel ought to be." "We heartily recommend the general and his editor, whose notes are copious and interesting," says the *Athenæum*. In 1844 the *Tour of M. Boullaye le Gouz through Ireland* was published. Mr. Croker also contributed sixteen drawings to the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Ireland*. An *Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick*, from a manuscript in the possession of Lord Brooke, published as the May issue for 1848 of the Percy Society—and a lost play, supposed to be the production of Massinger, also issued by the same society in 1849—were both edited by Mr. Croker.

"Yet, with all these pursuits," says his biographer, "literary, scientific, antiquarian, and pictorial, Mr. Crofton Croker has obtained the character of being a good man of business, and an active, intelligent, and efficient officer of the admiralty. Literature and art may be considered merely as the playthings used by him wherewith to relax his mind from the strain of the duties of office, and yet how much has perseverance and industry effected with such noble toying."

Mr. Croker retired from his official post in 1850 on a pension of £580 a year. Four years afterwards he died at his residence in Gloucester Road, Old Brompton, London, on the

¹ For a sketch of his of Sunday's Well, Cork, Father Prout wrote the verses:

"In yonder well there lurks a spell,
It is a fairy font;
Croker himself, poetic elf,
Might fitly write upon 't.

"The summer day of childhood gay
Was spent beside it often;
I loved its brink, so did, I think,
Maginn, Maclise, and Crofton.

"There is a trace time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim."

8th of August, 1854, aged fifty-six, and was buried in the Brompton Cemetery. An interesting memoir, on which we have drawn largely, by his son, Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, is prefixed to Tegg's edition of his *Fairy Legends*.]

THE SOUL CAGES.

(FROM "FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.")

Jack Dogherty lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where anybody could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such-like things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any ganuet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! everybody knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured, jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle

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of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea-gulls for next-door neighbours. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses of the country with the *Godsends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy in her own quiet way bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow that, only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half-hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a

hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea-gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day before he got to the point whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honour knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if

my mother had only reared me on brandy, 'tis myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing! he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," said Jack, "since your honour lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honour has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world. On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honour has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curiosity* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt-sea ocean? Sure, I'd be smothered and choked up with the water; to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pin-keen*? Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he

and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow: "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you'll see what you'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles, as he thought, below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with travelling so fast through the water. He looked about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" said the Merrow: "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humoured grin; "but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along and let's see what they've got for us to eat!"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine cellar, well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheds, and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty? Eh! may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never the doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the country on a fast-day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and sturgeons, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds, were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then, taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honour's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd that as long as we've been acquainted I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone

better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring."

Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

"Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob;
Dumdoo doodle coo,
Rattle tattle chittibob!"

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-a-days.

At length said he to Jack, "Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I'll show you my *curo-sities!*" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster-pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

"Well, Jack, how do you like my *curo-sities?*" said old Coo.

"Upon my *sowkins*, sir," said Jack, "they're mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster-pots are?"

"Oh! the Soul Cages, is it?"

"The what? sir?"

"These things here that I keep the souls in."

"*Arrah!* what souls, sir?" said Jack in amazement; "sure, the fish have got no souls in them?"

"Oh! no," replied Coo, quite coolly, "that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors."

"The Lord preserve us from all harm!" muttered Jack, "how in the world did you get them?"

"Easily enough: I've only, when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for

them, poor souls, to get into such good quarters?"

Jack was so thunderstruck he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room, and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then, as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

"Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, "but take a *duc an durrus* before you go; you've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way!"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you came down in; and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Feascor* was seen dimly twinkling in the clondless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster-pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to

get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day-dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place. The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good morrow, Jack," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the daylight."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready, they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack, thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy, and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'Tis to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster-pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *poteen*, as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then, is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet; I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at

him for having no better head, telling him he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Anything in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last says he, "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *poteen*?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," says Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 'tis not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *poteen* was the right sort. It was first-rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted: he drank and he sung *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again; and he laughed and he danced, till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was as still as a churchyard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priests had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or the air. Having now done all that he could do for them he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right, the wrong way; but when he got out he found the water so high over his head that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught

hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done.

But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na-helah* on the table before her,—“Here’s a pretty job!” said she; “that blackguard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they’ve been drinking all the *potteen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honour.” Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table. “The blessed Virgin help me,” shouted she, “if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I’ve often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink! Oh hone, oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast!”

With such-like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack awakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for ’twas many a good man’s case; said it all came of his not being used to the *potteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world,

and no one, perhaps, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack’s throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another, still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

(FROM “FAIRY LEGENDS.”)

The lord of Dunkerron—O’Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, ’tis said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hushed to
repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O’er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essay’d
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander’d and watch’d by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O’Sullivan’s bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth:
Then smiled; and abash’d as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O’Sullivan felt ’twas the dawning of love,
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought, through the fierce rush of waters,
their caves;

The gloom of whose depths, studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wreck conceal'd and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain
pursued;
Who flies must be follow'd ere she can be woo'd.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading
strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment! and lightly the
breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the
trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly-born isle
Softly faded away from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and
green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the
storm;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seem'd but a region of sunshine and balm.

"Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!

Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

"Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath:
One cause can detain me—one only—'tis death!"

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the
flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would
explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in
vain!—

For see all around, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
And grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief:
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

EDWARD WALSH.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1850.

[The career of Edward Walsh was a singularly sad one. Endowed with high poetic talent, he passed nearly all his days as that most ill-paid of drudges—a schoolmaster; and his life, which might have been long and rich in literary production, was cut off abruptly in his forty-fifth year. His father, a county Cork man and a small farmer, had, under the pressure of want, joined the militia; and while the regiment was stationed at Londonderry, Edward was born (1805). The militiaman having doffed his uniform on the disbandment of the corps, returned to Cork, and here his son received a good education. He devoted a great deal of time and attention to the Irish language; and, partly from books

and partly from intercourse with persons who could speak it, he became thoroughly acquainted with the ancient tongue. The knowledge thus acquired exercised great influence over his career; for it was in translating poems from the Irish that Walsh chiefly gained his poetic reputation. While engaged at various places as tutor or schoolmaster he produced a number of translations and poems. These, finding their way into the periodicals of the day, attracted the attention of men of intelligence, and gained for the poet the friendship of Charles Gavan Duffy, who procured him the post of sub-editor of the *Dublin Monitor*. Here at last was release from the hideous din of the schoolroom: here was the prospect of such

work as a man of a strong literary turn might most willingly accept. But the interiors of newspaper offices are very different from the pictures which float before the fancies of inexperienced aspirants to journalistic occupation; and the duties of a sub-editor are frequently of a mechanical much more than of a literary character. Such was, in all probability, the discovery which Walsh soon made; but whatever the cause, the fact is that he gave up the position. He was then engaged in some fugitive literary work, and collected a number of his own poems and translations, which afterwards appeared under the title of *Jacobite Poetry*. When next we meet Walsh he is engaged in tasks far different; and not only is he back again at the old occupation of teaching, but he is so engaged under circumstances as drear as can possibly be imagined—he is a schoolmaster on Spike Island! Here it was that there occurred the interview between him and John Mitchel, of which the latter has given a touching account in his *Jail Journal*:—"A tall gentleman-like person in black but rather over-worn clothes, came up to me and grasped my hands with every demonstration of reverence. I knew his face, but could not at first remember who he was—he was Edward Walsh, author of *Mo Craoibhin Oho*, and other sweet songs, and of some very musical translations from Irish ballads. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me he had contrived to get an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with me before I should leave Ireland. I asked him what he was doing in Spike Island, and he told me he had accepted the office of teacher to a school they kept here for small convicts—a very wretched office, indeed, and to a shy, sensitive creature like Walsh it must be daily torture. He stooped down and kissed my hands. 'Ah!' he said, 'you are now the man in all Ireland most to be envied.' I answered that I thought there might be room for difference of opinion about that: and then after another kind word or two, being warned by my turnkey, I bid farewell, and retreated into my own den. Poor Walsh! He has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits; ruin has been on his tracks for years, and I think has him in the wind at last. There are more contented galley-slaves moiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

The gloomy prophecies of Mitchel were realized; for, not long after this interview between the two—in the August of 1850—

poor Walsh's earthly troubles were all over. At the time of his death he was schoolmaster in the Cork workhouse. Seven years after he had ceased to live, a graceful monument to his memory was raised by a number of the working-men of Cork. He has left two volumes of poetical translations from the Irish, with the original text. Some of the most popular of these are appended. A memoir of Walsh in the *Irishman* has supplied us with the greater part of the materials for our sketch.]

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.¹

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,
And Love my only theme;
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like *Brighidin ban mo store*.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove—
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
As is her breast of love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For *Brighidin ban mo store*.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song—
It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long!
But that doth rest beneath thy breast
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My *Brighidin ban mo store*.

AILEEN THE HUNTRESS.²

Fair Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young bride,
Forsakes her chaste pillow with matronly pride,
And calls forth her maidens (their number was
nine)

To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the kine.

¹ *Brighidin ban mo store* is, in English, *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper name Bright, or Bride, signifies a *fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland—*Walsh*.

² The incident related in the above ballad happened about the year 1731. Aileen, who is celebrated in the traditions of the people for her love of hunting, was the wife of James O'Connor of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson of David, the founder of the *Siot-t Da*, a well-known sept at this day in Kerry.—*Walsh*.

They came at her bidding, in kirtle and gown,
And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and brown,
And form like the palm-tree, and step like the
fawn,
And bloom like the wild rose that circled the
bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane of Ard-
fert—

As the white hind of Brandon by young reos
begirt—

As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars out-
hug—

Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.

Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons may
wear,

Strayed ringletted tresses of beautiful hair;

They wav'd on her fair neck, as darkly as though
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Mangerton's
snow!

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs of speed,
So tall in their stature, so pure in their breed;
While the maidens awake, to the new-milk's soft
fall,

A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud hall.

As the milk came outpouring, and the song came
outsung,

O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red-deer out-
sprung,

Then cheer'd the fair lady—then rush'd the mad
hound—

And away with the wild stag in air-lifted bound!

The gem-fastened *falluinn*¹ is dash'd on the bawn—
One spring o'er the tall fence—and Aileen is gone!
But morning's rous'd echoes to the deep dells pro-
claim

The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and the
dame!

By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moorland
and height,

The red-deer shapes downward the rush of his
flight—

In sunlight his antlers all-gloriously flash,
And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress dash!

By Sliabh-Mis now winding (rare hunting I ween!)
He gains the dark valley of Scota the queen,
Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted grave,
When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood of the
brave!²

By Coill-Cuaigh's³ green shelter, the hollow rocks
ring—

Coill-Cuaigh, of the euckoo's first song in the
spring,

Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-scenting
spray—

God's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy
decay!

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously won,

Now the towers of the island⁴ gleam bright in the
sun,

And now Ceall-an Amanach's portals are pass'd,

Where headless the Desmond found refuge at last!⁵

By Ard-na greach⁶ mountain, and Avonmore's
head,

To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting deer fled—

Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread banners of
pride,

And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously died!

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless, and pale,
Her raven locks streaming all wild in the gale;
She stops—and the breezes bring balm to her
brow—

But wolf-dog and wild deer, oh! where are they
now?

On Réidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla,⁷ by Avonmore's well,
His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer fell,
And o'er him the brave hounds all gallantly died,
In death still victorious—their fangs in his side.

'Tis evening—the breezes beat cold on her breast,
And Aileen must seek her far home in the west;
Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-wreaths
are chill,

O'er the red-deer and tall-dogs that lie on the hill!
Whose harp at the banquet told distant and wide,
This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young bride?
O'Daly's—whose guerdon tradition hath told,
Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful gold!

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

FROM THE IRISH.

Once I bloom'd a maiden young;
A widow's woe now moves my tongue;
My true-love's barque ploughs ocean's spray,
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus—

Oh! had I worlds I'd yield them now,
To place me on his tall barque's prow,
Who was my choice through childhood's day,
Over the hills and far away!

¹ *Falluinn*—the Irish mantle.

² Sliabh-Mis, in Kerry, where Scota, an Egyptian princess, and the relict of Milesius, was said to have been slain in battle, 1300 years before the Christian era.

³ *Coill-Cuaigh*,—the Wood of the Cuckoo—now a bleak desolate moor.

⁴ Castle Island—the stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

⁵ It was in this churchyard that the headless remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, were privately interred.

⁶ *Ard-na Greach*—the Height of the Spoils or Armies.

⁷ The Plain of the Earl's House.

Oh! may we yet our lov'd one meet,
With joy-bells' chime and wild drums' beat;
While summoning war-trump sounds dismay,
Over the hills and far away!

Oh! had I worlds, &c.

Oh! that my hero had his throne,
That Erin's cloud of care were flown,
That proudest prince would own his sway,
Over the hills and far away!

Oh! had I worlds, &c.

My bosom's love, that prince afar,
Our king, our joy, our orient star;
More sweet his voice than wild bird's lay,
Over the hills and far away!

Oh! had I worlds, &c.

A high green hill I'll quickly climb,
And tune my heart in song sublime,
And chant his praise the live-long day,
Over the hills and far away!

Oh! had I worlds, &c.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.¹

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the southern side
Of Choe-Maol-Donn,²

Where Capa-chuinn hath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-mhor's³ waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,

Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?

Or measur'd pace thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,

When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue—

¹ *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*, but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid*.

² A lofty mountain between the counties of Tipperary and Waterford.

³ The Blackwater.

Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,

Mo craoibhin cno!

And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!

And Lene's green bowers—

I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers—

Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,

Mo craoibhin cno!

With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.⁴

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice 'mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest;
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
Than the *ceanabhan*⁵ whiter;
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the *monadan*⁶ brighter;
But death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

⁴ This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.—*Walsh*.

⁵ A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton and as white as snow.

⁶ The red berry of a creeping plant found on wild marshy mountains.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain—
For this good *skian* beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden:
Such rich silks enrob'd not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—
Alas! that he e'er proved
Her treason's avenger!
That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting;
But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1852.

[William Thompson, author of *The Natural History of Ireland*, was the son of a linen merchant of Belfast, in which city he was born on 2nd November, 1805. During his early youth he followed the business of his father, devoting all his leisure moments to reading and mental culture, and from boyhood evidencing a thoughtful turn of mind, and a taste for books of a solid and useful character. A copy of *Bewick's Birds* which fell into his hands probably aroused that desire for the study of natural history which afterwards developed into the conception and execution of the great work of his life. After conducting business on his own account for some years he abandoned merchandise for the more congenial pursuit of science. In 1826 he became a member of the Natural History Society of his native town, and won some notoriety by a number of articles on various subjects connected with his favourite study, which appeared in the leading scientific magazines of the day. In 1832 he commenced the systematic collection and arrangement of specimens of the Irish fauna, and when this purpose became widely known he received much assistance and information from all parts of Ireland. On the retirement of Dr. Drummond in 1843, Mr. Thompson succeeded him as president of the Natural History Society, which position he retained until his death. He regularly contributed papers, embracing a wide range of subjects, to the learned societies of England

and Scotland, his researches extending over all the departments of zoology, botany, and many other branches of natural history.

In order to obtain the relaxation rendered necessary by his close attention to scientific investigation, and at the same time to develop a more extensive knowledge, Mr. Thompson paid an annual visit to London, where he sought the society of men of similar tastes to his own. In 1840 he read a paper on the Vertebrata of Ireland before the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, and in the following year accompanied his friend Mr. Forbes, who, in the capacity of naturalist, proceeded in her Majesty's ship *Beacon* for the purpose of making a survey of the island of Candia. During this voyage Mr. Thompson wrote his interesting account of the migratory birds seen between Malta and the Morea, which appeared afterwards in the appendix to *The Birds of Ireland*. The remaining years of his life were chiefly occupied in the preparation of his great work, occasional productions from his pen also appearing in Dr. W. H. Harvey's *Phycologia Britannica*. About this time also he contributed to the *Annals of Natural History* the well-known papers on the Irish fauna. The first volume of *The Natural History of Ireland* appeared in 1849, and was followed by the second in 1850, and the third in 1851. In February, 1852, Mr. Thompson visited London to make arrangements for a meeting in Belfast of the British Association, of which he had

been appointed vice-president. Though ailing when he left home, he apprehended no immediate danger, but in London he suddenly changed for the worse, and expired on the 17th of February, 1852. The members of the society over which he had so long presided added a memorial room to their museum, and in the "Thompson Room" was deposited the private collection he had bequeathed to them. He had also made provision for the publication of the fourth and last volume of his *Natural History*, by desiring the materials to be handed to his friends Messrs. Patterson and Garrett, and under the editorship of the former the work was completed and published in 1856, together with a memoir, from which are selected the principal facts contained in this sketch.]

THE MAGPIE.

(FROM "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

Magpies are very generally persecuted with us on account of their evil propensities. One friend complains that his garden has suffered much from their depredations on cherries and other fruit; another, that the eggs of game, &c., are greatly destroyed by them:—their propensity for eggs is taken advantage of for their destruction, and they become victims to the trap baited with those of our domestic fowl. Grain, too, they certainly consume, but their numbers are not anywhere so great as to do much injury to it. That they do considerable good I have had positive evidence from an examination of the contents of their stomachs (supplied me by bird-preservers) at various times, but particularly in winter; when almost every one contained insects (chiefly *Coleoptera*), or the remains of mice and slugs (the internal shell of these, constituting the genus *Limacellus*, Brard., only remaining), mixed with which occasionally appeared oats and other grain. In winter, the magpie, as well as others of the *Corvidæ*, is of great service to the public, by resorting in numbers to such meadows as are manured with the offensive refuse of the slaughter-house, and feeding on the tit-bits. On the 1st of Sept. 1847, I was interested in observing one of these handsome birds perched on a tall rowan or mountain-ash tree, close to Holywood House, picking off and eating the ripe scarlet berries as eagerly as any of the thrush genus could have done. On mentioning the circumstance to my friends resident

there, they remarked, that in former years several of these birds were seen perched at the same time in this tree, when the berries were ripe, though no attention was given to whether they were feeding on them or not; judging from what I observed they doubtless were so.

By the late George Matthews, Esq., I was informed that a trustworthy warrener at Springvale, county of Down (the seat of his grandfather, Major Matthews), assured him that he once saw a magpie fly some distance out to sea with a stoat or weasel fastened to it, when he, with some other men, launched a boat and followed to observe the issue. They found the magpie lying dead upon the water. The quadruped had disappeared, and as they conjectured, had been drowned; but Mr. Matthews thought it might have made its way ashore, as he had often seen these animals swim admirably. Montagu, in the supplement to his *Ornithological Dictionary*, mentions his having been witness to a weasel killing a carrion-crow on the ground, the latter being in the first instance the aggressor.

Once, in the month of May, when driving between Larne and Glenarm, I was surprised to observe a lesser black-backed gull (*Larus fuscus*) hovering very low over, and making a stoop at a ditch-bank near the road. On looking attentively, however, a magpie was discovered changing its position from whatever side of the bush the gull hovered over, to the other side. After a short time the gull took its departure, and then the magpie flew along the bank with some whitish-coloured object in its bill. The gull returned and played the same part over again, as the magpie likewise did; the object of the latter, from the commencement, being evidently to conceal itself from the gull's observation. On seeing the food in the magpie's bill I had no doubt of its being the gull's prey, which having been accidentally dropped, was carried off by the magpie, whose thievish cunning it was amusing to witness, though I pitied the honest sea-bird for being thus gulled.

Magpies are so bold as apparently, through mere wantonness, to persecute birds that would seem to be more than a match for them: the beautiful kestrel or windhover they occasionally annoy. Towards the peregrine falcon they dare hardly show any impertinence, but the curiosity which I once saw exhibited by a pair of them towards a bird of this species was highly amusing. A trained falcon at Fort William, near Belfast, on being given its



JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

After the Portrait by T. WAGEMAN

liberty, alighted, after taking a few circuits through the air, in a small tree, where first one, and then another magpie, likewise perched, without exhibiting the least fear, and with the intention only, to all appearance, of examining it more closely. They gradually approached until almost touching the hawk; one indeed seemed to strike it, immediately after which they both flew to a tree close by, and commenced an incessant chattering. This was continued so earnestly for some time that it could be nothing less than a discussion upon the merits of the strange bird. When in the tree with the hawk they maintained a respectful silence. At the same place a tame magpie and a sheep of a peculiar variety, whose fleece hung nearly to the ground, were great friends, and generally associated together. The favourite perch of the bird was on the back of

the sheep, which animal became innocently a receiver of stolen goods, as the magpie concealed his pilferings in the thick wool of its body. It sometimes hopped after the sheep, biting at its legs; and, through mischief, or a natural carnivorous propensity, was very partial to pecking at the bare heels of beggars who came about the house, very much, as may be supposed, to their annoyance. Here, also, two magpies were proficient in talking. One, without any teaching, learned all the phrases of a parrot kept in a neighbouring cage. The other was taught several words and short sentences by their being repeated to it by its master; the most comical perhaps of which was "pretty-poll," as passing strangers, on hearing the well-known words, turned round to look at the parrot, and saw only impudent "mag" instead.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BORN 1784 — DIED 1862.

[James Sheridan Knowles, dramatic author, actor, schoolmaster, and lecturer, was born in Anne Street, Cork, on the 12th of May, 1784. His family were noted for talent of a high order. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was his second cousin, and his father, James Knowles, a schoolmaster, was author of the *New Expositor*, and of an at one time well-known and highly popular edition of *Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary*. In 1793, when Sheridan Knowles was only nine years old, his father removed to London. In the school at which he was placed he had a remarkable foretaste of the dramatic victories he was afterwards destined to achieve. It was usual at this school to produce annually a play, and the poetic talent Knowles had already displayed led to his being unanimously selected as the author for his year. The play was written; a number of the pupils took parts; and its success was so great that on their return from their holidays the companions of the young dramatist would not suffer it to be forgotten; and during the long winter evenings it was frequently performed before a sincerely admiring audience.

Stimulated by the appreciation of his companions Knowles continued to write, and at fourteen he published an opera entitled *The Chevalier de Grillon*, *The Welsh Harper*, a ballad, *The Spanish Story*, a tragedy, and *Hersila*,

a drama. The precocious genius soon gained recognition from men of talent, and Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt became his intimate friends. The latter he styled his "mental father," and the knowledge he gained from this clever critic on literary matters well justified the name. In 1808 he visited Dublin, where he determined to become an actor, rightly concluding that to be a perfect dramatist he must be well acquainted with the practical business of the stage. The Le Fanus, to whom he was related, opposed his resolve; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose, and he made his first appearance in Crow Street Theatre, Dublin. As has happened to so many theatrical aspirants, the nervousness and awkwardness of the debutant were so great that he completely failed. He nevertheless determined to persevere, and in the same year we hear of him acting successfully in Waterford in company with Edmund Kean. Here he sustained characters in tragedy, comedy, and opera—the latter he was peculiarly fitted for, as to his other gifts nature had added a sweet voice. On a tour through Ireland with this company he wrote a number of poems, which on his return to Waterford he published by subscription. These were appropriately called *Fugitive Pieces*, and he hoped to reap a little pecuniary advantage from their sale, his finances

being in anything but a flourishing condition. At this time also he wrote a play called *Leo, or the Gypsy*, in which Edmund Kean played the principal part with great success. This would have seemed sufficient inducement to keep him with the company; but he bade good-bye for a while to the stage, went to Belfast, where his father had a school, and became his assistant as a teacher of grammar and elocution.

With the leisure which this comparatively quiet life brought him his passion for dramatic composition returned, and under the title *Brian Borohme*—a name well calculated to warm every Irish heart—he brought out a play at the Belfast Theatre in 1815. It met with an enthusiastic reception. Encouraged by this he soon after produced *Caius Gracchus*, which also proved successful. Acting under encouraging suggestion from Edmund Kean he set to work on a third drama, and the result was his great tragedy *Virginius*. This was first produced before a Glasgow audience, where it ran for fifteen nights, and in 1820 it was performed at Covent Garden.

The fame of Knowles was now established, and at thirty-six he found all his most ambitious dreams realized. He worked on, however, and did not relax in the slightest his care in composition. His *William Tell*, which appeared at Drury Lane in 1825, was a sample of this, and fully maintained his well-won reputation. In 1823 *Caius Gracchus*, first presented—as has been already said—to the public in Belfast, appeared at the same theatre. In both these dramas Macready took the principal parts. In 1828 appeared *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, followed by *Alfred the Great*, played at Drury Lane in 1831, and *The Hunchback*, played at Covent Garden in 1832. In 1833 at the latter theatre was produced *The Wife, A Tale of Mantua*, and at the former *The Daughter*, in 1836. In *The Hunchback* and *The Wife* Sheridan Knowles himself took the principal parts; thus supporting at the same time his fame as author and actor. About this time he made a tour through the United Kingdom, visiting the principal theatres, and everywhere adding to his laurels.

In the course of his wanderings he passed through his birthplace, the lovely and literary city of Cork. Here his townsmen gave him an enthusiastic reception, and his progress on this occasion has been compared to that of a victorious monarch. In 1836 he visited America, where, acting in his own plays, he

everywhere met with the most flattering welcome, especially from the Irish settlers, who were proud of a countryman whose genius acted as a spell upon entranced thousands. The great excitement and fatigue consequent upon this journey told heavily upon his health, and on his return home he was forced to give up the stage.

His dramatic works, besides those already mentioned, were, *The Love Chase*, 1837; *Woman's Wit*, 1838; *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, 1838; *Love*, 1839; *John of Procida*, 1840; *Old Maids*, 1841; *The Rose of Arragon*, 1842; *The Secretary*, 1843. In the last year was published a collected edition of his dramatic works, which appeared in revised form in two volumes, 1856. Mr. Knowles in his retirement produced two novels, *Fortescue* and *George Lovell*, which were published in 1847. At this period of his life religious topics specially engaged his attention, and as controversy is unfortunately the usual outlet for piety with our nation, he presented to the public *The Rock of Rome*, in 1849, and *The Idol Demolished* in 1851, the latter being in answer to a work by Cardinal Wiseman. From 1847 to 1849 Mr. Knowles did good service as a lecturer on the drama and oratory, and in the latter year his long literary services were rewarded by a pension of £200 a year from the civil list. During the latter part of his life he resided in Scotland, and ultimately became a Baptist preacher, in which calling he continued till his death. That event took place in Torquay, where he had gone for his health, on December 1st, 1862. His plays have received high commendation from the best dramatic critics, but there is stronger testimony to the merits of the dramas of Sheridan Knowles than the eulogies of critics, however great. That is the fact that still, years after the author, and the fashions and ideas of his time, have passed away, his works occupy an honoured place on the stage, and supply to actors and actresses of eminence some of their most popular parts.]

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

(FROM "VIRGINIUS.")

[Appius is a Roman decemvir, Claudius his friend. They plot to get Virginia in their power while her father Virginius and her betrothed husband Icilius are absent. Their plot almost succeeds, when her uncle Numi-

torius demands that she shall be given into his safe-keeping till her father, whom he has sent for, arrives. A time is fixed for this, and should her father fail to appear Virginia is to be given into the hands of the tyrant.]

NUMITORIUS'S House.

Enter NUMITORIUS.—*VIRGINIA looks at him inquisitively for some time.*

Virginia. Not come! not come! I am sure of it! He will not come! Do you not think he'll come? Will not my father come? What think you, uncle?

Speak to me, speak—O give me any words, Rather than what looks utter!

Num. Be compos'd!
I hope he'll come!

Virginia. A little while ago
You were sure of it—from certainty to hope
Is a poor step. You hope he'll come—Onc hope,
One little hope to face a thousand fears!
Do you not know he'll come? O uncle, wherefore

Do you not know he'll come? Had I been you,
I had made sure of it.

Num. All has been done
That could be done.

Virginia. Poor all, that does so little!
One would imagine little needs be done
To bring a father to the succour of
His child! 'Tis near the time!

Num. It is, indeed!

Virginia. Must I go forth with you? Must I again

Be dragg'd along by Claudius, as his slave,
And none again to succour me? Icilius!
Icilius! Does your new betroth'd wife
Call on you, and you hear not? My Icilius!
Am I to be your wife, or Claudius' slave?
Where—where are you, Icilius!

ICILIUS, entering.

Icil. My Virginia!
What's to be done, my friend? 'tis almost time.

(*To Numitorius.*)

Virginia. I hear what you are saying—it is time—

O, who could have believed it, that Icilius
Should ever say 'twas time to yield me to
Another's claim—And will you give me up?
Can you devise no means to keep me from him?
Could we not fly?

(*Icilius looks earnestly at Numitorius, who fixes his eyes steadfastly on the ground: Icilius droops his head.*)

I see!—Your pledge
Must be redeem'd, although it cost you your
Virginia!

VIRGINIUS (without).

Vir. Is she here?

Virginia. Ah!

(*Shrieks and rushes into her father's arms, who enters at the moment.*)

Vir. My child! my child!

Virginia. I am! I feel I am! I know I am!
My father! my dear father. I despair'd
Of seeing you! You're come! and come in time.
And, O! how much the more in time, when hope
Had given you up. O! welcome, welcome foot,
Whose wish'd step is heard when least expected!

Vir. Brother! Icilius! thank you! thank you
—All

Has been communicated to me. Ay!
And would they take thee from me? Let them
try it!

You've ta'en your measures well—I scarce could
pass

Along, so was I check'd by loving hands
Ready to serve me—Hands with hearts in them!
So thou art Claudius' slave? And if thou art,
I'm surely not thy father! Blister'd villain!
You have warn'd our neighbours, have you not, to
attend

As witnesses? To be sure you have. A fool
To ask the question. Dragg'd along the streets,
too!

'Twas very kind in him to go himself
And fetch thee—such an honour should not pass
Without acknowledgment. I shall return it
In full! in full!

Num. Pray you be prudent, brother.

Virginia. Dear father, be advised—Will you
not, father?

Vir. I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life!

Virginia. You'll be advised, dear father?

Vir. It was her soul—her soul, that play'd just
then

About the features of her child, and lit them
Into the likeness of her own. When first
She plac'd thee in my arms—I recollect it
As a thing of yesterday!—she wish'd, she said,
That it had been a man. I answer'd her,

It was the mother of a race of men,
And paid her for thee with a kiss. Her lips
Are cold now—could they be but warm'd again,
How they would clamour for thee!

Virginia. My dear father!

You do not answer me! Will you not be advised?

Vir. I will not take him by the throat and
strangle him!

But I could do it! I could do it! Fear not:
I will not strike while any head I love
Is in the way. It is not now a time
To tell thee—but, would'st thou believe it!—
Honest

Siccus Dentatus has been murder'd by them!

Feil. Murder'd!

Num. Dentatus murder'd!

Virginia. O! how much
Have we to fear!

Vir. We have the less to fear!
I spread the news at every step—A fire
Is kindled, that will blaze at but a breath
Into the fiercest flame!

Num. 'Tis time. Let's haste
To the Forum.

Vir. Let the Forum wait for us!
Put on no show of fear, when villany
Would wrestle with you! It can keep its feet
Only with cowards! I shall walk along
Slowly and calmly, with my daughter thus
In my hand—though with another kind of gripe
Than that which Claudius gave her—Well, I say,
I'll walk along thus, in the eyes of Rome.
Go you before, and what appeal soo'er
You please, make you to rouse up friends. For me,
I shall be mute—my eloquence is here—
Her tears—her youth—her innocence—her
beauty!

If orators like these can't move the heart,
Tongues surely may be dumb.

Feil. A thousand hearts
Have spoke already in her cause!

Vir. Come on!
Fear not! it is your father's grasp you feel,
O, he'll be strong as never man was yet,
That takes thee from it. Come, Virginia;
We trust our cause to Rome and to the gods!
(*They go out.*)

The Forum.

Enter APPIUS and Lictors.

App. See you keep back the people! Use your
fasces
With firmer hands, or hearts. Your hands are
firm
Enough, would but your hearts perform their
office,
And leave your hands at liberty; not hang
Upon them with unseemly fears and clamours!
Look to it! Time! hadst thou the theme that I
have
For speed, thou wouldst not move this cripple's
gait:
But there's no urging thee, and thou wast ever
Dull fellow-traveller to young Impatience,
Dragging him back upon the road he pants
To end, but cannot run without thee.

Enter MARCUS, a friend of APPIUS.

Well?

Marc. News has arrived, that speaks as if Den-
tatus
Was murder'd by the order of your colleagues!
There's not a face I meet but lowers with it:

The streets are filled with thronging groups, that, as
I pass'd, grew silent, and look'd sullen round,
Then fell again to converse.

App. 'Tis ill-timed.

Marc. What say you, Appius?

App. Murder's ill-timed, I say,
Happen when 'twill: but now is most ill-timed,
When Rome is in a ferment, on account
Of Claudius, and this girl, he calls his slave;
For come when evil will, or how it will,
All's laid to our account! Look out and see
If Claudius be approaching yet.

(*Marcus goes out.*)

My wish,
Like an officious friend, comes out of time
To tell me of success. I had rather far
The plot had fail'd. The waves run high enough;
There needed not this squall on squall to raise
them

Above the present swell:
But such a haven,
If won, can never be too dearly won.

Marc. (*Entering.*) Claudius is here!

Enter CLAUDIUS.

App. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?

Claud. They are, and timely, too! The people
Are in unwonted ferment.

App. Marcus says
That news has come of old Dentatus' death;
Which, as I hear, and wonder not to hear it,
The mutinous citizens lay to our account!

Claud. That's bad enough; yet—

App. Ha! what's worse?

Claud. 'Tis best
At once to speak what you must learn at last,
Yet last of all would learn.

App. Virginius!

Claud. Yes!
He has arriv'd in Rome.

Marc. They are coming, Appius!

Claud. Fly, Marcus, hurry down the forees!
(*Marcus goes out.*)

Appius,
Be not o'erwhelm'd!

App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste!

APPIUS ascends the Tribunal.—*Enter NUMITOR-
IUS, VIRGINIUS leading his Daughter, SERVIA
her nurse, and CITIZENS.—A dead silence
prevails.*

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent

To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow,
In blank defiance both of gods and men,
Is bold enough to back the knave, whose tongue
Advanced the forged claim that stirs this suit
To compass the dishonour of my child—
For that's the game!—and now the trial's come,
Through shame or fear, has lost the power to wage
And ope the villain pleadings!

App. You had better,
Virginus, wear another kind of carriage:
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius,
tell me

The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so.—Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

Claud. Most noble Appius—

Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at
me,

And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?

Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless!

App. Keep back the people, lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave—Pro-
duce

Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—
(*Virginus, stepping forward to speak, is
withheld by Numitorius.*)

Num. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer
me

To speak.

Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me

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From speaking? Were't not better, brother, think
you,

To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can
Be silent. (*Retires.*)

Num. Will she swear she is her child?

Vir. (*Starting forward.*) To be sure she will—
a most wise question that!

Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginus,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginus. I shall take the woman's oath.

Virginia. Icilius!

Icil. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

App. (*To the Slave.*) You swear the girl's your
child,

And that you sold her to Virginus' wife,
Who pass'd her for her own? Is that your oath?

Slave. It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginus?

Vir. Here it is! (*Brings Virginia forward.*)
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it!
Here are the ears that listen'd to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy!—the hands, that when
The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
And never look'd so pleased, help'd her up to it,
And thanked the gods for her, and pray'd them
send

Blessing on blessing on her.—Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
Is most abortive then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginus.

App. Silence!—keep silence there! No more

of that!

You're ever ready for a tumult, citizens.

(*Troops appear behind.*)

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance.

We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,

And wish not for another!

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginius, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me,
I have: if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not,
Virginius; I have evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain!

Vir. Your hand, Virginia!

Stand close to me.

App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. (*Aside.*)

App. The justice
I should have done my client, unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. (*Aside.*)

App. Nay, Virginius,
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him,
Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun.

Friends! Fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client! his purveyor! that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons'
cheeks

With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help
him

To the honour of a Roman maid!—my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coil'd
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! Succour her! See her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one!

Tear her from Appius and his lictors, while
She is unstain'd. Your hands! your hands! your
hands!

Citizens. They're yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back!

Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icil. Down with the slaves!

(*The people make a show of resistance, but,
upon the advancing of the soldiers, retreat,
and leave Icilius, Virginius, and his Daughter,
&c, in the hands of Appius and his
party.*)

Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you!
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them all at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords!

Vir. Icilius, peace!

You see how 'tis! we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

App. Take Icilius hence; away with him!

Icil. Tyrant!—Virginia!

App. (*Icilius is forced off.*) Separate Virginius
and the girl!—Delay not, slaves.

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you,
Appius:

It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
She grasps me, Appius. Forcing them will hurt
them.

They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a
little:

You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time

To idle with thee; give her to my lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For ev'n so long a time. They that have liv'd
For such a space together, in so near
And dear society, may be allow'd
A little time for parting! Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, to confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that if you break it
So suddenly, my heart breaks with it!

App. Well, look to them, lictors!

Virginia. Do you go from me!

Do you leave me! Father! father!

Vir. No, my child;

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take
me with you?

Will you take me home again? O, bless you,
bless you!



DEATH OF VIRGINIA

My father, my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

(Virginius, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall with a knife upon it.)

Vir. This way, my Virginia! This way!

Virginia. Go we home?

Vir. Don't fear! Don't fear, I am not going to leave thee, my Virginia!

I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not

Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!

(Virginius seizes the knife.)

Well, have you done?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius;

But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, lictors!

(Virginia shrieks, and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.)

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!

(Kissing her.)

There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this—

(Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.)

Lo, Appius! with this innocent blood

I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is madden'd
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let
them: Thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[Goes out through the soldiers.]

THE RETURN OF LEONARDO.

(FROM "THE WIFE.")

[Leonardo Gonzaga, returning to his native city of Mantua after a long absence, meets an acquaintance, one Lorenzo, an advocate, who has been summoned from Rome by his uncle, a priest named Antonio, to defend the cause of a lady named Mariana. Her uncle, who is also her guardian, wishes to force her to marry

Count Florio, and has engaged all the legal talent in Mantua on his side. The trial is to take place before the Duke Ferrardo Gonzaga, and, Lorenzo's clerk in the suit having been assassinated, Leonardo offers to fill the vacant place.]

LEONARDO GONZAGA and LORENZO.

Leon. Your clerk, you said, opposing vain resistance,

The hot-brained robber slew. Suppose me him.

I have a smattering of his vocation,

A notion of the mystery of yours;

And I would hear, by their own lips recited,

This worthy priest and beauteous damsel's cause,
For reasons which—you smile?

Lor. A thought just cross'd me.

Leon. I know thy thought—'Tis wrong!—'Tis not the heat

Of youthful blood which prompts—You smile again?

Lor. Your pardon.—If I did, you have to thank
The quickness of your apprehension.

Leon. Mark me!—

I have loved my last—and that love was my first!

A passion like a seedling that did spring,

Whose germ the winds had set; of stem so fine,

And leaf so small, to inexperienced sight

It pass'd for nought,—until with swelling trunk,

And spreading branches, bowing all around,

It stood a goodly tree! Are you content?

This was my sadness, signor, which the sight

Of my dear native city briefly banished!

Which thy misgiving hath brought back again;

And which will be the clothing of my heart,

While my heart calls this breast of mine its house.

Lor. I pray you, pardon me!

Leon. I pray you, peace!

Time presses.—Once again, have confidence,

And take me with you to your uncle's home.

More than you credit me, I may bestead you.

Wilt take my hand?

Lor. I will!

Leon. Have with you, then!

[They go out.]

ANTONIO'S House.—Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. May it please you,

Two strangers, craving audience, wait below.

Antonio. Admit them!

'Tis my nephew! Worthy Pietro,

Have all in readiness, that we appear

Before the duke when cited.

[Pietro goes out.]

Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA and LORENZO.

So, Lorenzo!

Lor. Save you, my reverend uncle!

Antonio. Now a week
I've looked for you—but waive we explanations.
Thou'rt come!—and to the business that has
brought thee:—

I have possessed thee of the damsel's cause
In all its bearings—Art prepared to plead it?

Lor. I am, so please your reverence;—but, with
us,

That evidence is best which is direct.

That the Count Florio seeks the damsel's hand,—

That wills her guardian she bestow it on him,—

That she resists her uncle and the count,—

I know; but not the cause of her dissent.

Children to guardians should obedience pay;

A match, so lofty, warrants some enforcement,

Which, on slight grounds, should the maid
resist.

Ant. Ground know I none, save strong aversion.

Lor. Pray you
Vouchsafe us conference with the maid herself.

Her deposition shall this gentleman

That's come with me—my trusty clerk—set down.

Ant. I'll bring her to you;—but, I charge you,
boy,

You keep in mind you are her advocate;

For she, indeed, of those rare things of earth,

Which of the debt that's due to it, rob Heaven,

That men set earth before it, is the rarest!

Then guard thee, nephew!—rather with thine ears

And tongue discourse with her, than with thine
eyes,

Lest thou forget it was her cause, not she,

That summon'd thee to Mantua!

Lor. Fear me not!

[*Antonio goes out.*]

Leon. A service of some danger, it should seem,

Your reverend uncle has engaged you in;

And, by his pardon, for your safety uses

Means which your peril more enhance than lessen.

The soldier that is taught to fear his foe,

Is half o'ercome before he takes the field.

Lor. Is't from your own misgivings you doubt
me?

Leon. No!—as I said before, my heart is safe—

Love-proof, with love!—which, if it be not, signor,

A passion that can only once be felt—

Hath but one object—lives and dies with us—

And, while it lives, remains itself, while all

Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing!

I used to laugh at love, and deem it fancy.

My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes;

Whom scarce they found before I sought a new
one.

I wooed not then the beauty of the soul—

The passing loveliness which lodgeth there—

A world beyond the charms of face or form!

I found it! When or where—for weal or woe—

It matters not! I found it! wedded it!

Never to be divorced from that true love

Which taught me love, indeed!

Lor. You wedded it?—

Then was your passion blest?

Leon. No, signor, no!
Question no further, prithee! Here's your uncle!

Enter ANTONIO and MARIANA.

Ant. Lo, nephew! here's the maid,
To answer for herself!

Lor. (*To Leonardo.*) She's fair, indeed!
Description ne'er could give her out the thing,
One only glance avows her!—Prithee, look!

Leon. Show her to him who has not seen the
fairest!

Remember, signor, time's no gazer, but

A traveller, whose eye is on his road,

And feet in motion ever!—Noon's at hand!

Lor. I thank you. Note my questions—her
replies.

Your guardian—is he your relation too?

Mar. No,—would he were! That stay had
needs be strong,

Which failing, we've none other left to cling to.

Leon. Oh, music!—

Lor. What's the matter?

Leon. 'Twas a bird!—

Whose throat, for sweetness, beggars all the grove!

Yea, of its rich and famed minstrel makes

A poor and common chorister!

Lor. Hear *her*!

You'll have no ear for any other bird:

Look at her, and you'll have no ear for her,

Your tranced vision every other sense

Absorbing!—Gave you promise to the count?

Mar. None!

Lor. Nor encouragement?

Mar. Such as aversion

Gives to the thing it loathes!

Lor. Have you a vow

Or promise to another?—That were a plea

To justify rejection. You are silent.

And yet you speak—if blushes speak—and all

Confess they do. Come, come, I know you love!

Tell me, I pray, the story of your love!

That, th' reon, I may found my proper plea

To show your opposition not a thing

Of fantasy, caprice, or frowardness;

But such as all men should commend you for.

Prove it the joint result of heart and reason,

Each other's act approving. Was't in Mantua

You met?

Mar. No, signor, in my native land!

Lor. And that is—

Mar. Switzerland!

Lor. His country too?

Mar. No, signor, he belong'd to Mantua.

Lor. That's right!—You are collected and direct

In your replies. I dare be sworn your passion

Was such a thing, as by its neighbourhood

Made even piety and virtue richer

Than e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,

Thou know'st thy heart! Look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Thou fear'st so much to show.—I wait your answer.

How grew your passion?

Mar. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wander'd through our mountains. A long
time

His life was doubtful, signor, and he call'd
For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoked along with him.—
Thus 'gan our souls to mingle!

Lor. I perceive.
You mingled souls until you mingled hearts?
You loved at last.—Was't not the sequel, maid?

Mar. I lov'd indeed! If I but nursed a flower
Which, to the ground the rain and wind had
beaten,

That flow'r of all our garden was my pride!
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud; when, tending on him, still,
With hope that, baffled still, still lost not heart,
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day!

Lor. You loved, and were beloved?

Mar. To say I was,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pæcing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As nought remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct!
Then all again was action!—Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in gloomy mood discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour—
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

Lor. This spoke impediment! Or he was bound,
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity, too wide
For love itself to leap.

Mar. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was!—I wonder'd still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn arrived.
At length he talked of leaving us! At length,
He fix'd the parting day!—but kept it not—
How my heart bounded!—Then I knew how low
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank

When next he fix'd the day to go; and, then,
It sank, to bound no more! He went indeed!

Lor. To follow him, you came to Mantua?

Mar. What could I do but follow him, with whom
My heart had gone; and, with it, everything—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain—e'en my father, signor,—
Could I remain behind? That father found
His child was not at home; he loved me, signor,
And ask'd me one day whither we should go?
I said, "To Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua!—to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance, on him! perchance to hear
him,

To touch him!—never to be known to him,
Till he was told, perhaps, I died, his love.

Lor. I pray you, signor, how do you get on?
I see you play the woman well as I!

And, sooth to say, the eye were stone itself
From which her story could not call a tear!
How get you on? indite you word for word
As she delivers it? How's this!—The page
As blank as first you found it!—All our pains
Have gone to lose our time!

Leon. I have a gift
Of memory, signor, which belongs to few.
What once I hear, stands as a written page
Before me; which, if questioned, I could read
Letter for letter.—You shall have anon
The proof of this. I have a friend or two
I fain would snatch a word with—that despatch'd
I'll meet you at the duke's, and bring with me
The damsel's story, word for word set down,
And win your full content; or give you leave
To brand me an impostor, or aught else
A man should blush to pass for! Will you trust me?

Lor. I will.

Leon. You may, for you shall ne'er repent you.
I'll bring you aid you little count upon. (*Aside.*)
[*Goes out.*]

Ant. Daughter, come.
Some effort has it cost to tell your story,
But profit comes of it. Your cause is strong.
Your vows, which virtually are another's,
Heaven doth itself forbid you give the count!
Is't not so, nephew?

Lor. There I'll found the plea,
Which to the conscience of the duke I'll put.
Knows he whom, at his death—which I'm advised
Took place in Mantua—your father named
Your guardian—knows the commissary this,
Which thou hast now related?

Mar. Not from me.
My father's death was sudden.—Long time since!
He and the commissary were mere acquaintance.
What pass'd between them, save the testament
Which left me ward unto the commissary,
I am a stranger to.

Lor. Since you came hither
Have you seen him, for sake of whom you came?

Mar. No!

Lor. Nor hast clue direct, or indirect,
To find him out?

Mar. No, signor.

Lor. And how long
Have you sojourned in Mantua?

Mar. Two years.

Lor. And is your love the same?

Mar. Am I the same?

Lor. Such constancy should win a blessing.

Ant. Yes!

And strange as 'tis, what seems to us affliction
Is oft the hand that helps us to our wish.
So may it fall with thee—if Heaven approves!

[*They go out.*]

Hall of Justice in the Duke's Palace.

On one side BARTOLO, BERNARDO, CARLO, and
others; on the other, Lords and Ladies, &c. &c.

Bar. Silence, signors! Keep order! The parties in the cause are coming—Here they are!

Enter MARIANA, *leaning on* ANTONIO, *attended by*
LORENZO; *after them the* COUNT FLORIO, *and*
various Doctors of the Law.

Bar. That is the maiden; and that the curate,
upon whom she leans.

Ber. And where's the count?

Bar. Yonder surrounded by the Doctors of the
Law.

Ber. The maid is very fair!

Bar. Yes, for a burgher's daughter. Hush! The
duke approaches.
The cause will straight come on.

Enter the DUKE FERRARDO GONZAGA *and Attendants;*
the whole assembly rise.

Fer. Your seats! your seats!

(*The assembly sit.*)

Bring on this cause! Who answers for our friend,
The count?

Advocate. My lord, so please you, I.

Fer. Proceed.

Advocate. The question lies between the count,
and this,

The guardian of the maid—whose froward act
Your highness is possess'd of—on the one side;
The maid herself, and that, the reverend man,
Who countenances her resistance, on
The other. Hereupon the count defends
His right unto the maiden's hand—the will
Her father left—the promise of the man
Therein declared her guardian, unto whom
Behoves her choice to bow—for choice herself
The maid, of right, hath none.—This were the
case,

Proposed her guardian to affiancer her
To one in rank as far beneath the maid
As is the maid beneath the count. But lo
The difference! By this alliance gains
The maid a consort of a rank so high
And wealth so broad, he were pretender fit
To the hand of any maid in Italy!
Such is our cause. In the first place, the right
To give away the maid; and in the next,
That right exerted for her highest good.

Bar. He is a fair spokesman—The duke deliberates.

Lor. My friend is lost, almost as soon as found.
He has deceived me! No! he comes at last,
And keeps indeed the promise, if he brings
Such friends as these to back us!

Enter LEONARDO GONZAGA *as clerk to* LORENZO;
followed by several persons of distinction.

Fer. Count, on what plea claim you the maiden's
hand?

Count Florio. Her guardian hath affianced her
to me.

Fer. Speak you, her guardian,—states the count
the fact?

Hugo. He does, so please your highness!

Fer. What's her age?

Hugo. She lacks a year of her majority.

Fer. Her rank?

Hugo. Her father was a burgher.

Fer. Wealth has she been left?

Hugo. What, charily enjoy'd,
From manual labour might, perhaps, exempt her.

Fer. And stoops the count so low to be de-
spised—

Rejected—spurn'd! For shame! The maid be
given

Back to her guardian's custody; and if
Obedience be refused let him enforce it!
The cause is judged.

Lor. Your highness' pardon, but
The other side's to hear.

Fer. Who's he that speaks?

Lor. The counsel for the maid.

Fer. I'll hear no more!—The cause is judged—
the maid

Her rightful guardian take!

Mar. (*Advancing to centre.*) And if he does,
He takes a corse! Lo! death is at my lips;

(*Taking a small phial from her bosom.*)

The hand or foot that offers to approach,
Commits a murder! In this phial bides
The bane of fifty lives! Pass but a drop,
Were now the sexton told to dig my grave,
Were now his foot upon the shovel set,
Ere he began, I should be ready for it!
Who stirs? Lo, here I sink upon my knee!
Or let the count his hateful suit forego,
Or let my guardian his consent revoke,

Or let the duke recall his foul decree,
Or hence, by mine own limbs, I never rise!

Fer. Why to the count this strong repugnance,
girl?

Mar. Giv'st thou thy oath that none shall stir,
I'll tell thee.

Fer. I give it thee.

Mar. I am a maid betrothed!

All but the rites, a wife! A wedded heart
Although unwedded hand! Reflect on that!
Making me give my hand unto the count,
You make me give what is another's right;—
Constraining me to an unrighteous act,
Contenting him where it is base to wish,
And doing violence to Heaven itself,
Which curses lips that move 'gainst consciences!

Fer. Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua?

Mar. In Mantua, he told me he did live.

Fer. What! know you not the place of his so-
journ?

Mar. Yes! where he still sojourns, where'er he
is!

Fer. And where is that?

Mar. My heart! Though
travels he

By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,
And he as distant as the pole away—
I look but into that, and there he is,
Its king enthroned, with every thought, wish, will,
In waiting at his feet!

Fer. This is the mood—
The fantasy—of girlhood! Do we hold
Our power of sufferance of a baby-maid,
Who mocks us with a threat she durst not keep!
Secure her!

Mar. Lo, the phial's at my lips!
Let him who would do a murder, do it!
Had he a thousand hands to wait upon thee,
The slightest movement of this little one
Would make them useless all!

Leon. My Mariana!

Fer. She has dropp'd the phial.

Leon. (*Coming forward.*) Stir not on your lives!
My Mariana!

Mar. 'Tis he!

Leon. It is, my love!

'Tis he who won thy heart, not seeking it!

'Tis he whose heart thou wonn'st, not knowing it!

Who saw thee rich in all but fortune's gifts,
And—servant unto men, though lord of them—
Balanced their poor esteem against thy wealth,
Which kingdoms could not match! Accountable
To others, never I reveal'd the love
I did not see the way for thee to bless,
As only thou wouldst bless it! Now that way
Is clear!—is open!—lies before my sight,
Without impediment, or anything

Which, with the will, I cannot overleap!

And now, my love before! my love till now!

And still my love!—now, now, I call thee wife,
And wed thee here—here—here—in Mantua!

Fer. Remove that slave who knows not where
he is!

Leon. Descend, great duke, who know'st not
where thou sitt'st!

Fer. Where do I sit?

Leon. Why, in thy cousin's
seat!

Fer. He's dead!

Leon. He's not! He lives, and
claims his seat,

Back'd by his kinsmen, friends, and everyone
That owns a loyal heart in Mantua!

(*Throws off his gown.*)

Do you not know me, cousin?

Fer. Leonardo!

Leon. Six years have we been strangers, but I
see

You know my father's face, if not your cousin's.

Fer. I do, and yield to you that father's seat.

Leon. Cousin, the promptness of your abdication
Invests it with a grace to which we bow.

We'll spare your sight the pain of our accession,

And pray that with the parties in this cause—

I mean the count and guardian of the maid—

You now withdraw, and at your former mansion

Wait intimation of our further pleasure.

I would not have you speak, so please you, now;

When we confer, it must be privily.

Yet, out of honour to our common blood,

Well as in pledge of no unkind intent,

Your hand before we go! (*They shake hands.*)

Fer. Nay, let me speak

At least my welcome, and my thanks, your high-
ness—

Before I take my leave.

(*Ferrardo, Florio, and Hugo go out.*)

Ant. Rise, signors, rise!

Live, Leonardo, Duke of Mantua!

Leon. We thank you, friends! This welcome
is of the heart

For you we take this seat. Thou reverend man,

Be confessor unto the Duke of Mantua;

Thou man of law and honour, be his friend,

And advocate of state; and both of you

Lead hither that abstracted maid! But no!

That office should be mine. (*Descends.*) In Italy

Shines there a brow on which my coronet

Could find so proud a seat? My Mariana,

Wilt be my bride? Nay, do not tax thy tongue

With that, thy looks have scarce the power to speak!

Come!—share my throne with me! Come, Mariana!

The consort of the Duke of Mantua!

(*She faints in his arms as the scene closes.*)

MRS. JAMESON.

BORN 1794 — DIED 1860.

[Anna Jameson was born in Dublin in 1794. Her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, attained eminence as a miniature painter, and, among other marks of distinction, was appointed painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. He was also a man of high intelligence and superioreducation, and carefullysuperintended his daughter's training. It was soon evident that she not only inherited from her father a love of art, but a strength of mind far beyond that possessed by ordinary women. While she was still a child her parents left Ireland, and for some years resided in the north of England.

In her sixteenth year Anna Murphy became governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester, in which position she remained for some years. During this time she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Robert Jameson, a young barrister, and entered into an engagement of marriage with him. For some reason the engagement was broken off. In 1821 she accepted the position of governess in the family of Lord Hatherton, with whom she travelled in Italy. It was during this period *The Diary of an Ennuyée* was written. A second meeting with Mr. Jameson was followed by a renewal of the engagement, and in 1824 Anna Murphy was married. In 1826 *The Diary of an Ennuyée* was published. This delightful book at once took its place as a popular favourite. During the four years following her marriage she wrote *The Loves of the Poets*, published in 1829, and *Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, which appeared in 1831.

In 1829 Mr. Jameson was appointed to a puisne judgeship in Dominica, an island in the West Indies. He proceeded alone to his new and distant home, but it was understood that his wife would follow him after the lapse of a certain period. This was the first of many separations between husband and wife. It should be said that these separations were made by mutual arrangement, and were due to no worse cause than incompatibility of temperament, for Mr. Jameson, as is proved by his letters, always retained for his wife deep respect. In the meantime Mrs. Jameson resided with her father, and shortly afterwards accompanied him on a continental tour. On her return to England she again resumed her pen, and in

1832 her important work, *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical*, appeared. In this work Mrs. Jameson has analysed and criticised the female characters of Shakspeare in a style both penetrating and brilliant, and with that keen perception of woman's nature of which a woman alone is capable. In 1833 appeared *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*, a work enriched by copies of the portraits by Sir Peter Lely. A second continental tour partially supplied the materials for *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, which appeared in 1834, and added to her popularity.

In 1836 Mrs. Jameson joined her husband in Canada, whither he had been transferred. Here she wrote her delightfully fresh and fanciful *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, published in 1838. Before quite a year had elapsed husband and wife again agreed to separate, and Mrs. Jameson returned to England and settled down quietly to a life of literary labour. *Tales and Miscellanies* appeared in 1838, being a collection in one volume of short stories and articles contributed to various periodicals. She next undertook her translations from the dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony—which were produced in 1840 as *Pictures of Social Life in Germany*. To each drama were added an introduction and notes. Another translation, from the German of Dr. Waagen, followed, entitled *Rubens, his Life and Genius*.

The industry of this authoress was untiring, and as a kind of relaxation to her labour she wrote Handbooks to all the principal public and private Art-galleries in and near London. These books are spoken of in the *Athenæum* as being "of singular unity, clearness, and value." *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters and of the Progress of Painting in Italy* appeared in 1845, followed by the useful work entitled *Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature, and Social Morals. Sacred and Legendary Art* was published in 1848. The *Edinburgh Review* pronounces this work to be deserving of "a high place regarded only as a book of antiquarian inquiry. With admirable taste and judgment, both of pen and pencil, she has opened a curious branch of learning well-nigh forgotten among us." *A Commonplace*

Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected, appeared in 1854, followed by *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, at Home and Abroad*, 1855.

Mrs. Jameson devoted the latter part of her life to the amelioration and improvement of the position of women, and in her *Lectures on the Social Employments of Women* and *The Communion of Labour* she evinces clear and deep thought, draws logical conclusions, and sympathizes with woman's labour as only an earnest worker could do. For some years before her death Mrs. Jameson was in receipt of a well-deserved pension on the civil list. Her latest work was *The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art; with that of his Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testament*. This she did not live to complete. She died of a severe attack of bronchitis at her residence in London, 17th March, 1860. The work was afterwards finished by Lady Eastlake, and appeared in 1864.]

A VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(FROM "THE DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.")

Monday night.—I am not in a humour to describe, or give way to any poetical flights, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition while the impression is yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We procured horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set out at seven in the evening in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. . . . I was almost breathless with wonder and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was from time to time excited by regular rows of small shining lights, six or eight in number, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black back-ground, looking like a procession of glow-worms. These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them.

We reached Resina a little before nine, and alighted from the carriage; the ascent being so rugged and dangerous that only asses and mules accustomed to the road are used. Two

only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which I—immediately secured for me and himself; and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time or hazard the loss of our *monture*. We set off then, each with two attendants, a man to lead our animals, and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step, being over a stream of lava intermixed with stones and ashes, and the darkness added to the difficulty. But how shall I describe the scene and the people who surrounded us? the landscape partially lighted by a fearful red glare, the precipitous and winding road bordered by wild-looking gigantic aloes, projecting their huge spear-like leaves almost across our path, and our lazzaroni attendants with their shrill shouts and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, though blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence. . . .

Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little further on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this path as we slowly ascended we had a glorious view of the eruption; and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence, mocked all power of description. There were at this time five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead, one of which extended above two miles below us and was flowing towards Portici. The showers of red-hot stones flew up like thousands of sky-rockets; many of them being shot up perpendicularly fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed; these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light; now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture,—to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of “heaven’s profoundest azure,” with that soft steady brilliance peculiar to a highly rarefied medium), looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene on which I looked with a painter’s eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountain, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration; and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements I thought I had never beheld anything so wildly picturesque.

The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back for our asses and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place, some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was of course one of those who advanced. My spirits were again raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to approach near enough to a stream of lava to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased—“if *road* that might be called which road was none,” but black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was by accident extinguished he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and, in the few words of Italian that he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no danger. I had, however, no fear; in fact I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount Vesuvius, had been en-

gaged by Mr. R. as his guide. He is the principal cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the king every three hours a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and, in short, the most minute particulars. He also corresponds, as he assured me, with Sir Humphry Davy,¹ and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it and been principal guide for thirty-three years, and knows every inch of its territory.

As the lava had overflowed the usual foot-path leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds, and, trusting to our feet, walked over the ashes for about a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot, and Salvador gallantly took me under his peculiar care. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava formed of two currents united in a point. It was glowing with an intense heat, and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly and by fits and starts. *Trickling*, in short, is the word which expresses its motion, if one can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale.

At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to a third of a mile high, and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a rock about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before; it was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. At a short distance from it lay another stone or rock, also red hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador till we were within a few yards of the lava; at this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too, but Salvador called me to stop and see what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of his advice and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried me back five or six yards.

¹ Was the letter addressed “*Alla Sua Eccellenza Seromfridevi*,” which caused so much perplexity at the Post-office and British Museum, and exercised the acumen of a minister of state, from Salvador to his illustrious correspondent?

I heard the whizzing sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little further on it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red-hot fragments. All this passed in a moment; I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment, but at the time I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men as they scrambled over the ridges of scoria, and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who shouted to them in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—“*Che tema!—Sono Salvador!*”¹

We did not attempt to turn back again, which I should have done without any hesitation if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road was extremely dangerous in the descent. I was obliged to walk part of the way, as the guides advised, and but for Salvador and the interesting information he gave me from time to time I think I should have been overpowered. He amused and fixed my attention by his intelligent conversation, his assiduity and solicitude for my comfort, and the naïveté and self-complacency with which his information was conveyed. He told me he had visited

Mount Ætna (*en amateur*) during the last great eruption of that mountain, and acknowledged with laudable candour that Vesuvius in its grandest moments was a mere bonfire in comparison; the whole cone of Vesuvius, he said, was not larger than some of the masses of rock he had seen whirled from the crater of Mount Ætna, and rolling down its sides. He frequently made me stop and look back; and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performances of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of “Solomon in all his glory” of his raree-show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest had it flagged. “*O veda, signora! O bella! O stupenda!*” The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater on the west side in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose; now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

BORN 1778 — DIED 1865.

[Dr. Drummond was born in the month of August, 1778, at Larne, county Antrim. His father was by profession a surgeon, and in the discharge of his duty he caught a malignant fever, of which he died while yet a young man. His death left his family entirely unprovided for. The mother, however, was a woman of energy, and, removing to Belfast, she managed by her industry to educate and provide for her three children. Of these William Hamilton Drummond was the eldest. His first education he received at the Belfast Academy, and in his sixteenth year he entered the Glasgow University. While going through his course of studies here he was busy with original composition, and a poetical production

published in the troublous year 1798, entitled “The Man of the Age,” almost brought him under the notice of the regular law courts, or of that still less merciful tribunal presided over by Judge Lynch: for he narrowly escaped mobbing as well as imprisonment. After passing through the usual undergraduate course he became a tutor, and in that capacity remained for two years awaiting a call to the ministry. This arrived in due course, and in the year 1800 he became pastor of the Second Congregation in Belfast. With an energy which was characteristic of him, he, besides attending to his ministerial duties, was a frequent lecturer, established a boarding-school, and at the same time was busy with his pen. About this period he published a *Poetical Translation of the First Book of*

¹ *Quid times? &c.*

Lauretias; Trafalgar, a poem; and *The Giant's Causeway*. In 1810 he received from the University of Aberdeen the degree of Doctor of Divinity, owing to the representations of his friend Bishop Percy of Dromore. In 1815 he changed the scene of his labours to Strand Street, Dublin, where he had the advantage, not only of less burdensome ministerial duties, but also of a wider field for the exercise of his literary ability. He set down ardently to work that was congenial to him, taking part in the polemical discussions of the time, and publishing a great number of essays and controversial sermons. Among his productions was an "Elegiac Ballad" on the death of the Princess Charlotte. He also wrote "Who are the Happy?" 1818; "Clontarf," a poem, 1822; "Bruce's Invasion of Ireland," 1826; an "Essay on the Doctrine of the Trinity;" "The Pleasures of Benevolence," 1835. The *Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan*, with additions, was published in 1840, and the *Life of Michael Servetus, the Spanish Physician*, in 1848. Dr. Drummond's nature was purely a religious one, and all his labours tended to the forwarding of what he believed to be the truth. He was also, like most of his educated countrymen, eminently patriotic. Of this there is proof in his *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*, in which appear versified translations of over twenty poems relating to Fionn and his companions, the heroes of the Gaelic race. This work was published in 1852.

Dr. Drummond was peculiarly happy in his domestic life. One of his sons, the Rev. Robert Blackley Drummond, is the author of *Erasmus, his Life and Character*, 2 vols. 1873; and the other, the Rev. James Drummond, M.A., professor of ecclesiastical history, has produced *Spiritual Religion*, and other works.

Dr. Drummond died October 16, 1865, at the too seldom attained age of eighty-seven. A volume containing a number of sermons on general subjects, and also a poem entitled "The Preacher," have been published since his death. To this volume an interesting memoir by the Rev. J. Scott Porter is prefixed.]

THE BED OF OCEAN.

(FROM "THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.")

Amazing world! how vain the thoughts of man,
Thy depths, thy terrors, and thy wealth to scan!
Down, down unfathomably deep are laid,

Where plummet never dropped, where thought
ne'er strayed.

Earth's vast foundations—wrecks of worlds unknown,

By central shocks dismembered and o'erthrown.
What fissures, gulfs, and precipices dread,
And dismal vales with ivory bones o'erspread;
Vast cemet'ries, where Horror holds his court,
Prowls the fell shark, and monstrous krakens sport.
What mines of gold and gems of emerald ray,
What floors of pearl the coral grots inlay!
Here, still as death, the oak-ribbed vessel lies,
Wedged in the grasping rocks no more to rise;
Sent hissing down, as through the sulphurous air
Rang the mixed shouts of triumph and despair;
Now sluggish limpets on the decks repose;
Through the rent ports the oozy tangle grows
And climbs the poop, where Glory's hands unfurled
The red cross flag that awed the watery world.
The victor here and vanquished side by side
Sleep ghastly pale, sad wrecks of human pride;
Their nerveless hands yet grasp the fatal steel,
And yet the warriors' ire they seem to feel.
Unhallow'd ire! oh, guilt! oh, rage unblessed!
Here, here, Ambition come, and plume thy crest;
Here see thy trophies, relics of the brave,
Untimely slain, and whelm'd beneath the wave.
See children, husbands, fathers, long deplored,
Unshrouded, gashed, and mangled by the sword;
Here build the proud memorial of thy fame,
And down to hell thy triumphs loud proclaim.
All-righteous Heaven! how long shall murderous
war
O'er slaughtered hosts impel his ruthless car;
And cursed Ambition, drunk with folly, plan
The guilt, the crimes, and miseries of man!

BENEVOLENCE OF THE GOOD MAN TO THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

What soil or clime, or barrier raised by pride,
Or prejudice, can bound the good man's love?
For man and misery, wherever found,
It freely springs. Expanding wide it spreads
E'en to infinitude;—now greets the race
That people heaven, then downward to the worm,
Insect or shell-fish, e'en to lifeless things,
With sacred flow descends. If Nature bids
To kill or eat,—the life-destroying steel
He edges with compassion. He, the friend
And guardian, not the tyrant of what'er
Inhales the vital breeze, ne'er issues forth
Breathing dismay and slaughter in the paths
Where happy creatures sport. Ye feathered tribes,
Sing unmolested in your leafy bowers;
Ye finny nations, in your streams and lakes
And pearly grottoes play; ye insect swarms,

Murmur melodious, turn your burnished wings
Bright-twinkling to the sun; at morn and eve,
With all your sportive myriads in the air,
Reel thro' the mazy dance—for in your mirth
His soul participates.—Around your eliffs,
In many a playful curve, ye sea-birds, wheel;
Preen your gray wings; along the level brine
Quick-diving plunge; or on the sunny swell
Float like small islets of embodied foam;
Stars of the sea, ye stud and beautify
Its azure waste, as the empyrean fires
Gem and illumine the ebon vault of night.
Who would not deem it an offence to Heaven
To harm your joys, or from one little nook,
Their heritage from God, your wingless brood
Cruel dislodge? Like man, from God ye spring,
Are God's dependants—ratified as his,
Your rights to share the bounty Nature gives,
Sport in the waves, or on your native rocks
To congregate and clamour as ye will.

CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.¹

(FROM "ANCIENT IRISH MINSTRELSY.")

The car—light-moving I behold
Adorned with gems and studs of gold,
Ruled by the hand of skilful guide,
Swiftly—and swiftly see it glide!
Sharp formed before, through dense array
Of foes to cut its onward way,
While o'er its firm-fixed seat behind
Swell the green awning in the wind.
It mates in speed the swallow's flight,

Or roebuck bounding fleet and light,
Or fairy breeze of viewless wing,
That in the joyous day of spring
Flies o'er the champaign's grassy bed
And up the cairn-crowned mountain's head.
Comes thundering on, unmatched in speed,
The gallant gray high-bounding steed,
His four firm hoofs at every bound
Scarcely seem to touch the solid ground,
Out-flashing from their flinty frame
Flash upon flash of ruddy flame.

The other steed of equal pace,
Well shaped to conquer in the race,
Of slender limb, firm knit, and strong,

His small light head he lifts on high,
Impetuous as he scours along,

Red lightning glances from his eye.
Flung on his curving neck and chest,
Toss his crisped manes like warrior's crest,
Of the wild chafer's dark-brown hues
The colour that his flanks imbues.
The charioteer, of aspect fair,

In front, high-seated rides,
He holds the polished reins with care,

And safe and swiftly guides
With pliant will, and practised hand,
Obedient to his lord's command—
That splendid chief, whose visage glows
As brilliant as the crimson rose;
Around his brows, in twisted fold,
A purple satin band is rolled
All sparkling bright with gems and gold.
And such his majesty and grace
As speak him born of royal race,
Worthy by deeds of high renown
To win and wear a monarch's crown.

GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D.

BORN 1789—DIED 1866.

[This distinguished antiquary and excellent artist was born in Dublin in 1789. His father, James Petrie, was not only a noted portrait painter, but a man of intellect and culture. When a boy George was sent to the school of Mr. Whyte in Dublin, where so many of our illustrious countrymen took their first lessons—notably Sheridan and Moore. It was intended that young Petrie should become a surgeon, but he preferred to follow in his father's footsteps, and too wise to force him against his inclinations, his parent sent him to the drawing-

school of the Dublin Society, where he made rapid progress; when he was but fifteen the silver medal was awarded him for a group of figures he had designed and executed.

When about nineteen years of age he began to make excursions into the country to find subjects for his pencil. These came plentifully to his hand in the round towers, cromlechs, raths, ruined monasteries, &c., in which Ireland abounds. But Petrie was more than an artist. Endowed with the true spirit of an antiquarian, he did not content himself with merely sketching from this mine of treasures, but pushed his researches into the origin, history, and uses of these remains, and by

¹ This poem is extracted from an Irish romance entitled *Bristeach Mhuige Muirthemney*—Breach of the Plain of Muirhebnay.

his notes and observations he was able during these excursions to accumulate such valuable information as afterwards gained for him the reputation of an accomplished antiquary. His love of music also led him to collect, as he wandered through the cottages of the peasantry, the old national airs which, in the process of being handed down from father to son, were rapidly dying out before more flimsy and less worthy music of modern times.

He married in 1821, and settled down to the regular work of an artist; several of his large water-colour drawings, such as "Walks in Connemara," "Shrueel Bridge," "Pilgrims at Clonmacnoise," "The Home of the Herons," "Dun Aengus," "Gougane Barra," &c., appeared from time to time on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he was elected an associate in 1826. He also contributed some landscapes to the Royal Academy in London. In 1830 he was chosen president of the Academy of his own county. It is from this period we must date his most important efforts to improve and put in order the antiquities, which he found in a state of neglect and decay. He adopted every possible means for carrying out this praiseworthy object. He succeeded in having a proper museum established; he assisted in the formation of a library, and he induced the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts. He also contributed himself numerous and valuable papers on archaeology, the principal among them being *On the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland*, for which he gained a prize of £50 and a gold medal from the Royal Irish Academy. In 1832 he became editor of *The Dublin Penny Journal*, in connection with Caesar Otway, Carleton's earliest patron, and in this his notes, sketches, and articles on the antiquities of Ireland were a marked and valuable feature. In 1833 he was employed to superintend the topographical department connected with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. A staff of intelligent and learned men were placed at his disposal, among the number John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry. To his methodical training and intellectual culture were owing in a great measure the constant advance in antiquarian science, and the substitution of true and well proven theory for the imaginary hypotheses too frequently proposed without the preliminary trouble of investigating facts. Petrie edited *The Irish Penny Journal* during its brief existence, having around him as contributors a brilliant coterie in the persons

of Ferguson, O'Curry, Anster, Mangan, Aubrey de Vere, Carleton, and Wills.

When the scheme of the Irish Ordnance Survey was abandoned, after one volume on the city of Londonderry and its vicinity had been published and much valuable historical and antiquarian material collected, Petrie returned once more to his brush as a means of support, but shortly afterwards a pension on the civil list relieved him from difficulty, and sufficed for his modest wants. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Dublin University as a mark of the value of his labours. He continued his tours through Ireland, visiting occasionally Scotland and Wales, seeking everywhere subjects for pen and pencil, and adding bells, croziers, coins, &c., to the store of antiquities he had collected from an early period. This collection was purchased after his death by government, and now rests in the Royal Irish Academy. He was a proficient performer on the violin, and although appreciating the works of the Italian and German masters, he loved most the ancient and pathetic melodies of his native country; and the closing years of his life were devoted to their collection and to the arrangement of what he had already collected. He organized a society for the purpose, which ultimately published one volume and supplement, containing about one hundred and eighty-three airs, with curious and interesting annotations.

After a useful and happy life he died peacefully at his house, Rathmines, Dublin, 17th January, 1866. He was interred in Mount Jerome Cemetery. His great work, *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion*—in which is included the essay already mentioned on "The Origin and Uses of the Round Towers"—was published in 1845. He also wrote a number of essays, which have never made their appearance in collected form. One lasting service which Dr. Petrie rendered the Irish Academy deserves to be specially recorded. In 1831 he secured for it a hitherto uncared-for and neglected autograph copy of the second part of the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

His friend Dr. William Stokes, a distinguished medical practitioner of Dublin, published in 1869 his *Life and Labours in Art and Archaeology*, and from this volume we glean our principal facts. To his many accomplishments Dr. Petrie added the modesty and refinement of a true-hearted gentleman. He is described as having a face handsome and sensitive, with dark blue eyes and white hair;

his figure was slender and elegant, and his remarkably sweet kindly voice was just tinged with the brogue.]

ANCIENT IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS.

(FROM "THE ROUND TOWERS,"¹)

"An opinion has long prevailed, chiefly countenanced by Mr. Somner, that the Saxon churches were mostly built with timber; and that the few they had of stone consisted only of upright walls, without pillars or arches; the construction of which it is pretended they were entirely ignorant of" (Grose). Yet this opinion is now universally acknowledged to be erroneous, and I trust I shall clearly prove that the generally adopted conclusion as to the recent date of our ecclesiastical stone buildings is erroneous also.

It is by no means my wish to deny that the houses built by the Scotie race in Ireland were usually of wood, or that very many of the churches erected by that people, immediately after their conversion to Christianity, were not of the same perishable material. I have already proved these facts in my essay on the *Ancient Military Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Conquest*. But I have also shown in that essay that the earlier colonists in the country, the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes, which our historians bring hither from Greece at a very remote period, were accustomed to build, not only their fortresses, but even their dome-roofed houses and sepulchres, of stone without cement, and in the style now usually called Cyclopean and Pelasgic. I have also shown that this custom, as applied to their forts and houses, was continued in those parts of Ireland in which those ancient settlers remained, even after the introduction of Christianity, and, as I shall presently show, was adopted by the Christians in their religious structures. As characteristic examples of these ancient religious structures still remaining in sufficient preservation to show us perfectly what they had been in their original state, I may point to the monastic establishment of St. Molaise, on Inishmurry, in the bay of Sligo, erected in the sixth century; to that of St. Brendan, on Inishglory, off the coast of Erris, in the county of Mayo, erected in the beginning of the same century; and to

that of St. Fechin, on Ard-Oilean, or High Island, off the coast of Connamara, in the county of Galway, erected in the seventh century. In all these establishments the churches alone, which are of the simplest construction, are built with lime cement. The houses or cells erected for the use of the abbot and monks are of a circular or oval form, having dome roofs, constructed like those of the ancient Greek and Irish sepulchres, without a knowledge of the principle of the arch, and without the use of cement; and the whole are encompassed by a broad wall composed of stones of great size, without cement of any kind.

Such also or very nearly appears to have been the monastic establishment constructed on the island of Farne, in Northumberland, in the year 684, by St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, who is usually reputed to have been an Irishman, and, at all events, received his education from Irish ecclesiastics. This monastery, as described by Venerable Bede in the seventeenth chapter of his *Life* of that distinguished saint, was almost of a round form, four or five perches in diameter from wall to wall. This wall was on the outside of the height of a man, but was on the inside made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. It was not formed of cut stone, or brick cemented with mortar, but wholly of rough stones and earth, which had been dug up from the middle of the inclosure; and of these stones, which had been carried from another place, some were so large that four men could scarcely lift one of them. Within the inclosure were two houses, of which one was an oratory or small chapel, and the other for the common uses of a habitation; and of these the walls were in great part formed by digging away the earth inside and outside, and the roofs were made of unhewn timber thatched with hay. Outside the inclosure, and at the entrance to the island, was a larger house for the accommodation of religious visitors, and not far from it a fountain of water. . . .

That these buildings were, as I have already stated, erected in the mode practised by the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danann tribes in Ireland, must be at once obvious to any one who has seen any of the Pagan circular stone forts and beehive-shaped houses, still so frequently to be met with along the remote coasts, and on the islands of the western and south-western parts of Ireland—into which little change of manners and customs had penetrated that

¹ By permission of Messrs. Hodges, Foster, and Co.

would have destroyed the reverence paid by the people to their ancient monuments—the only differences observable between these buildings and those introduced in the primitive Christian times being the presence of lime cement, the use of which was wholly unknown to the Irish in Pagan times—and the adoption of a quadrangular form in the construction of the churches, and, occasionally, in the interior of the externally round houses of the ecclesiastics, the forts and houses of the Firbolg and Tuatha De Danaun colonies being invariably of a rotund form, both internally and externally. . . .

It is remarkable, however, that the early Irish Christians do not appear to have adopted all at once the quadrangular form and upright walls characteristic of the houses of the Romans, and observable in the churches still existing, the erection of which is ascribed to St. Patrick and his successors. In the remote barony of Kerry called Corcaguiny, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Smerwick Harbour, where the remains of stone fortresses and circular stone houses are most numerous spread through the valleys and on the mountains, we meet with several ancient oratories exhibiting only an imperfect development of the Roman mode of construction, being built of uncemented stones admirably fitted to each other, and their lateral walls converging from the base to their apex in curved lines;—indeed their end walls, though in a much lesser degree, converge also. Another feature in these edifices worthy of notice, as exhibiting a characteristic which they have in common with the Pagan monuments, is, that none of them evince an acquaintance with the principle of the arch, and that, except in one instance, that of Gallerus, their doorways are extremely low, as in the Pagan forts and houses. . . .

Having now, as I trust, sufficiently shown that the Irish erected churches and cells of stone, without cement, at the very earliest period after the introduction of Christianity into the country,—and, if it had been necessary I might have adduced a vastly greater body of evidence to substantiate the fact, I may, I think, fairly ask:—Is it probable that they would remain much longer ignorant of the use of lime cement in their religious edifices, a knowledge of which must necessarily have been imparted to them by the crowds of foreign ecclesiastics, Egyptian, Roman, Italian, French, British, and Saxon

who flocked to Ireland as a place of refuge in the fifth and sixth centuries? Of such immigration there cannot possibly exist a doubt; for, not to speak of the great number of foreigners who were disciples of St. Patrick, and of whom the names are preserved in the most ancient Lives of that saint, nor of the evidences of the same nature so abundantly supplied in the Lives of many other saints of the primitive Irish Church, it will be sufficient to refer to that most curious ancient document, written in the year 799, the “*Litany of St. Aengus the Culdee*,” in which are invoked such a vast number of foreign saints buried in Ireland. Copies of this ancient litany are found in the Book of Leinster, a MS. undoubtedly of the twelfth century preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. . . .

That the Saxons at a very early period, through the instruction of foreign missionaries, acquired the art of building with stone and lime cement, and also that in the erection of their most distinguished churches they even employed foreign architects and workmen, is a fact now so fully established that it is unnecessary for me to quote any of the evidences from which it can be proved. But it may be worthy of remark that the first church built of lime and stone in the Roman style—“*insolito Britonibus more*,” as Bede expresses it—in Scotland, that of Candida Casa, now Withern, erected by Ninian, the apostle of the Picts, about the year 412, being on the shore of Galloway, immediately opposite Ireland, and within sight of it, must have been an object familiar to at least the northern Irish; and, what is more to the point, it appears from an ancient Irish Life of St. Ninian, as quoted by Ussher, that this saint afterwards deserted Candida Casa, at the request of his mother and relations, and passed over to Ireland, where, at a beautiful place called Chuain-Coner, granted him by the king, he built a large monastery, in which he died many years afterwards.

Independently of the preceding considerations—which, however, must be deemed of great weight in this inquiry—a variety of historical evidences can be adduced from the Lives of the Irish saints and other ancient documents to prove that the Irish were in the habit of building their churches of lime and stone, though it is most probable that, in their monastic houses and oratories, they generally continued the Scotie mode of building with wood, in most parts of Ireland, till the twelfth or thirteenth century.

EUGENE O'CURRY.

BORN 1796 — DIED 1862.

[Eugene O'Curry, an indefatigable collector and transcriber of Irish manuscripts and a highly-cultivated scholar, was born in Dunaha, county Clare, in the year 1796. His father was thoroughly acquainted with the Irish language, and had a wonderful knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his country. He possessed, besides, as an heirloom handed down from his ancestors, a number of Irish manuscripts. He did not, as Irish parents have too frequently done, keep this knowledge to himself, but taught his son Eugene the Irish language, and stored his young mind with the legends and stories of his native country. A slight lameness with which the boy was afflicted tended to increase his delight in study. While still a youth he could read and write Irish fluently. On account of this accomplishment he was chosen in 1834, in conjunction with O'Donovan, and under the direction of Dr. George Petrie, to make extracts from Irish manuscripts in the various museums. His labours in this congenial pursuit were unremitting, and when government in a fit of economy put a stop to the work, over four hundred quarto volumes had been collected, relating to the laws, language, customs, antiquities, &c., of ancient Ireland, a considerable portion of the research and transcription having been accomplished by O'Curry.

He next found employment in the Royal Irish Academy, copying various Irish manuscripts and making catalogues in company with Dr. Todd, for use by the Irish Archaeological Society. The Irish manuscripts in the British Museum were also placed in order and catalogued by him. He was appointed professor of Irish history and archæology to the Catholic University on the establishment of that institution. In his latter days he transcribed and translated the Irish laws, in conjunction with his learned colleague O'Donovan, for which it seems he received a very poor remuneration from the Brehon Law Commissioners who employed him.

A volume of *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, delivered in his capacity of professor in the Catholic University, was published in 1861. It gave an account of the lost books of the earlier

period of Irish history, namely, *The Yellow Book of Slane; The Psalters of Tara and Cashel; The Books of Cluainmic-Nois; The Speckled Book of St. Buithe's Monastery; The Book of Clonfert; The Black Book of St. Molaga*. This work contained perhaps profounder knowledge and deeper research in Irish literature than any up to that time published.

To this earnest worker also we are indebted for a translation of the oldest part of the *Annals of the Four Masters*. He continued labouring energetically both as a lecturer and a writer almost till his final hour; indeed, his last lecture was delivered only a fortnight before his death, which took place in Dublin, July 30th, 1862. Dr. W. K. Sullivan published in 1873 three volumes of his scattered writings under the title *Lectures on the Social Life, Manners, and Civilization of the People of Ancient Erin*.

It is highly creditable to the Irish people that they appreciated duly the work of O'Curry. He received from the government but paltry acknowledgment of his great services but it might perhaps be some recompense for this, that, quiet and retiring scholar though he was, his name was known and respected by the masses of his countrymen. His death was regarded as in some sense a national calamity. The feelings which were universally felt are well expressed in the following lines by Mr. T. D. Sullivan:—

“In history's page to write a name—
To win the laurels or the bays—
For power, for wealth, for rank or fame,
Will mortals strive a hundred ways.

“But who will labour all alone
Till youth's and manhood's bloom are o'er,
Uncheered, unpaid, unprized, unknown,
A student of forgotten lore?—

“See life's high prizes lightly won
By little worth—yet not repine;
Hear vain pretences brawling run,
And never make an angry sign?

“But still retrace with patient hand
The blotted record of the past,
Content to think the dear old land
Will know her servant true at last?

"Oh, great old man, enough she knows
To make her feel her loss is sore;
Day after day the knowledge grows,
And Erin loves thy memory more."]

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

(FROM "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT ERINN.")

All that I have set down here is taken directly from our most ancient manuscripts, or those compiled from them; and they show clearly as the historical tradition of the country that each of the older colonies in Ireland was accompanied by its Druids; so that the suggestion of modern British writers that Druidism came first from Britain, or from Anglesey, into Erin, is totally unfounded. I now proceed to select from the long list of Druidic references found in our old books, such as may serve to characterize the profession, so far, at least, as the limits of these lectures will allow. Very many other references there are, no doubt, which ought all to be gathered, all to be arranged and compared, if the subject of Irish Druidism, or indeed, of Druidism at all, is to be completely investigated. . . . I only propose to myself to give a few specimens of what was called Druidism by way of example; and I shall commence by citing from the earliest authority. The ancient tract called *Dinnseanchas* (on the Etymology of the names of several remarkable places in Erin), gives the following singular legendary account of the origin of the names of *Midhe* (now Meath), and of *Uisnech*, in Meath.

Midhe, the son of *Brath*, son of *Detha* (says this legend), was the first that lighted a fire for the sons of the Milesians in Erin, on the hill of *Uisnech* in Westmeath; and it continued to burn for seven years; and it was from this fire that every chief fire in Erin used to be lighted. And his successor was entitled to a sack of corn and a pig from every house in Erin, every year. The Druids of Erin, however, said that it was an insult to them to have this fire ignited in the country; and all the Druids of Erin came into one house to take counsel; but *Midhe* had all their tongues cut out, and he buried the tongues in the earth of *Uisnech*, and then sat over them; upon which his mother exclaimed: "It is *Uaisnech* (i.e. proudly) you sit up there this night;"—and hence the name of *Uisnech*, and of *Midhe* (or Meath).

This, I believe, is the first reference to a Druidical fire to be found in our old books.

The next remarkable allusion to this subject that is to be found is the account of King *Eochaidh Airemh*.

It was a century before the incarnation that *Eochaidh Airemh* was monarch of Erin; and his queen was the celebrated *Edain*, a lady remarkable not only for her beauty, but for her learning and accomplishments. One day that *Eochaidh* was in his palace at *Teamair*, according to this ancient story, a stranger of remarkable appearance presented himself before him. "Who is this man who is not known to us, and what is his business?" said the king. "He is not a man of any distinction, but he has come to play a game at chess with you," said the stranger. "Are you a good chess-player?" said the king. "A trial will tell," said the stranger. "Our chess-board is in the queen's apartment, and we cannot disturb her at present," said the king. "It matters not, for I have a chess-board of no inferior kind here with me," said the stranger. "What do we play for?" said the king. "Whatever the winner demands," said the stranger. (They played then a game, which was won by the stranger.) "What is your demand now?" said the king. "*Edain*, your queen," said the stranger, "but I will not demand her till the end of a year." The king was astonished and confounded; and the stranger without more words speedily disappeared.

On that night twelve months, the story goes on to tell us, the king held a great feast at *Teamair*, surrounding himself and his queen with the great nobles and choicest warriors of his realm, and placing around his palace on the outside a line of experienced and vigilant guards, with strict orders to let no stranger pass them in. And thus secured, as he thought, he awaited with anxiety the coming night, while revelry reigned all round. As the middle of the night advanced, however, the king was horrified to see the former stranger standing in the middle of the floor, apparently unperceived by any one else. Soon he advanced to the queen, and addressed her by the name of *Bé Finn*, (fair woman), in a poem of seven stanzas. . . . At the conclusion of this poem, the stranger put his arm around the queen's body, raised her from her royal chair, and walked out with her, unobserved by any one but the king, who felt so overcome by some supernatural influence, that he was unable to offer any opposition, or even to apprise the company of what was going on. When the

monarch recovered himself, he knew at once that it was some of the invisible beings who inhabited the hills and lakes of Erin that played one of their accustomed tricks upon him. When daylight came accordingly, he ordered his chief Druid, *Dallan*, to his presence, and he commanded him to go forth immediately, and never to return until he had discovered the fate of the queen.

The Druid set out, and traversed the country for a whole year, without any success, notwithstanding that he had drawn upon all the ordinary resources of his art. Vexed and disappointed at the close of the year he reached the mountain (on the borders of the present counties of Meath and Longford) subsequently named after him *Sliabh Dallain*. Here he cut four wands of yew, and wrote or cut an *Ogam*;¹ and it was revealed to him "through his keys of science and his *ogam*," that the queen *Edain* was concealed in the palace of the fairy chief, *Midir*, in the hill of *Bri Leith*, (a hill lying to the west of Ardagh, in the present county of Longford). The Druid joyfully returned to Tara with the intelligence; and the monarch *Eochaidh* mustered a large force, marched to the fairy mansion of *Bri Leith*, and had the hill dug up until the diggers approached the sacred precincts of the subterranean dwelling; whereupon the wily fairy sent out to the hill side fifty beautiful women, all of the same age, same size, same appearance in form, face, and dress, and all of them so closely resembling the abducted lady *Edain*, that the monarch *Eochaidh* himself, her husband, failed to identify her among them, until at length she made herself known to him by unmistakable tokens,—upon which he returned with her to Tara.

This tale exhibits two curious and characteristic features of Irish Druidism; the first, that the Irish Druid's wand of divination was formed from the yew, and not from the oak, as in other countries; the second, that the Irish Druid called in the aid of actual characters, letters, or symbols,—those, namely, the forms of which have come down to our own times cut in the imperishable monuments of stone, so well known as *Ogam* stones, (many of which may be seen in the National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy).

The antiquity of this story of *Eochaidh Airemh* is unquestionable. There is a fragment of it in *Leabhar na-h-Uidhré*, in the Royal Irish Academy, a manuscript which was

actually written before the year 1106; and it is there quoted from the book of *Dromsnechta*, which was undoubtedly written before or about the year 430.

THE OLD BOOKS OF ERINN.

(FROM "LECTURES ON MANUSCRIPT MATERIALS OF IRISH HISTORY.")

With such various causes, active and long-continued, in operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expressions of the old writers who spoke of "the hosts of the books of Erin"—may be judged from those which have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and the other causes just enumerated. When we come to inquire concerning the fragments which exist in England and elsewhere, they will be found to be still of very large extent; and if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaedhlic ancestors, as we may fairly do, by what remains of it, we may be justly excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride. . . .

The collection in Trinity College consists of over 140 volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth down to the middle of the last century. There are also in this fine collection beautiful copies of the Gospels, known as the Books of Kells, and Durrow, and Dimma's Book, attributable to the sixth and seventh centuries; the Saltair of St. Ricemarch, Bishop of St. David's in the eleventh century, containing also an exquisite copy of the Roman Martyrology; and a very ancient ante-Hieronymian version of the Gospels, the history of which is unknown, but which is evidently an Irish MS. of not later than the ninth century; also the Evangelistarium of St. Moling, Bishop of Ferns in the seventh century, with its ancient box; and the fragment of another copy of the Gospels, of the same period, evidently Irish. In the same library will be found, too, the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals: all, with the exception of two tracts, written on vellum; and, in addition to these invaluable volumes, many historical and family poems of great antiquity, illustrative of the battles, the per-

¹ Druidical inscription.

sonal achievements, and the social habits of the warriors, chiefs, and other distinguished personages of our early history. There is also a large number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of war, of love, and of social life in general, are portrayed, often with considerable power of description and great brilliancy of language: and there are besides several sacred tracts and poems, amongst the most remarkable of which is the *Liber Hymnorum*, believed to be more than a thousand years old. The Trinity College collection is also rich in Lives of Irish Saints, and in ancient forms of prayer; and it contains, in addition to all these, many curious treatises on medicine, beautifully written on vellum. Lastly, amongst these ancient MSS. are preserved numerous Ossianic poems relating to the Fenian heroes, some of them of very great antiquity.

The next great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. . . . The most valuable of these are original Gaedhlic compositions, but there is also a large amount of translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. A great part of these translations is, indeed, of a religious character, but there are others from various Latin authors of the greatest possible importance to the Gaedhlic student of the present day, as they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many now obsolete or obscure Gaedhlic words and phrases.

Among these later translations into Irish we find an extensive range of subjects in ancient mythology, poetry, and history, and the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans, as well as many copious illustrations of the most remarkable events of the middle ages. So that any one well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world, the knowledge of which is usually attained through the classic languages or those of the middle ages, with which he was not acquainted. I may mention by way of illustration, the Irish versions of the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, the Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne, including the History of Roland the Brave, the History of the Lombards, the almost contemporary translation into Gaedhlic of the Travels of Marco Polo, &c. &c.

Passing over some collections of MSS. in private hands at home, I may next notice that of the British Museum in London, which is very considerable, and contains much valuable matter; that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though consisting of but about sixteen volumes, is enriched by some most precious books, among which is the copy already alluded to of the remains of the *Saltair* of Cashel, made in the year 1454; and some two or three works of an older date. Next comes the Stowe Collection, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and which is tolerably well described in the Stowe Catalogue by the late Rev. Charles O'Connor. There are also in England some other collections in the hands of private individuals, as that of Mr. Joseph Monck Mason in the neighbourhood of London, and that of Sir Thomas Phillips in Worcestershire. The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh contains a few important volumes, some of which are shortly described in the Highland Society's Report on MacPherson's Poems of Oisín, published in 1794.

And passing over to the Continent, in the National or Imperial Library of Paris (which, however, has not yet been thoroughly examined), there will be found a few Gaedhlic volumes; and in Belgium (between which and Ireland such intimate relations existed in past times)—and particularly in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—there is a very important collection, consisting of a part of the treasures formerly in the possession of the Franciscan College of Louvain, for which our justly celebrated friar, Michael O'Clery, collected, by transcript and otherwise, all that he could bring together at home of matters relating to the ancient ecclesiastical history of his country.

The Louvain Collection, formed chiefly, if not wholly, by Fathers Hugh Ward, John Colgan, and Michael O'Clery, between the years 1620 and 1640, appears to have been widely scattered at the French Revolution. For there are in the College of St. Isidore, in Rome, about twenty volumes of Gaedhlic MSS., which we know at one time to have formed part of the Louvain Collection. Among these manuscripts now at Rome are some of the most valuable materials for the study of our language and history—the chief of which is an ancient copy of the *Féire Aengusa*, the Martyrology, or Festology of Aengus *Céile Dé*, (pron: “Kéili Dé,” incorrectly called Aengus the Culdee, who composed the original of this extraordinary work, partly at *Tamhlacht*, now Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, and partly

at *Cluain Eidhnech* in the present Queen's county, in the year 798. The collection contains, besides, the Festology of Cathal M'Guire, a work only known by name to the Irish scholars of the present day; and it includes the autograph of the first volume of the *Annals of the Four Masters*. There is also a copy or

fragment of the *Liber Hymnorum* already spoken of, and which is a work of great importance to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and besides these the collection contains several important pieces relating to Irish history of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

BORN 1814 — DIED 1848.

[The Rev. William Archer Butler was born at Annerville, near Clonmel, county Tipperary, in 1814. He came of an ancient and respectable family. When old enough he was sent to the endowed school at Clonmel, where he gained a high place in classic and scientific studies. In 1829 he entered the Dublin University, and the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine* soon brought before the world many of his well-known and brilliant poems, essays, sketches, and reviews. A number of these poems had existed in embryo in the mind of the boy in the days when he wandered through the delightful scenery of Garnavilla, on the banks of the Suir, to which his parents had removed shortly after his birth; and "constant allusions to his early home," writes his biographer, "are scattered through his poetry." As to his prose works, the same authority says, "It would be hard to point to compositions which exhibit greater variety of power in a single mind than the *Analysis of the Philosophy of Berkeley*, the *Articles on Sismondi*, on *Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences*, and on *Oxford and Berlin Theology*."

In 1835 he was elected president of the College Historical Society. Two addresses delivered by him in this capacity are models of eloquence and power. About the time at which, in the ordinary course, he would have quitted the university, a professorship of moral philosophy was founded by Dr. Lloyd, and Mr. Butler was elected to the new chair. He shortly afterwards entered the ministry, and was presented by the board of Trinity College to the rectory of Clonohoska, in the county of Donegal, and diocese of Derry. In 1842 Mr. Butler was promoted to the rectory of Raymoghly, in the diocese of Raphoe, also in Donegal, a more valuable living, though involving less onerous duties, the new parish

being smaller than his former one. He still continued to discharge the duties of his professorship, and to study closely during his leisure hours; but these occupations formed almost the only relaxations from the duties connected with the claims of his sacred office. These were attended to as faithfully as ever. He, however, records a visit made in 1844 to the Rev. P. Graves, curate of Windermere, which seems to have been a sunny spot in the life of the studious professor, for here he met kindred spirits in the poet Wordsworth, Sir William Hamilton, and Archdeacon Hare. In 1845 were published his first letters *On Mr. Newman's Theory of Development*. In 1846 his parish was visited with all the horrors of the Irish famine. Mr. Butler threw aside all literary work, and devoted himself heart and soul to the relief of the suffering people. The system of trying to change the religion while relieving the distress of the afflicted people was strongly condemned by Mr. Butler, and in a letter dated February 10th, 1847, to the editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, he displays a spirit of wisdom and toleration too rarely observed:—"It is not," he says, "without fear and trembling I should at any time receive into the Church a convert from any of the forms of Christianity outside it, whom I had known to be sincerely devoted according to the measure of his light. . . . You have unsettled all a man's habitual convictions—are you prepared to labour night and day to replace them with others as effective over the heart and life? If not, you have done him an irreparable wrong. Motives to righteousness, low, mixed, uncertain as they may be, are greatly better than none; and there can be no doubt that he who has lost so many he once possessed, requires constant, earnest, indefatigable exertion on the part of the teacher who undertakes to supply their

place." These are brave words, and do the writer honour.

In 1848 Professor Butler was appointed to preach at an ordination in the church of Dunboe on Trinity Sunday. He appeared to be in his usual health, but on returning home on the Friday following he was prostrated by fever, and died on Wednesday, the 5th of July, of that year. His loss was mourned by all classes and denominations of his parishioners. A series of his sermons, with a memoir, was published by the Rev. Thomas Woodward in 1849. *Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine* in 1850, *A Reply to Cardinal Wiseman* in 1854, and *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy*, edited, with notes, by W. H. Thompson in 1856. His poems have not yet been collected, but are to be found scattered through the pages of *Blackwood* and the *University Magazine*. It is said that in the latter publication alone there appeared, during his university career, enough poetry and essays, critical, historical, and miscellaneous, to fill several volumes.]

THE EVEN-SONG OF THE STREAMS.

Lo! couch'd within an odorous vale, where May
Had smiled the tears of April into flowers,
I was alone in thought one sunny even:
Mine eye was wandering in the cloudlets gray,
Mass'd into wreaths above the golden bowers,
Where slept the sun in the far western heaven.

I was alone, and watch'd the glittering threads,
So deftly woven upon the purple woof
By severing clouds, as parting into lines
Of slender light, their broken brilliance spreads
Thin floating fragments on the blue-arched roof,
And each, a waving banner, streams and shines.

A mountain lay below the sun, its blue
Veil'd in a robe of luminous mist, and seeming
To melt into the radiant skies above;

A broken turret near, and the rich hue
Of faded sunlight through its window gleaming,
Fainting to tremulous slumber on a grove.

But evening grew more pale. Her zoneless hair
Wound in dim dusky tresses round the skies,
And dews like heavenly love, with unseen fall,
Came showering. Insect forms swarm on the air,
To dazzle with their tangling play mine eyes,
That dropp'd and clos'd,—and mystery bo-
somed all!

Unsleeping thus—yet *dreamingly* awake—
Fancies came wooing me, and gently rose
To the soft sistering music of a stream

That pilgrim'd by; and, as I list, they take
A form, a being—such as deep repose
Begets—a reverie, almost a dream.

I heard, I read the language of the waters—
That low monotonous murmur of sweet sound,
Unheard at noon, but creeping out at even!
That language known but to the delicate daughters
Of Tethys, the bright Naiads. All around
The thrilling tones gush forth to silent heaven.

"We come," they sweetly sang, "we come from
roving,
The long still summer day, 'mid banks of flowers,
Through meads of waving emerald, groves,
and woods.
Ours were delights: the lilies, mild and loving,
Bent o'er us their o'er-arching bells — those
bowers
For fays hung floating on our bubbling floods.

"We come—and whence? At early morn we
sprung,
Like free-born mountaineers, from rugged hills,
Where bursts our rock-ribbed fountain. We
have sped
Through many a quiet vale, and there have sung
The murmuring descent of the playful rills,
To thank the winds for the sweet scent they
shed!

"Our sapphire floods were tintured by the skies
With their first burst of blushes, as we broke
At morn upon a meadow. Not a voice
Rose from the solemn earth as ruby dyes
Swam like a glory round us, and awoke
The trance of heaven, and bade the world re-
joice.

"Ewreath'd in mists, the perfumed breath of
morn,
Our infancy of waters freshly bright
Cleft the hush'd fields, warbling a matin wild;
While beaming from the kindled heavens, and borne
On clouds instinct with many-coloured light,
The Spirit of nature heard the strain, and
smiled!

"Heaven's flushing east, its western wilds as pale
As is the wan cheek of deserted love,
Its changeful clouds, its changeless deeps of
blue,
Lay glass'd within us when that misty veil
Evanish'd, disenshrouding field and grove,
Left us, a mirror of each heavenly hue,

"An echo of Heaven's loveliest tints! But lo!
The spell that bound us broke; in foaming leap
Our sheeted waters rush'd; our silvery vest
Of light o'erhung the cliffs, our gorgeous bower
Arch'd them at mid-fall,—till below the steep
The maniac waves sunk murmuring into rest.

"Now mourn'd one lone stream down a dusky vale,
Like passion wearied into dull despair,
The sole sad music of that sunless spot;
And prison'd from the sunbeam and the gale
By nodding crags above, all wildly bare,
We slowly crept where life and light was not.

"To greet us from that salvage home there came
A form,—'twas not the Spirit of the wild,
But one more mortal, on whose wasted cheek
Sorrow had written death; a child of fame
Perchance, yet far less fame's than nature's child.
He loved the languid lapse of streams to seek.

"Some cherish'd woe, some treasur'd fond regret,
Lay round his heart, and drew the gentlest tear
That ever sanctified a pitying stream,
Or crystalliz'd in lucent cells was set
By Naiads, in their wavy locks to wear
As priceless jewel of celestial beam.

"The dirge of Nature is her streams! Their song
Speaks a soft music to man's grief, and those
Most love them who have loved all else in
vain:
We charmed that lone one as he paced along
From the dark thralldom of his dream of woes,—
His sadness died before our sadder strain!

"Once more amid the joyaunce of the sun,
And Light, the life of Nature, we have taught
The pensive mourner of our marge to smile
In answer to our smile of beams, and won
The venom from the poisoned heart, and wrought
A spell to bless the wearied brain awhile!

"The imaged sun floats proudly on our breast,
Ever beside each wanderer, though there be
Many to tread our path of turf and flowers:
A thousand sparkling orbs for one impress
On us,—for ours is the bright mimicry
Of Nature, changing with her changeeful hours.

"And thus we have a world, a lovely world,
A softened picture of the upper sphere
Sunk in our crystal depths and glassy caves;
And every cloud beneath the heavens unfurled,
And every shadowy tint they wear, sleeps here,
Here in this voiceless kingdom of the waves.

"On to the ocean! ever, ever on!
Our banded waters, hurrying to the deep,
Lift to the winds a song of wilder strife;
And white plumes glittering in to-morrow's sun,
Shall crest our waves when starting out of sleep
For the glad tumult of their ocean-life.

"On to the ocean! through the midnight chill,
Beneath the glowing stars, by woodlands dim,
A silvery wreath of beauty shall we twine.
Thus may our course—ceaseless—unwearied still—
Pure—blessing as it flows—aye shadow him
Our sources who unlock'd with hand divine!"

The soft and golden Eve had glided through
Her portals in the west, and night came round.
The glamour ceased, and nothing met mine
eye
But waters, waters dyed in deepening blue—
Nothing mine ear, but a low bubbling sound,
Mingled with mine—and the faint night-
wind's—sigh.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

BORN 1815 — DIED 1845.

[Revolutionary periods are generally more productive of literature than ordinary times. The years which ended in the outbreak of 1848 produced an unusually large number of men distinguished in the various paths of intellectual excellence. It was no doubt due to the influence of Davis that all manner of literary men were drawn in to assist in a revolutionary movement, with which they sympathized, perhaps, but often with a spirit entirely aloof. Mangan, for example, was the last person in the world to be really in the hubbub of politics. Whenever he is political, as distinguished from patriotic, his inspiration fails him. Witness the flowing rhetoric of the poem that welcomed the

Nation into being? But Davis's magic personality, and the picturesqueness of the movement with which he was concerned, drew the most unlike men to his side. From Sir Samuel Ferguson, the most loyal of gentlemen, with the lightest, slightest tincture of rebel in him, to that burning revolutionary, Mitchel, they were all Davis's men. The politics spoiled good poets very often. In fact, the one writer of them all whose literature did not suffer from being made subservient to politics was Mitchel, and he, of course, was a prose writer, though it was a fine savage, poetic kind of prose. And he, no doubt, had a stronger personality than Davis's own. Mitchel was, perhaps the most vigorous

writer of polemic prose Ireland has produced; and that same time also begat Thomas Davis, one of the sweetest of Irish singers. Davis was the son of a Welsh gentleman who had settled in Cork. He was born at Mallow in 1815. From an early age he exhibited a keen interest in the language, the history, and the antiquities of his country. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1836; and two years afterwards he was called to the bar. The troubled and exciting times in which he lived, however, were destined to drag him from the quiet pursuit of his profession to the stormier arena of politics. He joined the Repeal Association of O'Connell, a step which coloured his whole after-life, and had, besides, influences far wider than his personal fortunes.

The Association, powerful as it was in some respects, was in others very feeble. There attached to it, in the first place, the suspicion of being a sectarian body, a society which identified national with purely Catholic interests. The autocratic position of O'Connell, too, had had the effect of making the Association appear to be merely an arena in which he performed as a star amid the placidity of mean-spirited and insignificant "supers." The adhesion of Davis to the body did much to remove these prejudices. He was a Protestant; he was a man of genius; his character was high and independent. The result was that the new recruit was followed by several others of perhaps a better class than had hitherto united their fortunes to those of O'Connell's Association.

In 1842 the *Nation* newspaper was founded: an event destined to bear most important fruits, literary and political, in the history of Ireland. Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy was the editor; and Davis became one of the chief contributors. It was in the columns of this paper that the greater part of Davis's poems appeared; and his stirring words were among the most potent agencies in stimulating the revolutionary passions of the people. It is well known that Davis soon formed in the Association a party, which aimed at objects and contemplated means to which the founder of the body was most vehemently opposed. We need not here tell again the oft-told story of the quarrel between the advocates of physical force—who came to be known as the Young Ireland party—and O'Connell, who believed in the omnipotence of constitutional agitation. Here we must confine ourselves to the statement, that in the middle of the

struggle, Davis died. This was on the 16th of September, 1845, that is, when he was only in his thirty-first year.

It is impossible to describe the poignancy of regret with which the news of this premature and sudden close to a career of such bright promise was received. Extreme as were the political opinions of Davis, they were free from the least suspicion of sectarianism; this, together with the transparent purity of his motives and his splendid talents, made him admired by men of the most opposite principles. The *Warder*, one of the strongest opponents of the *Nation* and its views, wrote a notice of his death full of the kindest feelings.¹

But the most eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of Davis is that of John Mitchel, his friend and disciple. Having first told how the premature death of Davis was due to the effect of "incessant labour and excitement" for three years "on an ardent temperament and unresting brain," Mitchel goes on:—"He was thirty-one years of age when he died. His figure was not tall, but compact and active. He walked fast, and with his head held slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and impulsive characters. But he was no mere revolutionist. In the antiquarian reunions at the Academy none was heard with more respect; in the gay drawing-rooms of Dublin none was a more welcome guest. He laughed seldom but heartily. He had not time to marry; but he loved passionately, as such men must, and over his early grave a fair woman shed bitter tears."

"How felt O'Connell?" Mitchel goes on:—"Davis had been much in his way, and O'Connell was somewhat of a despot. Davis had been independent of him and his opinions while he gave impetus to his movement; and O'Connell saw no use in independence, and abhorred impetus, unless when he could bridle it himself. 'Young Ireland' had

¹ "With a scholarship," wrote the *Warder*, "in general literature as well as in history and in politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and the noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest, and gulllessly honest labourer in the cause of his choice; and in its service he lavished, with the unreserve of conscious genius, the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect, . . . undebased by the scheming of ambition—untainted by the rancour of faction; and if we pass by the errors of a wrongly chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims upon their admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties, and in none had he an enemy."

been a thorn in his side, had applied fire to his back, and singed his beard. Yet, withal, the heart of Daniel O'Connell was large and loving; Davis had ever treated him with the most reverential respect; and he, on his side, could not but do homage to the imperial genius, nor fail to be won by such a gallant and gentle nature. He was, that month of September, at his house of Derrynane Abbey, far in the wilds of Kerry, among the cliffs of the Atlantic coast, trying to freshen his worn life in the vital air of his mountains, and persuading himself that he could still, when the fox broke cover, listen to the ringing music of his hounds with a hunter's joy. But the massive and iron frame was bent; the bright blue eyes had grown dim; and on that over-wearied brain lay the shadow of death. . . . One morning came the news of the death of Davis; and the old man is shaken by a sudden tempest of wildest grief. Well might he cry out, 'Would to God that I had died for thee, my son!' From Derrynane his habit was to send a long weekly letter, to be read at the meeting of the Association. This week his letter was very short—nothing but a burst of lamentation. . . . 'As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory may be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me—and after all, *Fungar inani munere?*"

The chief and best poems of Davis are those of a national character. The most stirring is the well-known "Fontenoy." But he was equally at home in verses of quiet description or of the affections. "The Sack of Baltimore," it has been well remarked by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1875, "has hardly a rival in its charm of description, its dramatic presentment of the most exciting action, and its deep and touching pathos. "My Grave" is also a beautiful little poem; and it would be difficult to find a truer or more striking feature of a weird spot than "A Scene in the South."

A collection of his poems is published in Duffy's National Library Series. A marble statue of much merit by Hogan marks his last resting-place in Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin].

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN RUADH O'NEILL,

COMMONLY CALLED OWEN ROE O'NEIL.¹

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?"

"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."

"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;

But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Cloc Uactair, upon Saint Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead!

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!

Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall:
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.

Had he lived, had he lived, our dear country had been free;

But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,

Audley and MacMahon, ye are valiant, wise, and true;

But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone?

The rudder of our ship was he—our castle's corner-stone!

"Wail, wail him through the island! Weep, weep for our pride!

Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!

Weep the victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young men and old!

Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

¹ This striking and dramatic ballad was the first written by Thomas Davis. Before the publication of the first number of the *Nation*, Davis, Dillon, and Duffy agreed to attempt political ballads, on which they had great reliance for raising the spirit of the country; to their next meeting Davis brought the "Lament for Owen Roe," and "The Men of Tipperary."

“We thought you would not die—we were sure
 you would not go,
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell’s
 cruel blow—
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts
 out the sky—
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you
 die?
 “Soft as woman’s was your voice, O’Neil! bright
 was your eye!
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you
 die?
 Your troubles are all over—you’re at rest with
 God on high;
 But we’re slaves, and we’re orphans, Owen!—why
 did you die?”

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.¹

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery’s hun-
 dred isles—
 The summer’s sun is gleaming still through Gabriel’s
 rough defiles—
 Old Inisherkin’s crumbled fane looks like a moult-
 ing bird;
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is
 heard;
 The hookers lie upon the beach; the children
 cease their play;
 The gossips leave the little inn; the households
 kneel to pray—
 And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily
 labour o’er—
 Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Balti-
 more.
 A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with mid-
 night there;
 No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth,
 or sea, or air.
 The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem con-
 scious of the calm;
 The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing
 heavy balm.
 So still the night, these two long barques, round
 Dunashad that glide,
 Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against
 the ebbing tide—
 Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge
 them to the shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in
 Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky
 street,
 And these must be the lover’s friends, with gently
 gliding feet—
 A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! “the roof is in a
 flame!”
 From out their beds, and to their doors, rush
 maid, and sire, and dame—
 And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming
 sabre’s fall,
 And o’er each black and bearded face the white
 or crimson shawl—
 The yell of “Allah” breaks above the prayer, and
 shriek, and roar—
 Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Balti-
 more!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the
 shearing sword;
 Then sprung the mother on the brand with which
 her son was gored;
 Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-
 babes clutching wild;
 Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled
 with the child;
 But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed
 with splashing heel,
 While o’er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his
 Syrian steel—
 Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers
 yield their store,
 There’s *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of
 Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds
 began to sing—
 They see not now the milking maids—deserted is
 the spring!
 Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant
 Bandon’s town—
 These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that
 skiff from Affidown;
 They only found the smoking walls, with neigh-
 bours’ blood besprent,
 And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile
 they wildly went—
 Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and
 saw five leagues before
 The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Balti-
 more.

Oh! some must tug the galley’s oar, and some
 must tend the steed—

¹ Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O’Driscoll’s, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisher-

man, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—*Davis.*

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk,¹ and that a
Bey's jerreed.²

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy
dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen
for the Dey—

She's safe—she's dead—she stabbed him in the
midst of his serai;

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid
they bore,

She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought
of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath
that bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger con-
course stand,

Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch
is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the
Algerine!

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a
hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought
the Norman o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Balti-
more.

FONTENOY.³

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English
column failed,

And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch
in vain assailed;

For town and slope were filled with fort and flank-
ing battery,

And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch
auxiliary.

As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British
soldiers burst,

The French artillery drove them back, diminished,
and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with
anxious eye,

And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance
to try.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals
ride!

And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds
at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread,

Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay
is at their head;

Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they
climb the hill;

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right
onward still,

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace blast,

Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bul-
lets showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept
their course,

With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at
hostile force:

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner
grow their ranks—

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through
Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirail-
leurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons
strew the ground;

Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still
on they marched and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur
retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis
madly cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock—not
unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King
Louis turns his rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish
troops remain;"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a
Waterloo,

Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement,
and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there
are your Saxon foes!"

The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he
goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont
to be so gay.

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women's parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown,—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on
him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud
exiles were.

¹ A Turkish pipe.

² A javelin.

³ The battle of Fontenoy, fought in Flanders in 1745 between the French and the Allies—English, Dutch, and Austrians—in which the Allies were worsted. The Irish Brigade fought by the side of the French, and won great renown by their splendid conduct in the field.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he
 commands,
 "Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain
 storm, rush on these fiery bands!
 Thin is the English column now, and faint their
 volleys grow,
 Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they
 make a gallant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
 battle-wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the
 men behind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through
 the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the
 headlong Irish broke,
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
 huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
 Saesanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hun-
 ger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
 sprang:
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns
 are filled with gore;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and
 trampled flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength,
 paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
 The green hill side is matted close with dying and
 with dead.
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that
 hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their
 track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is
 fought and won!

THE GERALDINES.¹

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis full a thou-
 sand years
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed
 their battle-spears;
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron
 shields were known,
 And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of
 the Garonne:
 Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard
 by William's side,
 And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem
 blood they dyed;—
 But never then, nor thence, till now, have false-
 hood or disgrace

Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in
 his face.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in
 Strongbow's van
 By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign
 began;
 And, oh! through many a dark campaign they
 proved their prowess stern,
 In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king,
 and chief, and kerne:
 But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely
 won,
 And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had
 such slaughter done;
 How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd
 ask no herald's sign—
 Among a thousand you had known the princely
 Geraldine.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long
 our air they breathed;
 Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water
 seethed;
 Not often had their children been by Irish mo-
 thers nursed,
 When from their full and genial hearts an Irish
 feeling burst!
 The English monarchs strove in vain by law, and
 force, and bribe,
 To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more
 than Irish" tribe;
 For still they clung to fosterage, to *breitheamh*,
 cloak, and bard:
 What king dare say to Geraldine, "Your Irish
 wife discard?"

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—how royally ye
 reigned
 O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English
 arts disdained:
 Your sword made knights, your banner waved,
 free was your bugle call
 By Gleann's² green slopes, and Daingean's³ tide,
 from Bearbha's⁴ banks to Eóchaill.⁵
 What gorgeous shrines, what *breitheamh*'s⁶ lore,
 what minstrel feasts there were
 In and around Magh Nuadhaid's⁷ keep, and
 palace-filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or
 kin were pressed;
 And foemen fled, when "*Crom Abú*"⁸ bespoke
 your lance in rest.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken
 Thomas⁹ flung

² *Angl.* Glyn. ³ *Angl.* Dingle. ⁴ *Angl.* Barrow.

⁵ *Angl.* Youghal. ⁶ *Angl.* Brehon. ⁷ *Angl.* Maynooth.

⁸ Formerly the war-cry of the Geraldines; and now their motto.

⁹ So called from the silken robes he wore, and the

¹ Progenitors of the Fitzgeralds.

King Henry's sword on council-board, the Eng-
lish thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the Eng-
lish sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest
cut away.

Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed
on th' exhausted tide;

His title lives—a Saesanach churl usurps the lion's
hide:

And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin
at the root,

Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a
tree no fruit?

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines!—as torrents
mould the earth,

You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by con-
stancy and worth:

When Ginckle leaguered Limerick, the Irish
soldiers gazed

To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's
banner blazed!

And still it is the peasants' hope upon the Cuir-
reach's¹ mere,

"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with
good Lord Edward here"—

So let them dream till brighter days, when, not
by Edward's shade,

But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be
arrayed!

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears
away the rock,

And time may wear away the tribe that stood the
battle's shock,

But ever sure, while one is left of all that hon-
oured race,

In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's
place:

And, though the last were dead and gone, how
many a field and town,

From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish
their renown,

And men would say of valour's rise, or ancient
power's decline,

"'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the
Geraldine."

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—and are there
any fears

Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand
years?

Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with
martyr's blood?

Or has that grown a purling brook, which long
rushed down a flood?—

By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan
and keep laid low,—

By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted
Edward! No!

The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish
line

COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS
THE GERALDINE!

MAIRÈ BHAN A STOIR.

In a valley, far away,

With my *Màire bhán a stóir*,²

Short would be the summer day,

Ever loving more and more;

Winter days would all grow long,

With the light her heart would pour,

With her kisses and her song,

And her loving *maith go léor*.³

Fond is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Fair is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Sweet as ripple on the shore

Sings my *Màire bhán a stóir*.

Oh! her sire is very proud,

And her mother cold as stone;

But her brother bravely vowed

She should be my bride alone;

For he knew I loved her well,

And he knew she loved me too,

So he sought their pride to quell,

But 'twas all in vain to sue.

True is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Tried is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Had I wings I'd never soar

From my *Màire bhán a stóir*.

There are lands where manly toil

Surely reaps the crop it sows,

Glorious woods and teeming soil,

Where the broad Missouri flows;

Through the trees the smoke shall rise,

From our hearth with *maith go léor*,

There shall shine the happy eyes

Of my *Màire bhán a stóir*.

Mild is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Mine is *Màire bhán a stóir*,

Saints will watch about the door

Of my *Màire bhán a stóir*.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,

With love and *mo bhuachail*!⁴ for me,

silken banners his followers carried: a son of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, he was executed at Tyburn for rebellion, 1535.

¹ Currach.

² Fair Mary my treasure.

³ Much plenty, or in abundance.

⁴ My boy.

The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me;
 For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me;
 Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbours think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me.

TIPPERARY.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we;
 Not British seas nor British coasts
 Can match the Man of Tipperary!
 Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
 His spirit light as any fairy—
 His wrath is fearful as the storm
 That sweeps the Hills of Tipperary!
 Lead him to fight for native land,
 His is no courage cold and wary;
 The troops live not on earth would stand
 The headlong Charge of Tipperary!

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,

You'd swear they knew no other mood
 But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

You're free to share his scanty meal,
 His plighted word he'll never vary—
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake the Faith of Tipperary!

Soft is his *cailín's* sunny eye,
 Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
 Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
 Oh! she's the Pride of Tipperary!

Let Britain brag her motley rag;
 We'll lift the Green more proud and airy;
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head the Men of Tipperary!

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we—
 Give us, to guard our native coasts,
 The Matchless Men of Tipperary!

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 Three Hundred men and Three men.¹
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A Nation once again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone, a far light;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight:
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 "A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profaned by feelings dark,
 And passions vain or lowly:
 For freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train;
 And righteous men must make our land
 A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to that bidding—
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion ridding;

¹ The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylae, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—
Davis.

For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can *such* hope be vain?
 When my dear country shall be made
 A Nation once again.

THE IRISH HURRAH.

Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
 Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your
 lee?
 A something between the wild waves in their play,
 And the kingly bird's scream, is the Irish Hurrah.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail—
 How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
 Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
 And the echo's voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when bounds
 are on scent,
 How it presses the billows when rigging is rent,
 Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
 As our boarders go in with the Irish Hurrah.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the
 fife,
 But never such music broke into a strife,
 As when at its bursting the war-clouds give way,
 And there's cold steel along with the Irish Hurrah.

What joy for a death-bed, your banner above,
 And round you the pressure of patriot love,
 As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
 Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
 Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
 Shall they dig a grave for me,
 Under the greenwood tree?
 Or on the wild heath,
 Where the wilder breath
 Of the storm doth blow?
 Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
 Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
 Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
 Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it
 more.

In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
 Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
 Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
 Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
 Just as they fall they are buried so—
 Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hillside,
 On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf;—put no tombstone there,
 But green sods decked with daisies fair;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
 "He served his country, and loved his kind."

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

OH! FOR A STEED.

AIR—ORIGINAL.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing
 scimitar,
 To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red
 hussar;
 To mock their boasts,
 And strew their hosts,
 And scatter their flags afar.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland
 gathered around,
 To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them
 upon the ground;
 Nor hold my hand
 While, on the land,
 A foreigner foe was found.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that
 never failed,
 And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate
 valour mailed.
 Till "stripes and stars,"
 And Russian czars,
 Before the Red Indian quailed.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of
 Hindustan,
 And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like
 a single man,
 Till our shirts were red,
 And the English fled,
 Like a cowardly caravan.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks
 at Marathon,
 Or a place in the Switzer phalau, when the Morat
 men swept on,
 Like a pine-clad hill,
 By an earthquake's will,
 Hurled the valleys upon.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote
 down the Dane;
 Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when Bagenal
 the bold was slain;
 Or a waving crest,
 And a lance in rest,
 With a Bruce upon Bannock plain.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Curragh
 of Kildare,
 And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are
 ready to dare,
 A hundred yards,
 And Holland's guards,
 Drawn up to engage me there.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good
 cause at all,
 Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a
 leaguered wall.
 For freedom's right;
 In flushing fight,
 To conquer if then to fall.

A SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

I was walking along in a pleasant place,
 In the county Tipperary;
 The scene smiled as happy as the holy face
 Of the blessed Virgin Mary;
 And the trees were proud, and the sward was green,
 And the birds sang loud in the leafy scene.

Yet somehow I felt strange, and soon I felt sad,
 And then I felt very lonely;
 I pondered in vain why I was not glad,
 In a place meant for pleasure only:
 For I thought that grief had never been there,
 And that sin would as lief to heaven repair.

And a train of spirits seemed passing me by,
 The air grew as heavy as lead;
 I looked for a cabin, yet none could I spy
 In the pastures about me spread;
 Yet each field seemed made for a peasant's cot,
 And I felt dismayed when I saw them not.

As I stayed on the field, I saw—oh, my God!
 The marks where a cabin had been:
 Through the midst of the fields, some feet of the sod
 Were coarser and far less green,
 And three or four trees in the centre stood,
 But they seemed to freeze in their solitude.

Surely here was the road that led to the cot,
 For it ends just beneath the trees,
 And the trees like mourners are watching the spot,
 And *crouching* with the breeze;
 And their stems are bare with children's play,
 But the children—where, oh! where are they?

An old man unnoticed had come to my side,
 His hand in my arm linking—
 A reverend man, without haste or pride—
 And he said:—"I know what you're thinking;
 A cabin stood once underneath the trees,
 Full of kindly ones—but alas! for these!

"A loving old couple, and tho' somewhat poor,
 Their children had leisure to play;
 And the piper, and stranger, and beggar were sure
 To bless them in going away;
 But the typhus came, and the agent too—
 Ah! need I name the worst of the two?

"Their cot was unroofed, yet they strove to hide
 In its walls till the fever was passed;
 Their crime was found out, and the cold ditch side
 Was their hospital at last:
 Slowly they went to poorhouse and grave,
 But the Lord *they* bent to, their souls will save."

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

BORN 1793—DIED 1867.

[John Anster, the translator of Goethe's *Faust*, was born at Charleville, county Limerick, in 1793. In 1810 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated A.B. in 1816, and LL.D. in 1825. About 1815 he published a small volume of verses, and in 1817 gained the prize offered by the Dublin University for the best poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte. In 1819 were republished his early poems, with some additional ones, and translations from the German.

In 1820 appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* his first translations from *Faust*. These were the first portions of this great poem ever rendered into English, and Goethe himself readily recognized the skill and delicacy of the translation. The *Dublin University Magazine* says of it: "It is as an English poem that Anster's *Faust* must be regarded; and it is really astonishing with what felicity thoughts the highest and deepest in German theology, and the subtlest

in their metaphysics, find adequate expression in our language." The work is accepted in Germany as the standard English translation of *Faust*. In 1837 Dr. Anster was appointed by the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland registrar to the High Court of Admiralty, and in the same year published another volume of poems under the title of *Xeniola*, which comprised translations from Schiller and De la Motte Fouqué, and fully maintained the high reputation of the author. In 1850 he was elected to the chair of regius professor of civil law in the Dublin University. His first lecture in this capacity, *On the Study of Civil Law*, was afterwards published in 1859. He was a constant contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Blackwood*, the *North British Review*, and other magazines and journals. Dr. Anster died at his residence in Dublin on the 29th of June, 1867.

The following appeared in a Dublin newspaper:—"He was one of the chief lights and supporters of our national literature; foremost amongst that splendid band of writers, now scattered and silent, who founded and maintained the glory of the *Dublin University Magazine*. We mourn in him the loss of a man of brilliant and rare endowments. As a poet, a wit, a thinker, a talker, and a writer, his place will not be easily filled up in the literary circles of Dublin or in general society, where, sometimes brilliant or sometimes sad, according to the electric influences that surrounded him, he was yet always genial and gentle, and the best of conversationalists on literary subjects, over which his keen wit played and flashed and flickered with strange eccentric lights, illuminating all he touched by his logic, his rapid fancy, and his playful irony."]

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender,
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
And his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and eye were laughing.

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I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying.
I feared for the child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying.

There came a hand at my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow, and I crossed my breast,
But that night the child departed;
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted.

Oh, it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow!
My little boy is gone, is gone,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly.
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlit churchyard, sweetly.

THE DEATH OF MARGARET.

(FROM "FAUST.")

[Margaret is in prison awaiting execution on the following morning for the murder of her infant. Like Ophelia she has been driven mad by her sorrows. Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, visits and tries to rescue her.]

PRISON.—FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*).

Faust. 'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.

Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,
And is to die because she was deluded—
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!
Dost fear to look upon that face again!
Onward, irresolute!—this wavering
Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

Song.—My mother! my mother!
The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!

Faust. (*Opening the wicket.*) She feels not that
her love is listening—

Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling. [*He enters.*]

Mar. (*Hiding her face in the straw of her bed.*)
Woe! woe! they come! they come! death, bitter death!

Faust. (*In a low voice.*) Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

Mar. (*Rolling herself at his feet.*) Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

Faust. Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

Mar. (*Throwing herself on her knees to him.*)

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?

It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!

Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

[*She stands up.*]

And I am still so young—so very young!

And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.

Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—

Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—

Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—

Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:

Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!

Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

Faust. I must—I must endure this misery!

Mar. I know that I am wholly in thy power—

Only permit me first to give my breast

To this poor child of mine: all the long night

I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me;

They took away my child to torture me,

And now they say that I have murdered it,

And never hence more shall I be happy:

And they sing songs about me—'twas ill done;

It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.

Who told them I was meant in it?

Faust. (*Throws himself down.*) A lover, Margaret, lies at thy feet;

He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

Mar. (*Throws herself beside him.*) Let us kneel down and call upon the saints.

See! see! beneath us hell boils up—the devil

Is raving there below in hideous din!

Faust. (*Aloud.*) Margaret—Margaret.

Mar. (*With eager attention.*)

That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*]

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!

Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.

I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;

I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—

I heard him call the name of Margaret;—

Amid the noises and the howls of hell,

And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,

I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

Faust. 'Tis I.

Mar. 'Tis thou!—oh, tell me so once more! [*Presses him to her bosom.*]

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now? Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?

'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.

I am already free: look—there's the street Where we first met—where first I saw my love— And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling, Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

Faust. (*Striving to take her away.*)

Come, come with me.

Mar. Oh, stay a little while—

Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

[*Caressing him.*]

Faust. Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

Mar. So short a time away from me, my love, Already hast forgotten how to kiss!

Why do I feel so sad upon your neck?

Time was all heaven was pressing down upon me

In all thy words,—in every look of thine,

Yes, very heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me

As if you would smother me with your kisses!

Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*]

Ah me! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead— Where are my kisses, where? with whom have you left them?

Where is my love? who robbed me of your love?

[*Turns from him.*]

Faust. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.

I love thee with unutterable love;

But follow me,—this one—this one request.

Mar. (*Turning to him.*) And is it thou, and is it thou indeed?

Faust. Yes, yes! But come!

Mar. And do you break my chains!

And do you take me to your heart again!

How is it you do not shudder at my sight?

And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Faust. Come!—the deep night is fading fast away.

Mar. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,

I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift

To thee and me?—yes thee! yes, thine! and thou art here,

I scarcely can believe it is thyself.

Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;

Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—

Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!

What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;

I pray thee do.

Faust. Oh think not of the past;

That which is done is done. You are killing me.

Mar. No, you must live. No, you have to remain,

I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—
And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

Faust. Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

Mar. What? out there?

Faust. Yes! out into the free air.

Mar. Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without?

Come to the bed of everlasting rest—

Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—

Are you going, Henry? may I go with you?

Faust. Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

Mar. I dare not go; there is no help for me.

What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.

It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,

And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.

'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,

And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

Faust. I will be with thee.

Mar. (*Wildly.*) Fly, fly,

Save thy poor child;

Away to the road,

By the side of the stream,

And across the path

That leads to the wood;

Then turn to the left,

And over the plank,

It lies in the pond.

Loiter not, linger not.

Still does it stir

With the motion of life.

The little hands struggle

More faintly and faintly,

Rescue! Oh, rescue!

Faust. Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!

One step, and you are free.

Mar. Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!

See there, my mother sitting on a stone—

Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.

My mother there is sitting on a stone.

And her gray head is trembling, and her eyes

Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head

Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!
It was a happy time!

Faust.

She listens not;

Words have no weight with her. There is no way
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

Mar. Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence.

Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Everything my love asked me, willingly.

Faust. Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

Mar. Day! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;

My bridal-day it should have been; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.

Alas! my garland is already withered;

We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:

The crowd is gathering tumultuously,

The square and street are thronged with crushing
thousands;

The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;

They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:

On to the scaffold they have hurried me;

Down in the chair of blood they fasten me:

And now, through every neck of all that multitude

Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.

The world is now as silent as the grave!

Faust. Oh, that I never had been born!

Meph. (*Appears at the door.*) Away, or you
are lost;

This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,

Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;

My horses shiver in the chilling breeze

Of the gray morning.

Mar. What shape is that which rises from the
earth?

'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;

What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him
here?

Why does he tread on consecrated ground?

He comes for me.

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

Mar. Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (*To Faust.*) Come, or I leave thee here
to share her fate.

Mar. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy
child.

Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.

Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come—she is judged!

Voice. (*From above.*) Is saved.

Meph. (*To Faust.*) Hither to me!

[*Disappears with Faust.*

Voice. (*From within, dying away.*)

Henry! Henry!

JOHN D'ALTON.

BORN 1792 — DIED 1867.

[John D'Alton, poet, historian, and antiquarian, was born at Bessville, Westmeath, in 1792. Having graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was in 1813 called to the bar. With a strong literary turn, and familiar with the Irish language, he devoted part of his time to the production of admirable English translations from Erin's ancient bards. A number of these translations are preserved in *Hardiman's Minstrelsy*. In 1814 he published *Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boroimhe*—a metrical romance in twelve cantos, in which a remarkable familiarity is displayed with the manners and customs of the period poetically portrayed. In 1835 Mr. D'Alton was appointed commissioner of the Loan Fund Board in Dublin, and the ease and security derived from a settled position enabled him to devote himself more ardently than ever to the study of Irish antiquities and archæology. His valuable works, *Annals of Boyle*, *History of County Dublin*, *King James the Second's Army List*, and *The Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin*, published in succession, form a noteworthy addition to Irish literature. For years he was a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and his essay on *The Social and Political State of Ireland from the First to the Twelfth Century*, obtained the highest prize of the Royal Irish Academy and the Cunningham gold medal. *The History of Drogheda* next appeared, and in 1861 *The History of Dundalk*, written in conjunction with Mr. J. R. O'Flanagan, M.R.I.A.

Mr. D'Alton passed his life in Dublin, only leaving it for an occasional tour in England and Wales. He died in Dublin, 20th January, 1867.]

THE WORLD OF YEARS LONG PAST.

Whither have fled the happy days,

When love—when friendship warmed my soul?
Dear years of early happiness!

To what Elysium do you roll?

Are you beyond the world of death?

Oh! tell me, thou! some guardian power!

I'll prize the mystic welcome path

That leads me to their joys once more.

Oh! bring me to those genial climes,

Where bursts from earth the setting day!

There is the reign of happier times,

The world of years long past away

There early friends, whose memory dear

Lives only now in sorrow's heart,

Though long—too long divided here,

Shall meet—and never more to part!

OH! ERIN!

Oh! Erin! in thine hour of need

Thy warriors wander o'er the earth;

For others' liberties they bleed,

Nor guard the land that gave them birth:

In foreign fields, it is their doom

To seek—their fame,—to find—their tomb.

For them no friend of early days

A tear of kindred grief shall shed:

Nor maiden's prayer, nor minstrel's lays,

Shall hallow their neglected bed.

They sleep beneath the silent stone,

To country lost—to fame unknown.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

FROM THE IRISH.

Erin's the land of hospitable cheer,

The day I left her was a day of woe;

There golden plenty crowns the labourer's year,

And shadowy glens with balmy honey flow.

Fair are her woodland paths and murmuring rills,

Sweet is the stream that from each rock distils,

Bright are the dew-drops glistening on her hills,

Land of my heart! *O uileacan dubh O!*¹

Mark her thronged exiles, lingering on their decks,

Their eyes still kindling with the hero's glow;

The glossy ringlets curling down their necks,

Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.

Land of Gadlians! region of delight!

Years shall not hold me from thy genial sight;

Though rich and great the country of my flight,

I sigh for Erin, *uileacan dubh O!*

Sweetly her new-mown meadows scent the gales,

Large are the corn-ricks her full barns can show;

Happy the herds, that through her dewy vales

And clover pastures linger, blithe and slow:

¹ Darkly sorrowful.

Sorrell and cresses each fond stream delay;
 Cuckoos their notes of love speak all the day;
 While thrushes pour forth from each quivering spray
 Their warbling songs, *O uileacan dubh O!*

CARROLL O'DALY AND ECHO.

Carroll. Speak, playful echo, speak me well,
 Thou knowest all our care;
 Thou sweet, responding sybil, tell
 Who works this strange affair.

Echo—A fair.

A fair? No, no, I've felt the pain
 That but from love can flow,
 And never can my heart again
 That magic thralldom know.

Echo—No?

Ah! then if envy's eye has ceased
 To mar my earthly bliss,
 Speak consolation to my breast,
 If remedy there is.

Echo—There is.

Gay, charming spirit of the air,
 If such relief be nigh,
 At once the secret spell declare,
 To still my heavy sigh.

Echo—To die.

To die? And if it be my lot,
 It comes in hour of need;
 Death wears no terror but in thought,
 'Tis innocent in deed.

Echo—Indeed?

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
 Thou airy voice of fate,
 But ah, to none on earth disclose
 What you prognosticate!
Echo (playfully)—To Kate.

To Kate! The devil's in your tongue
 To scare me with such thoughts.
 To her, oh could I impute wrong,
 Who never knew her faults!
Echo—Her false.

If thy Narcissus could awake
 Such doubts, he were an ass
 If he did not prefer the lake
 To humouring such a lass.
Echo—Alas!

A thousand sighs and sounds of woe
 Attend thee in the air,
 What mighty grief can keep thee so,
 In such untired despair.
Echo—Despair.

Despair! Not for Narcissus' sake,
 Who once was thy delight;
 Another lover thou hast got,
 If our report is right.
Echo—'Tis right.

Sweet little sorceress, farewell,
 I feel thou'st told me true,
 But since thou'st many a tale to tell,
 I bid thee now adieu.
Echo—Adieu!

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

BORN 1802 — DIED 1865.

[Born at Seville, in Spain (August 2, 1802), Cardinal Wiseman is yet justly claimed as an Irishman; for both his parents were Irish. His father, Mr. James Wiseman, who had settled for a period in the Spanish city for the purpose of carrying on better the trade in which he was engaged, was a native of Waterford; his mother, Zaviera Strange, was the daughter of Mr. Peter Strange, of Aylwardstown Castle, Kilkenny. Nicholas Patrick Stephen, the future cardinal, was but six years of age when he was sent from Spain; and he was in early boyhood a pupil at a private school in Waterford. His principal place of education in youth, however, was St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, where so many children of leading Irish and English Roman Catholic families have been trained. Here he had among his teachers

Dr. Lingard, the eminent historian; and he had also the benefit of being watched over by the eye of his mother; for she had removed to Durham in order to be near him during his years of study. She had every reason to be gratified, for her son's application and talents rendered his course a highly distinguished one. In 1818 he left Ushaw, and, with five others, set out for the English College at Rome, which had been desolate and uninhabited for almost an entire generation. In his new abode Wiseman soon attracted attention; and in his eighteenth year he published a book of some learning. The title was *Horæ Syriacæ*; and the subject the languages of the East—a study in which he felt deep interest throughout his whole life. He could not be ordained till he was twenty-three years of age; but before that time he had obtained the degree of D.D.

In June, 1840, he was consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus*. He was also made president of St. Mary's College, Oscott. In 1848 Dr. Walsh was appointed vicar apostolic of London in room of Dr. Griffiths; Dr. Wiseman again became his coadjutor; and when, in the following year, Dr. Walsh died, Dr. Wiseman was raised to the presidency of the district, taking upon himself the duties of the office on February 18, 1849.

We now come to a stormy period in a career which had hitherto passed along the smooth paths of study and of regular ecclesiastical promotion. In 1850 it was determined by the Vatican to change the system of church government in England, and instead of vicars apostolic, to establish dioceses with bishops. On the 29th of September, 1850, the pope issued the bull making this alteration; on the 30th Dr. Wiseman was created cardinal by the title of St. Pudenziana, and was named Archbishop of Westminster. In the following month Dr. Ullathorne was enthroned as Bishop of Birmingham. The effect of those steps on the English public was extraordinary; and so strong was the antipathy to the proceedings of the Curia, that Lord John Russell, the prime minister, brought in the famous "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," which made illegal the assumption by Roman Catholic prelates of such titles as the pope had recently conferred on them. This measure led to wild and prolonged debates in parliament, split parties, and broke up a government; and the final result of all this hubbub was that the bill, when passed, was openly violated without an attempt at prosecution; and that some years afterwards it was repealed with almost universal assent, and without attracting any particular notice. With the excitement caused by those controversies, passed away the unpopularity of the cardinal. In the following years he was a frequent and a welcome lecturer in art and science to large and mixed audiences throughout the country; at one moment addressing the merchants of Liverpool, at another the artisans of Manchester, on a third the savans of London.

In 1859 he paid a visit to Ireland, and was there received by his co-religionists with much enthusiasm. His last public lecture was delivered in January, 1863, before the Royal Society. He died at his residence, 8 York Place, Baker Street, London, on February 15, 1865. His writings are voluminous, and deal with a large range of subjects: with religious controversy, science, philology, and art. His *Recollections of the Last*

Four Popes give several graphic pictures and amusing sketches of life in Rome during the pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI. He is also the author of a romance, *Fabiola*, in which a vivid and apparently lifelike description is given of the days when the early Christians had to worship among the Catacombs. This book has been translated into several languages. He also wrote a drama called *The Hidden Gem*, which was first performed at the jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw; and, being produced on the stage at Liverpool in 1859, was well received. A considerable number of his essays have been reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, of which he was one of the founders. Several memoirs have been published of this eminent ecclesiastic, but no complete biography. We may say finally, that his genial manners, vast accomplishments, and great abilities, made him popular in many circles outside those of his own Church.]

THE FALL OF TORQUATUS.

(FROM "FABIOLA.")

[Torquatus is a convert from Paganism to Christianity. The authorities determine to corrupt him in order to make him a spy against his fellow-Christians.]

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fulvius, after plying Torquatus with more liquor, negligently took them up, and threw them playfully down, talking in the meantime on indifferent subjects. "Dear me!" he kept exclaiming, "what throws! It is well I am not playing with any one, or I should have been ruined. You try, Torquatus."

Gambling, as we learnt before, had been the ruin of Torquatus: for a transaction arising out of it he was in prison, when Sebastian converted him. As he took the dice into his hand, with no intention, as he thought, of playing, Fulvius watched him, as a lynx might its prey. Torquatus's eye flashed keenly, his lips quivered, his hand trembled. Fulvius at once recognized in all this, coupled with the poisoning of his hand, the knowing cast of the wrist, and the sharp eye to the value of a throw, the violence of a first temptation to resume a renounced vice.

"I fear you are not a better hand than I am at this stupid occupation," said he indifferently; "but I dare say Corvinus here will give

you a chance, if you will stake something very low."

"It must be very low indeed—merely for recreation, for I have renounced gambling. Once, indeed—but no matter."

"Come on," said Corvinus, whom Fulvius had pressed to his work by a look.

They began to throw for the most trifling stakes, and Torquatus generally won. Fulvius made him drink still, from time to time, and he became very talkative.

"Corvinus, Corvinus," he said at length, as if recollecting himself, "was not that the name that Cassianus mentioned?"

"Who?" asked the other, surprised.

"Yes, it was," continued Torquatus to himself, "the bully, the big brute. Were you the person," he asked, looking up to Corvinus, "who struck that nice Christian boy Pancratius?"

Corvinus was on the point of bursting into a rage; but Fulvius checked him by a gesture, and said, with timely interference:

"That Cassianus whom you mentioned is an eminent schoolmaster; pray, where does he live?"

This he knew his companion wished to ascertain; and thus he quieted him. Torquatus answered:

"He lives, let me see,—no, no; I won't turn traitor. No; I am ready to be burnt, or tortured, or die for my faith; but I won't betray any one,—that I won't."

"Let me take your place, Corvinus," said Fulvius, who saw Torquatus's interest in the game deepening. He put forth sufficient skill to make his antagonist more careful and more intent. He threw down a somewhat larger stake. Torquatus, after a moment's pause of

deliberation, matched it. He won it. Fulvius seemed vexed. Torquatus threw back both sums. Fulvius seemed to hesitate, but put down an equivalent, and lost again. The play was now silent: each won and lost; but Fulvius had steadily the advantage, and he was the more collected of the two.

Once Torquatus looked up and started. He thought he saw the good Polycarp behind his adversary's chair. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it was only Corvinus staring at him. All his skill was now put forth. Conscience had retreated; faith was wavering; grace had already departed. For the demon of covetousness, of rapine, of dishonesty, of recklessness, had come back, and brought with him seven spirits worse than himself, to that cleansed but ill-guarded soul; and as they entered in, all that was holy, all that was good, departed.

At length, worked up by repeated losses and draughts of wine into a frenzy, after he had drawn frequently upon the heavy purse which Fabiola had given him, he threw the purse itself upon the table. Fulvius coolly opened it, emptied it, counted the money, and placed opposite an equal heap of gold. Each prepared himself for a final throw. The fatal bones fell; each glanced silently upon their spots. Fulvius drew the money towards himself; Torquatus fell upon the table, his head buried and hidden within his arms. Fulvius motioned Corvinus out of the room.

Torquatus beat the ground with his foot; then moaned, next gnashed his teeth, and growled; then put his fingers in his hair, and began to pull and tear it. A voice whispered in his ear, "Are you a Christian?" Which of the seven spirits was it? surely the worst.

MICHAEL BANIM.

BORN 1796 — DIED 1874.

[Michael Banim, the elder by a year and nine months of the two talented brothers, although not devoting his life entirely to literature, was scarcely a lesser artist than John. His great modesty, together with his affection for his brother, with whom literature was a profession, led him to hold back, and to refrain from claiming his share in the tide of popularity which centred round John Banim. The two, as writers, were as different as possible: John's was the stronger and more versatile

literary gift; Michael's the more humane and sunshiny. John, occasionally in a page of dark tragedy, recalls that grinding melancholy of Carleton which is almost squalid. It is a far cry from *Father Connell* to *The Nowlans*; in fact, the two stories represent almost the extremes of human temperament. Michael's was the gentler and more idealizing nature, though no one shall deny tenderness to the author of "Soggarth Aroon" and "Aileen".

Michael Banim was born in Kilkenny in August, 1796. For many years of his boyhood he attended the school of Mr. Buchanan in his native town. This school the eccentric proprietor dignified with the name of "The English Academy," and the curious reader may find a true and amusing picture of both this establishment and its master in the pages of *Father Connell*. On leaving this school Michael was sent to what was considered the foremost Catholic school in Ireland, conducted by Dr. Magrath. When about sixteen years of age his father offered him choice of a profession, and he decided on the bar. With this end in view he studied closely for about two years, and attained a considerable knowledge of law, when a reverse of fortune overtook his father and brought on delicate health. With a self-sacrifice for which his whole life was remarkable, Michael Banim gave up his cherished design, and quietly stepped back into what he considered the path of duty. He took up the tangled threads of business, applied his whole energy and perseverance to the task, and at length had the satisfaction of unravelling the complication and replacing his parents in comfort, both material and mental. When his life became comparatively easier he used his leisure hours for reading and study, and spent his spare time in rambles through the beautiful scenery of county Kilkenny. In these journeys his peculiar kindness of manner won the confidence of the peasantry, and enabled him to gain that deep insight into their daily lives which he afterwards reproduced in his life-like portraits of character.

The arrival of John Banim on a visit in 1822, after the success of his drama *Damon and Pythias*, gave a new direction to Michael's ideas. In one of their rambles John detailed his plan for writing a series of national tales, in which he would strive to represent the Irish people truly to the English public. Michael approved of the idea, and incidentally related some circumstances which he considered would serve as the foundation of an interesting novel. John, struck with the story and the clear manner of its narration, at once advised Michael to write it himself. After some modest hesitation the elder brother consented, and the result was one of the most popular among the first series of "The O'Hara Tales," *Crohoore of the Bill Hook*. This was written, as were his succeeding productions, in the hours which he could spare from business. To assist John with his work *The Boyne Water* Michael travelled in the south of Ireland and

supplied him with a description of the siege of Limerick and the route taken by Sarsfield to intercept the enemy's supplies. An adventure befell him during this tour, which he also placed at the disposal of his brother, and it forms the introduction to John Banim's novel *The Nowlans*. In 1826 Michael visited his brother in London, and there made the acquaintance of Gerald Griffin, John Sterling, and other celebrities. In the following year the struggle for Catholic emancipation was in progress, and, putting himself under the leadership of O'Connell, he devoted his energies to the cause. In 1828 *The Croppy* appeared. He had been engaged on this work at intervals during the previous two years. Although not so full of striking situations nor so sensational as *Crohoore*, the characters were more carefully drawn and the composition more easy and natural. For some time he was entirely prostrated with severe illness, and almost five years elapsed before the appearance of his next tale, *The Ghost Hunter and his Family*. This was considered by the critics quite equal to the best of "The O'Hara Tales," and presents a striking picture of Irish virtue. *The Mayor of Windgap* appeared in 1834, followed by *The Bit o' Writin'*, *The Hare, Hound, and the Witch*, and other tales. About this time the news of his brother's failing health alarmed him, and he wrote earnestly entreating John to return with his family and share his home. "If it be the will of God you should sink under your sufferings," he writes, "is it no consolation to have me near you and yours?" In the same letter he says, "You speak a great deal too much about what you think you owe me; as you are my brother never allude to it again. My creed on this subject is, that one brother should not want while the other can supply him." About 1840 Michael married Miss Catherine O'Dwyer. At this time his means were ample, and with a considerable sum—the saving of years—he enjoyed comparative independence. But he had been married for scarcely a year when the merchant in whose care his property had been placed failed, and Michael Banim found himself almost a ruined man. Alone this reverse would have affected him little, but he grieved for his young wife; his health suffered severely, and for two years his life was despaired of. On his partial recovery he wrote one of his best novels—*Father Connell*. In this work the author sketches to the life the good priest whom he had known and loved in his childhood, and we find the piety, sim-

plicity, and peculiarities of Father O'Donnell reproduced in *Father Connell*. The publisher to whom this novel was intrusted failed after a portion of it was in type. The failure resulted from no fault of his own, and in time he was able to resume his business. This, however, delayed the appearance of the work, and, no doubt owing to this disappointment, the author became discouraged, and it was many years before he again resumed his pen. *Clough Fion* at length appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1852, and as its plot turned on a popular grievance of the country—evictions—it was well received. Through the Earl of Carlisle the author was appointed postmaster of his native city. For many years the duties of this office were sufficient occupation for him, his delicate state of health being now increased by a bleeding from the lungs. *The Town of the Cascades*, published in 1864, was his last literary work, and quite equalled his former productions. Its purpose was to paint in a popular form the awful effects of the vice of intemperance. In 1873 his health became completely broken, and he was forced to resign his situation of postmaster, and retire with his family to Booterstown, a prettily situated coast-town in the county of Dublin. Before leaving Kilkenny his fellow-townsmen testified their respect and admiration for his talents by an address and handsome presentation. Shortly afterwards the committee of the Royal Literary Fund recognized his services by making him an annual allowance, which was both well deserved and opportune. He expired on the 30th August, 1874, leaving a widow and two daughters. The premier, Mr. Disraeli, interested on her behalf by Dr. R. R. Madden and Mr. Burke, under-secretary, Dublin Castle, granted Mrs. Banim a pension from the civil list.—For the particulars of this biography we are indebted to Miss Mathilde Banim, a daughter of the author.]

LYNCH LAW ON VINEGAR HILL.

(FROM "THE CROPPY.")

After the great mass of the insurgents abandoned their position on Vinegar Hill to advance upon Wexford (which, as we have seen, was yielded to them without a struggle) a considerable number, attached to their cause, still remained on the rocky eminence, ostensibly as a garrison to guard the conquered town

below, but really to shun the chance of open fighting, or else to gratify a malignant nature. We might indeed say that all who acted upon either of the motives mentioned were influenced by both. For it is generally true that the bravest man is the least cruel, the coward most so. That he who hesitates not to expose himself in a fair field, will yet hesitate to take life treacherously, coolly, or at a disproportioned advantage over his opponent. While the boastful craven, who shrinks from following in his footsteps, glories to show a common zeal in the same cause by imbruing his hands in the blood of the already conquered, of the weak, or of the defenceless.

Apart from the new recruits that continued to come in to the popular place of rendezvous, the majority of the executioners and butchers of Vinegar Hill were, according to the accounts of living chroniclers on both sides of the question, individuals of this last kind. Amongst them, indeed, were some who, if peculiar outrages had not temporarily roused their revenge to a maddening thirst for blood, would never have brutalized themselves and shamed the nature they bore by participation in such deeds as were done upon the breezy summit of that fatal hill. But these were outnumbered by their brethren of a different character; men, demons rather, to be found in all communities, whose natural disposition was murderous, and who, but for the coward fear of retributive justice, would spill blood upon the very hearthstone of household peace. Alas for our boasted nature when such beings share it!

At the head of the main force all the principal or more respectable leaders had necessarily taken their departure from "the camp." The so-called leaders who remained in nominal command over the skulking mob we have described were themselves scarce raised above the scum and dregs who, for a recognized similarity of character rather than for any merit, chose them as their "capt'ns." And by these men were conducted or despatched, during the previous night and day, different bands in different directions, to seize on provisions, to drive in cattle and sheep, and to lead captive to the rendezvous all whom they might deem enemies to the cause of what was now pompously styled—poor, brave little Peter Rooney's heart jumping at the sound—"The Waxford Army of Liberty."

Accordingly sheep, cows, oxen, and Orangemen, or supposed Orangemen, had, previous to Sir William Judkin's approach to the hill,

been abundantly provided for the satiety of the only two cravings felt by their ferocious captors. Such of the former as could not immediately be devoured were suffered to ramble among the rocks and patches of parched grass on the side of the eminence until hunger again called for a meal; such of the latter as, from whim or fatigue, were not summarily despatched, were thrust into a prison—a singular one—until revenge or murder again roared for its victims.

On the summit of the height stood a roofless, round building, originally intended for a wind-mill but never perfected, because, perhaps, in the middle of the projector's work it became tardily evident to him that the river at his feet supplied a better impetus for grinding corn than was to be gained from the fitful breeze after mounting up the side of the steep hill. In Ireland such buildings rarely occur, inasmuch as in almost every district the river or the rill invites the erection of the more diligent water-wheel. Indeed we have heard that the half-finished pile in question was the first thought of an English settler, accustomed to such structures in his own country, and subsequently abandoned for the reasons already mentioned.

But at the time of our story this roofless round tower, about seven paces in diameter and perhaps twenty-five feet in height, was appropriated to a use very different from that for which it had been planned. It served, in fact, as a temporary prison for the unfortunate persons captured by the marauding garrison of Vinegar Hill. Many were the victims thrust through its narrow doorway to meet a horrid death on the pikes of the savages abroad.

Never before or since, in Ireland, did the summer sun dart fiercer rays than, as if in sympathy with the passions and acts it witnessed during the hot struggle of civil war in the year 1798. As Sir William Judkin spurred his jaded smoking horse towards the eminence beast and rider were faint with heat and toil.

His horse, although stretching every muscle at the goad of his bloody spur, could but creep with distended nostril and bursting eye against the steep and rock-encumbered acclivity. Impatient of the animal's tardy progress, Sir William sprang, with an imprecation, from his back, and pushed upward; drenched indeed in perspiration at every step, yet with a constancy and a nerve scarce to be accounted for, unless that his heated brain gave him such stimulus as imparts incredible strength

to the maniac. He gained a view of the old windmill-tower. Upon its top was hoisted a rude flag of sun-faded green, on which, in clumsy white letters, had been inscribed "Liberty or Death." Had the breeze been brisk enough to float the banner to its full extent such were the words that would have met the eye. But the summer breeze had fled the summit of Vinegar Hill, leaving that baleful flag to droop over the scene beneath it, until within its heavy folds the word "Liberty" became hidden, and "Death" alone was visible.

His banner it might indeed well appear to be—drooping, in appropriate listlessness, as it flaunted the name of the destroyer above the havoc he had made. For, just below the base of the tower the rocks and the burned grass were reddened, and lifeless bodies, frightfully gashed, lay here and there, some fully to be seen, others partly concealed by the stunted furze and shrubs.

Sir William still toiled upward. In different places along the hill-side, and even at some distance beyond its foot, were groups of men, women, and children,—some reposing after fatigue, others seated round blazing fires of wood and furze. The slaughtered carcasses of sheep and cows often lay in close neighbourhood with the mortal remains of their enemies. And the houseless Croppy, when necessitated by hunger, hacked a piece from the plundered animal he had killed, held it on his pike-head before the blaze, and when thus inartificially cooked, either stretched his rude spit, still holding the morsel on its point, to some member of his family, or voraciously devoured it himself. Even here, amongst these houseless and friendless people—none, we would add, of the ferocious garrison of the windmill-prison, but rather some poor wanderers from a burned cabin, recently come in—even amongst these, surrounded by sights of horror, and stifling their hunger in this almost savage manner, national characteristics were not beaten down. The laugh was frequent as the cook made some droll remark upon the novelty of his occupation or the excellence of the fare, the words deriving half their import from his tone and manner as he perhaps said—"Well! it's nate mate, considerin' Orange sheep;"—or "By gonnies! Orange is the Croppy's friend, an' who'll deny it?"—holding the broiled flesh high on his pike:—"Sure it's no other than a friend 'ud feed fat sheep for a body;—open your mouths an' shet your eyes. Now, boys an'

girls—the biggest mouth 'ill have this undher the teeth, I'm thinkin'." And they gaped and laughed loud, as, with a grave face, the examiner went round to decide on the comparative width of each yawning cavern.

There were carousing groups too, sending illicit whisky or other more legal liquor from hand to hand; and the beverage did not fail of its enlivening effect. And leaders appeared, with green ribbons or perhaps a military sash around their persons, or epaulettes on their shoulders, torn from officers they had slain. These were busy inspecting different bands of insurgents as they practised their pike exercise, now driving forward the weapon at a given object, now darting it over their shoulders as if to meet a foe from behind, now adroitly grasping it at either end with both hands, and bringing into play the elastic staff, as with great dexterity they whirled it round their persons to keep off an attack in front. Through all arose loud vociferations, each directing the other, according as he arrived, or fancied he had arrived, at greater proficiency than his neighbour.

Sir William's attention was at length riveted upon the particular throng who, variously occupied, surrounded the narrow entrance to the old tower. With furious action and accents the clamorous crowd here hustled together, and a first glance told that their present occupation brought into energy all the ferociousness of their nature.

Some of them who were on horseback waved their arms, and endeavoured to raise their voices over the din of those around, who, however, vociferated too ardently to listen to their words. While all looked on at the slaughter committed by a line of pikemen drawn up before the tower, whose weapons were but freed from one victim to be plunged into another, it was not merely a shout of triumph but the more deadly yell of gluttoned vengeance or malignity, which, drowning the cry of agony that preceded it, burst with little intermission from all.

Two sentinels armed with muskets guarded the low and narrow entrances to the temporary prison, and grimly did they scowl on the crowded captives pent up within its walls. Another man, gaunt and robust in stature, having a horseman's sword buckled awkwardly at his hip, a green ribbon tied round his foxy felt hat, the crimson sash of a slain militia officer knotted round his loins, two large pistols thrust into it, and a formidable pike in his hand, rushed from time to time into the tower,

dragged forth some poor victim, and put him to a short examination. Then, unless something were urged in favour of the destined sufferer sufficient to snatch him from the frightful fate numbers had already met, he flung him to his executioners. And this man, so furious, so savage, and so remorseless, was Shawn-a-Gow.

Armed also with a musket, and stationed between the line of pikemen and the door of the tower in order that he might be the first agent of vengeance, stood the ill-favoured scoundrel we have mentioned in a former chapter—the murderous Murtoch Kane, late a "stable-boy" at the inn of Enniscorthy. As he levelled at his victim, proud of the privilege of anticipating his brother-executioners, the ruffian's brow ever curled into the murderer's scowl.

The hasty interrogatories proposed to each cringing captive by Shawn-a-Gow midway between the tower and the pikemen had exclusive reference to the religious creed of the party. The acknowledgment of Protestantism, deemed synonymous with Orangeism, at once proclaimed, or rather was assumed as proclaiming, a deadly enemy, meriting instant vengeance. Yet in this the rabble insurgents of Vinegar Hill acted with a curious inconsistency. Many Protestants held command in the main force of which they called themselves adherents; nay, the individual selected by unanimous choice as "commander-in-chief," was of the established religion of the state. But why pause to point out any departure from principle in the persons of such men as are before us? Were their deeds to be justly visited on the more courageous as well as more numerous bodies of the insurgents we might indeed occupy ourselves with the question.

Panting and nearly fainting Sir William Judkin gained the tower, and ere he could address a question to those around, stood still to recover his breath. Two prisoners were dragged forth by the relentless Shawn-a-Gow.

"Are you a Christian?" he demanded, glaring into the face of one trembling wretch as he grasped him by the collar.

"I am, Jack Delouchery," he was answered.

"Are you a right Christian?"

"I am a Protestant."

"Ay—the Orange."

"No, not an Orangeman."

"Now, hould silence, you dog! every mother's son o' ye is Orange to the backbone. Is there any one here to say a word for this Orangeman?"

There was an instant's silence, during which the pale terror-stricken man gazed beseechingly upon every dark and ominous face around him. But the cry "Pay him his reckonin'" soon sealed the victim's doom. With a fierce bellow, the words, "Ay, we'll weed the land o' ye—we'll have only one way; we'll do to every murderer o' ye what ye'd do to us!"—was the furious sentence of the smith as he pitched him forward. Murtoch Kane shot, and a dozen pikes did the rest.

The smith seized the second man. One of the lookers-on started forward, claimed him as a friend, and told some true or feigned story of his interference previous to the insurrection between Orange outrage and its victims. He was flung to his patron by Shawn-a-Gow with the carelessness of one who presided over life and death; the same savage action tossing the all but dead man into life which had hurled the previous sufferer into eternity.

Sir William Judkin, as the smith again strode to the door of the prison, came forward, with the question ready to burst from his chopped and parched lips, when the man whose name he would have mentioned, already in the gripe of Shawn, was dragged forth into view.

The baronet stepped back, his manner changed from his fiery impetuosity. He now felt no impulse to bound upon a prey escaping from his hands. In the Gow's iron grasp, and in the midst of a concourse of sworn enemies, the devoted Talbot stood closely secured. Either to indulge the new sensation of revenge at last gratified, or compose himself to a purpose that required system in its execution, Sir William stood motionless, darting from beneath his black brows arrowy glances upon his rival, his breathing, which recently had been the pant of anxiety, altered into the long-drawn respiration of resolve.

Captain Talbot appeared despoiled of his military jacket, his helmet, his sash, and all the other tempting appendages of warlike uniform, which long ago had been distributed amongst the rabble commanders of "the camp." No man can naturally meet death with a smile: it is affectation even in the hero that assumes it; it is bravado on other lips to hide a quailing heart. And Captain Talbot, whatever might have been the strength and the secrets of his heart, as he instinctively shrank from the rude arm of Shawn-a-Gow, was pale and trembling, and his glance was that of dread.

Hopeless of mercy he spoke no word, used

no remonstrance; it was unavailing. Before him bristled the red pikes of his ruthless executioners; behind him stood Murtoch Kane, cocking his musket. The grasp that dragged him along told at once the determination and the strength of the infuriated giant.

"There's a dozen o' ye, I'm sure!" sneered Shawn: "I'll stand out to spake for Sir Thomas Hartley's hangman." The tone of bitter, savage mockery in which he spoke grated at Talbot's ear, as first grinning into his prisoner's face, he glanced in fierce triumph over the crowd.

"A good pitch to him, Capt'n Delouchery," cried one of the executioners; "don't keep us waitin'; we're dhry and hungry for him." A general murmur of execration followed, and an impatient shout at the delay of vengeance.

"My undeserved death will be avenged, murderers as you are," cried the pallid Captain Talbot, in accents distinct through desperation.

Shawn-a-Gow held him at arm's-length, and with an expression of mixed ferocity and amazement again stared into his face.

"An' you're callin' us murtherers, are you?" he said, after a moment's pause—"Boys, bould Croppy boys, d'ye hear him? Tell me, ar'n't you the man that stood by the gallow's foot, wid the candle in your hand, waitin' till the last gasp was sent out o' the lips o' him who often opened his dour to you, and often sat atin' and dhrinkin' wid you, under his own roof? Ar'n't you, Talbot, that man?"

No answer came from the accused.

"You don't say No to me. Ay! because you can't! Yet you call murtherers on us. Are you here, Pat Murphy?" he roared.

"I'm here," replied the man who had before raised the first cry for instant vengeance.

"Do you know anything good this caller of names done to you?"

"It was him an' his yeomen hung the only born brother o' me."

"D'ye hear that, *you* murtherer? D'ye hear that, an' have you the bouldness in you to spake to us?—I'll tell you, you Orange *skibbeah*! we'll keep you up for the last. Ay, by the sowl o' my son! we'll keep you for the very last, till you're half dead wid the fear, an' till we'll have time to pay you in the way I'd glory to see, or—Come here, Murphy! Come out, here—stand close—you ought to be first. Take your time wid him! Keep him feeling it as long as a poor Croppy 'ud feel the rope, when they let him down only to pull him up again."

The man stepped forward as he was ordered. Shawn-a-Gow swung the struggling Captain Talbot around. With his instinctive avoidance of a terrible death the prisoner grasped with the disengaged hand the brawny arm that held him, and being a young man of strength, clung to it in desperation—in desperation without hope. But although he was young and strong and desperate, he opposed the sinew of a Hercules. The smith, with his single arm, dashed him backwards and forwards, until maddened by Talbot's continued clinging and his agile recovery of his legs, at every toss Shawn's mouth foamed. He seized in his hitherto inactive hand the grasping arms of the struggler, and tore them from their hold. "Now, Murphy!" he bellowed, as Murphy couched his pike, and pushed down his hat and knit his brows to darkness. Shawn-a-Gow's right side was turned to the executioner, his black distorted face to the weapon upon which he should cast his victim; he stood firmly on his divided legs, in the attitude that enabled him to exert all his strength in the toss he contemplated;—when Sir William Judkin, hitherto held back by a wish perhaps to allow all vicissitudes of suffering to visit his detested rival, sternly stepped between the writhing man and his fate.

"Stop, Delouchery!" he said, in a deep impressive voice. Before the smith could express his astonishment or rage at the interruption,—“Stop,” he said again, in higher accents; “this villain”—scowling as he used the term of contempt—“this villain must be given into my hands—I must kill him!”—he hissed in a whisper close at Shawn's ear—“I must kill him myself!”

“Why so?” growled the smith.

“He is the murderer of my father-in-law, Sir Thomas Hartley.”

“People here has just as good a right to him,” answered Shawn-a-Gow surlily, much vexed at the interruption he had experienced, and scarce able to stay his hand from its impulse. “Here's Pat Murphy. He hung the only born brother of him: Murphy must have a pike through Talbot. I had one through Whaley!”

“And he shall. But, Delouchery, listen farther. Talbot has forced off my wife—has her concealed from me—Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter. After murdering the father he would destroy the child—and that child my wife. Before he dies I must force him to confess where she is to be found. And then, Murphy and I for it between us.”

“I'll soon force out of him, for you, where the wife is.”

“No, Delouchery, he will tell nothing here.”

“An' where will you bring him to make him tell?”

“Only to yonder field at the bottom of the hill.”

The smith paused, and seemed resolving the proposition in all its points. He cast his eyes around. “Molloney, come here—Farrell, come here,” he said. Two men advanced from the interior of the prison.

“Where's the rope that tied the Orangemen that come into the camp from Bunclogh?”

“It's to the good for another job, cap'n.”

Without further explanation he forced Captain Talbot backward into the prison, reappeared with him, his hands tied behind his back, and gave the end of the rope into Sir William Judkin's hand. Then he called Murphy aside, and, in a whisper of few words, directed him to accompany “Curnel Judkin,” and give him a helping hand, or watch him close, as the case might seem to demand. Then turning to the baronet, “There he's for you now: have a care an' do the business well,” he said.

The last slanting rays of the setting sun shot upward against the slope of the eminence as the victim and his escort strode down to its base. The brilliant beam that can turn to a mass of vermillion and gold the most unsightly vapour which hangs in the heavens, or fling a glowing interest over objects the most rude or uncouth in themselves, could not make less horrible the horrors of the steep hill-side. Suddenly the burning orb sank from view behind the distant curvings of the extensive horizon: night began to fall more appropriately to hide what the glorious summer evening only rendered frightfully distinct.

As was generally the case amongst the insurgent multitudes, such of the occupants of the rude camp as had cabins to repair to were now wending from the hill to pass the night under a roof. Others, and those by far the greater number, stretched themselves by some rock or patch of furze to sleep beneath the twinkling of the stars. The work of death ceased for a time. With an approach towards military usage the leaders were placing sentinels at different distances to give notice of any approach of the enemy, and imparting to them some oddly-sounding and fantastic watchword. The cooking fires sank down; comparative stillness reigned over the barren extent that had so lately sounded to the shouts

of carousal, to the screams of agony, and to the fierce clamour of maddened passions.

Amid this altered aspect of the scene Sir William Judkin and Captain Talbot entered through a gap in its fence a lonesome field, northward from the base of Vinegar Hill. It may seem a subject for inquiry why the baronet thus chose to convey his prisoner to a spot so solitary and so far removed from observation, but men bent upon any fearful act will, perhaps unconsciously, select a fit place to do it in. And Sir William might have had some vague idea of the kind as he strode towards this remote field, holding a stern silence, during which he probably nerved himself for the coming event, and pulling at every step the end of his victim's manacle. About the middle of the waste ground he suddenly halted, whirled short upon Talbot, raised his person high as he struck the end of his pike-staff into the sod, and then leaning on the weapon, and glaring a cool though fierce glance from beneath his meeting brows, at last broke the long silence.

"Talbot, where is my wife?" His tones were not loud, yet they sounded strangely distinct.

"*Your wife?*" repeated Talbot meaningly, as he returned his rival's stare. His voice wanted little of the rigid composure of that in which he had been addressed, while it seemed an echo as well of the baronet's cadence as of his words.

The querist started; perhaps at the recognition of a resolved mood, cool as his own, when something more to his purpose was naturally to have been expected in Talbot's situation.

"Heaven and earth!—do you only repeat my question? Have you heard it distinctly?"

"Yes, distinctly."

"And will not answer it?"

"No."

"No?—I have saved your life!"

"That is yet to be shown."

"How?—how better than I have already shown it?"

"Set me at liberty."

"You would do so in my situation?"

Talbot was silent. Sir William repeated his question.

"I will make no reply."

"You need not. I know well in what manner you would use over me the power I now have over you."

"If so, pass the subject."

"Talbot, still you can bribe me to set you free. Speak but a few words and I cut this

rope and give you safeguard beyond the last insurgent outpost."

"Propose the words."

"First—I again demand—where is my wife?"

"You mean Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter?"

"Be it so. How have you disposed of her?"

"Still I must decline to answer you."

"Well, this at least, this—" Sir William began to tremble, while his captive remained self-possessed, and he hissed a question into Talbot's ear.

"No!" was the quick answer: "No! she is yet what she has ever been, innocent as the angel inhabitant of heaven!"

"Swear it!—swear by the Eternal Ruler of the universe, who, in the silence of this night, listens to record your oath! to record it, Talbot, for you, or against you."

"By that Great Judge, before whom in a few seconds I may appear, I swear it!"

"Well, I believe you. For, Talbot, could you, without peril to your eternal lot, answer me otherwise—otherwise I had been answered."

Sir William's voice sank low, expressing the relief his feelings experienced. For a moment his head drooped towards his breast: but soon he raised it to its former fierce elevation.

"Villain!—and you have well and truly judged my character—you dare not suppose I could drag you here, bound in a felon rope, at my mercy, and not kill you. Kill you—ay! and your last answer has sealed your doom! Murderer, miscreant, fool!—yes, fool! your death now becomes necessary—now—here—this instant, inevitable, to hinder you from accomplishing over me the triumph you have not yet attained. You know me, and I know you. With all the stains upon your accursed name I can credit your oath, and you die that you may not disentitle yourself to repeat it."

"And do not suppose," retorted Talbot, still seemingly echoing the tones in which he was addressed—"do not *you* suppose that, after understanding your character and your nature, I had expected mercy at your hands when I gave that answer! Call me not fool. Fool, at least, you do not believe I am. You know that, from your first interference on the top of the hill, I read your purpose. That I did not dream of averting it by my reply to a question worthy of your base nature. That all along I expected you would coolly shed my blood!—Now, point your pike at once and rid me of your abhorred company!"

"Ay?"—laughed out Sir William Judkin, at last openly excited—"ay! by the spacious heavens above us! And I feared—I trembled at the thought that any other man than myself might have a share in killing you. You saw me whisper and motion from us ere we entered this field the man who, on account of the murder of his beloved brother through your agency, pretends to dispute the right with me. I bribed him to leave us together for a moment. Had he refused I would have earned the opportunity of dealing with you alone by first stretching him at my feet. No hand but this—this—shall dare to let forth one drop of your blood. For it is all mine—mine, every little atom!"

"The Lord have mercy on my soul!" said Talbot, solemnly, and now not without emotion.—"Oh, well I know it—the least animal knows its natural murderer; and I, could I mistake you?—The Lord have mercy on my soul!" he repeated in a broken voice, and yet in such fervour of appeal as a courageous man assumes when, though taking a farewell of this life, he can cast forward a hopeful look into eternity—"The Lord have mercy on my soul!" he said for the third time.

"And," resumed Sir William Judkin in his former strain of loud exultation—"I could satisfy a sceptic, if he dared to raise a doubt, of my fair, my indisputable claim to every bubble that courses round your heart!"

"I ask but one minute's liberty to kneel," interrupted Talbot, evidently not attending to the last words—"hold the rope more at length, and only let me kneel."

"First hear me," answered his rival, twining yet another coil round his left hand, while he grasped the pike in his right. "Even to yourself I will recite the grounds of my exclusive proprietorship in your life. Gainsay them if you can"—his high voice sank ominously low. "You dared to cross my love—you dared to raise your eyes to the very lady I had wooed and won! You leagued and plotted with a common ruffian to murder me!—You sent him to waylay me!—upon the felon gallows, hanging like a dog, you watched the last agonies of my father-in-law!—By perjury you contrived his fate and by perjury you would have doomed me to the same death of ignominy. Next, with the hands that all but strangled her father you tore away my wife, and you now refuse to render her back to me, or to discover the place of her imprisonment. But,—" his voice sank lower still—

"but, Talbot, the deadliest item is to be told—you darel, too!"

Sir William stopped, for the footsteps of Murphy sounded near as he said,—"*Tundher-an'-fire, Curnel!* will you keep him talkin' all the night long! Let me have my share o' the work, till I be goin'."

"Here, Murphy," cried Sir William, speaking rapidly, "what value do you set on your revenge against this man?"

"What value duv I—what?" asked the gaping fellow, as he endeavoured to comprehend the question.

"Sir, take these two guineas," rejoined Sir William eagerly; "take them and leave him to me—I would have no partner in putting him to death."

"Och, by the hokey!" replied Murphy, and he could say no more, for still he was not able to understand why he should get so considerable a bribe.

"Or, if you persist,"—Sir William burst into rage—"I will first kill you and then stretch him upon your body!—Begone, I say!"

"An' is it to go away your honour is givin' the good money?"

"Yes—I would purchase from you the sole privilege of taking vengeance upon him."

"That's as much as to say you'll pike him yourself, widout anybody to help you?"

"Ay!" cried Sir William exultingly—"pike him while an inch can quiver!"

"Well, I wish you loock, Curnel: the only spite I have to 'im is on the head o' the poor brether o' me; but sense you say you'll do it for the both of us at oncet, an' do it so well into the bargain, sure there's no differ betuxt us;—good night!"

"Leave me! quick, quick!"

"Och, as quick as you plase: to tell the blessed truth, I had only half a heart for it in the night time, this a-way, an' in this ugly, lonesome place, whatever I'd do by the light o' the sun:" and the man plodded towards the hill, wondering much at the fancy of "the Curnel," who, "it was asy enough to see, thought the pike exercise to be great fun, when he'd give two yellow guineas to have it all to myself, an' be ready to ate one up in a bit, jest for not takin' 'em at the first offer."

"Now, Talbot," said Sir William Judkin, "we are quite alone. Prepare yourself! You stand here my bound and manacled victim, and I will slay you."

"Finish the last charge you were about to make against me when your fellow-murderer interrupted us," replied the other calmly.

"No, Talbot—not now—I perceive it would gratify you, and I will not. You know my meaning, that is sufficient."

"Then even of you I can crave a last boon one already preferred—Let me kneel down."

"Ay, there—" he held the rope at its full length, so that Talbot could, without struggling, gain the position he wished. "It tallies with my humour," he said; "I am unwilling to spare you one pang. Kneel—look your last at the bright stars. Think your last thought of her whom you leave behind to *my* love and to *my* triumph over you! Fully feel what it is to die by the hand of an exulting rival, in youth, in hope,—a few hours ago almost his conqueror! I can kill you only once, but the torments these thoughts must give you will prolong, in anticipation, to my heart the positive enjoyment of the final act. Nor dare to build a lying comfort upon the hope of my not discovering the place to which you have forced her. Fool! I call you so again, fool! I will find my wife—ay, *my wife*, Talbot, if she yet lives upon the surface of the earth!"

Captain Talbot had quickly availed himself of the permission to fall upon his knees. For a moment he seemed occupied in mental prayer, his eyes turned upward. Then he suddenly broke forth aloud:

"I have fearful things to answer for at thy judgment-seat—in thy mercy accept my present repentance, on the verge of an early and fearful death. And O, Almighty Father of my being! if the prayer of a wretched sinner can ascend into thy presence, give ear to my last earthly petition. Permit not the approach of my base murderer to the mistress of my heart! Stretch forth thy interposing arm between them: shield her, save her! Thou wilt, O God, thou wilt! I feel the comfort of thy promise in my soul! Unworthy as I am, my prayer has been heard!" He started to his feet as quickly as his pinioned arms would permit him, and addressed Sir William Judkin

—"Yes! I have had a view into futurity. The spirit of prophecy is upon me. You can slaughter me. But listen—never, never, will you enjoy her smiles from whom you thus separate me! Never will her white arms clasp my murderer's neck! And I leave her but a little time before you—*you*, too, must sink into an early and ignominious grave. And during your short sojourn upon earth my watchful spirit, hovering over your most secret steps, will still protect my beloved from your touch!"

"This, then, to free you for your mission!" scoffingly cried Sir William Judkin. While Talbot spoke he had gradually shortened the pike handle in his grasp, and pointed its head to his victim's breast. With cool and deadly certainty he was making the push forward, when he felt the weapon seized behind him and forcibly tugged backward. At the same instant both his arms were secured, and the pistol, which he had thrust into his bosom, was snatched from him by a woman's hand, that woman the same through whose agency he had escaped from the castle of Enniscorthy.

While he struggled desperately to force himself out of the grasp of two strong men, each of whom held separately one of his arms, the woman cut asunder Talbot's bonds. "Now!" she cried, in the same impressive voice which on a former occasion had startled Sir William Judkin; "now, Talbot, fly; for you are free to fly! Pause not an instant: your eye tells the vengeance you would in turn take upon him—but dare not to injure a hair of his head! If I have saved him from the guilt of shedding your blood, I can and will farther save him from death or injury at your hands. Fly, and do not parley; fly while you are not prevented!"

"We meet again!" cried Captain Talbot, walking close up to his rival. Then he made use of his unforeseen freedom, and quickly left the spot.

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

BORN 1809 — DIED 1859.

[Arthur Gerald Geoghegan was born in London, where he spent the later years of his life as an official. He was singularly retiring in every way, and one must respect the reticence which induced him to give to all his poems no other signature than "The

Author of *The Monks of Kilcrea*." This long narrative poem was published by Bell and Daldy of London, but has for many years been out of print. He contributed verse to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, and to the *Nation* in

its great days. His "Scraps from Irish History" appeared in *The Dublin Penny Journal*; "The Student of Louvain", "Granuaile and Elizabeth", and "Mountain Musings" in the *Dublin University Magazine* (which had very little, by the way, to do with the University); and "The Mountain Fern" and "The High Race of O'Neill" in *The Nation*. Many of his poems appeared in a French translation by the Chevalier de Chatelain. Not many years before he died he contributed to the *Irish Monthly* the exquisite "After Aughrim", which we reproduce. If the fine, stately, picturesque "Monks of Kilcrea" had never been written, nor the many ringing, if often rhetorical, ballads of his in *Hayes's Ballad Poetry*, nor even "The Mountain Fern", Arthur Geoghegan would yet merit a place in any Irish anthology for the sake of this little poem, so poignant in feeling, so fresh and fragrant in expression. This distinguished author died in London in November, 1889.]

AFTER AUGHRIM.

Do you remember long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low:
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?"
And you answered proudly: "Go
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green!"

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;
Your heart is sad and full of woe.
Do you repent you bade him go,
Kathaleen?
But you answer proudly: "No,
Better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green!"

THE MOUNTAIN FERN.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough
Erne,
That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
And bends like a nun over clear well and spring.
The fairies' tall palm-tree, the heath-bird's fresh
nest,
And the couch the red-deer deems the sweetest
and best;

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With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to
gem,
Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem?

From the shrine of St. Finbar, by lone Avon-bwee,
To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,
Like a chaplet that circles our green island o'er,
In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
On the hill-top or greenwood, by streamlet or well,
With a spell on each leaf which no mortal can
learn,
Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill fern!

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern;
Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the
gale,

As the Saxons rushed forth in their wrath from
the Pale,

With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,
To hunt through Cluncalla the wild rapparee.
Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,
And forth from the wood the young fugitives springs,
Through the copse, o'er the bog, and oh, saints be
his guide!

His fleet step now falters, there's blood on his side;
Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the
stream,

And sinks on the hill-top, 'mid bracken leaves
green;

And thick o'er his brow are the fresh clusters piled,
And they cover his form as a mother her child,
And the Saxon is baffled. They never discern
Where it shelters and saves him, the Irish hill fern.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's gray cairn,
Go hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hill-side is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
That thrills through the heart with its whispering
lone;

And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay;
With night-owls for warders, the goshawk for
guest,

And their dais of honour by cattle-hoof pressed,
With its foss choked with rushes, and spider webs
flung

Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons
hung,

With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the
hour

That tarries so long. Look what waves on the
tower

With an omen and sign, and an augury stern.

'Tis the green flag of Time, 'tis the Irish hill fern.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

BORN 1822 — DIED 1890.

[John O'Hagan was born in Newry, March 19, 1822. He was barely of age when Davis, Duffy, and Dillon (the three D's) started *The Nation* newspaper, to the earlier numbers of which he contributed "Ourselves Alone", "Dear Land", and other notable lyrics. He became a very eminent lawyer, and was appointed by Mr. Gladstone the first judicial head of the Irish Land Commission. He was a man of immense literary and general erudition, and his personal character won for him altogether exceptional respect and regard. A study of Carlyle's writings which appeared in the *Dublin Review*, and which made a deep impression on Carlyle himself, as appears from a memorandum published in Froude's *Life*, was written by Mr. O'Hagan before his thirtieth year. His last literary work was his admirable translation of the *Chanson de Roland*. He died November 13, 1890.]

DEATH OF OLIVIER.

(FROM THE SONG OF ROLAND.)

CLXIV.

When Roland saw the abhorred race,
Than blackest ink more black in face,
Who have nothing white but the teeth alone,
"Now," he said, "it is truly shown
That the hour of our death is close at hand;
Fight, my Franks, 'tis my last command."
Said Olivier, "Shame is the laggard's due."
And at his word they engage anew.

CLXV.

When the heathens saw that the Franks were few,
Heart and strength from the sight they drew;
They said: "The Emperor hath the worse."
The Algalif sat on a sorrel horse,
He pricked with spurs of the gold refined,
Smote Olivier in the back behind,
On through his harness the lance he pressed,
Till the steel came out at the baron's breast;
"Thou hast it!" the Algalif, vaunting cried,
"Ye were sent by Karl in an evil tide,
If his wrongs against us he shall not boast,
In thee alone I avenge our host."

CLXVI.

Oliver felt the deathly wound,
Yet he grasped Hauteclere, with its steel embrowned;
He smote on the Algalif's crest of gold,
Gem and flowers on the earth were rolled;

Clave his head to the teeth below,
And struck him dead with the single blow.
"All evil, caitiff, thy soul pursue,
Full well our Emperor's loss I knew;
But for thee—thou goest not hence to boast
To wife or dame on thy natal coast,
Of one denier from the Emperor won,
Or of scathe to me or to others done."
Then Roland's aid he called upon.

CLXVII.

Olivier knoweth him hurt to death,
The more to vengeance he hasteneth,
Knightly as ever his arms he bore,
Staves of lances, and shields he shore;
Sides and shoulders, and hands and feet,—
Whose eyes soever the sight could greet,
How the Saracens all disfigured lie,
Corpse upon corpse, each other by,
Would think upon gallant deeds; nor yet
Doth he the war-cry of Karl forget—
"Montjoie!" he shouted, shrill and clear.
Then called to Roland, his friend and peer,
"Sir, my comrade, anear me ride,
This day of dolor shall us divide."

CLXVIII.

Roland looked Olivier in the face,
Ghastly paleness was there to trace;
Forth from his wound did the bright blood flow,
And rain in showers to the earth below.
"Oh God!" said Roland, "is this the end
Of all thy prowess, my gentle friend?
Nor know I whither to bear me now,
On earth shall never be such as thou;
Ah, gentle France, thou art overthrown,
Reft of thy bravest, despoiled, and lone;
The Emperor's loss is full indeed!"
At the word he fainted upon his steed.

CLXIX.

See Roland there on his charger swooned,
Olivier smitten with his death wound;
His eyes from bleeding are dimmed and dark,
Nor mortal, near or far, can mark,
And when his comrade beside him pressed,
Fiercely he smote on his golden crest;
Down to the nasal the helm he shred,
But passed no further, nor pierced his head.
Roland marvelled at such a blow,
And thus bespake him, soft and low:
"Hast thou done it, my comrade, wittingly?
Roland, who loves thee so dear, am I,
Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek?"
Olivier answered: "I hear thee speak,

But I see thee not. God seeth thee.
 Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me."
 "I am not hurt, oh, Olivier,
 And in sight of God, I forgive thee here."
 Then each to other his head has laid,
 And in love like this was their parting made.

CLXX.

Olivier feeleth his throe begin,
 His eyes are turning his head within,
 Sight and hearing alike are gone.
 He alights, and couches the earth upon;
 His *Mea Culpa* aloud he cries,
 And his hands in prayer unto God arise,
 That He grant him Paradise to share,
 That He bless King Karl and Francee the fair,
 His brother Roland o'er all mankind;
 Then sank his heart, and his head declined.
 Stretched at length on the earth he lay,
 So passed Sir Olivier away.
 Roland was left to weep alone;
 Man so woeful hath ne'er been known.

CLXXI.

When Roland saw that life had fled,
 And with face to earth his comrade dead,
 He thus bewept him, soft and still:
 "Ah, friend, thy prowess wrought thee ill!
 So many days and years gone by,
 We lived together, thou and I,
 And thou hast never done me wrong,
 Nor I to thee, our lifetime long;
 Since thou art dead, to live is pain."
 He swooned on Veillantif again,
 Yet may not unto earth be cast,
 His golden stirrups held him fast.

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is green beneath,
 My native waters blue,
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land,
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
 Your noble lakes and streams,
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all your long dark thrall,
 Your martyrs, brave and true,
 And dash apart the tears that start,
 We must not *weep* for you,
 Dear land,
 We must not *weep* for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue,
 But still they turned, with hearts that burned,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land,
 In hopeless love to you.
 My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore.
 Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
 Some gallant patriots few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land,
 To strike one blow for you.
 What path is best your rights to wrest,
 Let other heads divine;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine;
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terrors can subdue;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet endured for you,
 Dear land,
 Were sweet endured for you.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

The hour is past, to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right,
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might.
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still:
 We're Paddies evermore.
 What though they menace, suffering men
 Their threats and them despise;
 Or promise justice once again,
 We know their words are lies.
 We stand resolved those rights to claim,
 They robbed us of before,
 Our own dear nation, and our name
 As Paddies, and no more.
 Look round: the Frenchman governs France,
 The Spaniard rules in Spain,
 The gallant Pole but waits his chance
 To break the Russian chain;
 The strife for freedom, here begun,
 We never will give o'er,
 Nor own a land on earth but one;
 We're Paddies, and no more.

That strong and single love to crush,
 The despot ever tried;
 A fount it was whose living gush
 His hated arts defied,
 'Tis fresh as when his foot accurst
 Was planted on our shore;
 We vow that still, as from the first,
 We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
 Have o'er our thralldom rolled?
 The soul that roused O'Nial's spears
 Still lives as true and bold.
 The tide of foreign power to stem
 Our fathers bled of yore,
 And we stand here to-day, like them,
 True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? with the land
 For which they nobly died.
 Our duty? by our cause to stand,
 Whatever chance betide.
 Our cherished hope? to heal the woes
 That rankle at her core.
 Our scorn and hatred? to her foes,
 Now, and for evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right,
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch,
 The banded millions' might.
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still:
 We're Paddies evermore.

DR. JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

[Dr. John Kells Ingram, the son of the Rev. William Ingram, was born in Donegal in 1823. He has written a *History of Political Economy*, a *History of Slavery and Serfdom*, and a small volume of *Poems*. His chief poem we give by his permission.]

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave or half a slave
 Who slights his country thus,
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful, and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland too;
 All, all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died,
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made.

But though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
 Among their own they rest,
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start,
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose, in dark and evil days,
 To right their native land,
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that might can vanquish right—
 They fell, and passed away,
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate,
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of ninety-eight.

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In preparing *THE MODERN CARPENTER* the editor has had the great advantage of working upon the basis of Newlands's *Carpenter and Joiner's Assistant*, which for nearly half a century has been accepted as a **standard authority** on the subjects of which it treats, and for many years has been recommended by the Royal Institute of British Architects as a **text-book** for the examination of that society. And yet in the present work it has been possible to preserve only a very small part of Newlands's treatise, invaluable though this has been to two generations of craftsmen. While the fundamental features of arrangement and method which distinguish this famous work have been retained, the matter has had to be **entirely rewritten**, and many new sections have been added, on subjects not touched upon in the older work, with which the carpenter of the present day requires to be familiar.

In the new book, indeed, the old foundations that have stood the test of half a century of practical use have been retained, but **the superstructure is wholly new.**

The lesson to be learned from this fact is not far to seek. It is that the modern carpenter requires a **far wider expert knowledge** than sufficed his predecessor. The development of wood-working machinery, the introduction of new kinds of timber, improvements in the design of structures, the more thorough testing of timbers, and progress in the various industries with which Carpentry, Joinery, and Cabinet-making are intimately allied, have all helped to render the craft more complex. The carpenter of the present day has no use for the old "rule of thumb" methods; his calling is both an art and a science, and **knowledge, knowledge, and again knowledge** is the primary condition of success.

The editor of *THE MODERN CARPENTER*, Mr. G. Lister Sutcliffe, Associate of the Royal Institute of Architects, **needs no introduction** to practical men; his name is already well known not only through his professional position in the architectural world, but through his editorship of *Modern House-Construction*, a work which, although issued only a few years ago, has already become a standard book of reference. Mr. SUTCLIFFE'S large experience has enabled him to enlist the services of a **highly-qualified staff of experts**, whose special knowledge, acquired through long years of practical work, is now placed at the disposal of every member of the craft. The first condition in selecting the contributors to the work was that they should be **practical men**, not only possessing the indispensable knowledge, but having the ability to impart it. The result is that within the eight divisional-volumes of this work we have a treatise on every branch of the craft, distinguished by four outstanding qualities:— It is (1) **complete**, (2) **clear**, (3) **practical**, and (4) **up-to-date**.

An idea of the scope of *THE MODERN CARPENTER* may be gathered from the fact that while its predecessor, *The Carpenter and Joiner's Assistant*, comprised only **eight** sections, the new work includes no fewer than **sixteen**. A glance at these will show that the work **covers the whole field**; it is a complete encyclopædia upon every subject that bears upon the everyday work of the practical man.

- I. Styles of Architecture.
- II. Woods: Their Characteristics and Uses.
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- VII. Carpentry.
- VIII. Joinery and Ironmongery.

- IX. Staircases and Handrailing.
- X. Air-tight Case-Making.
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